

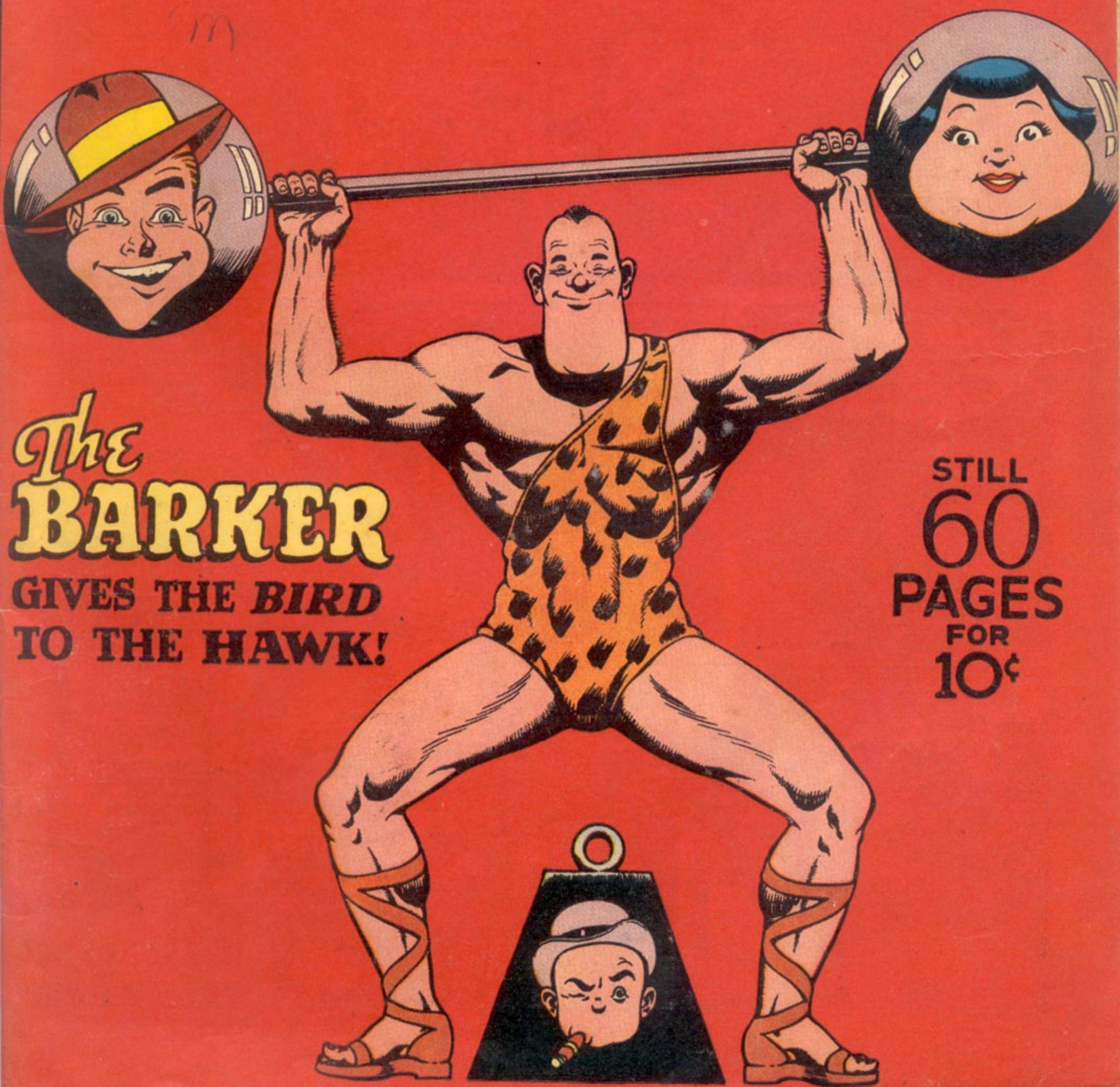
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COMICS

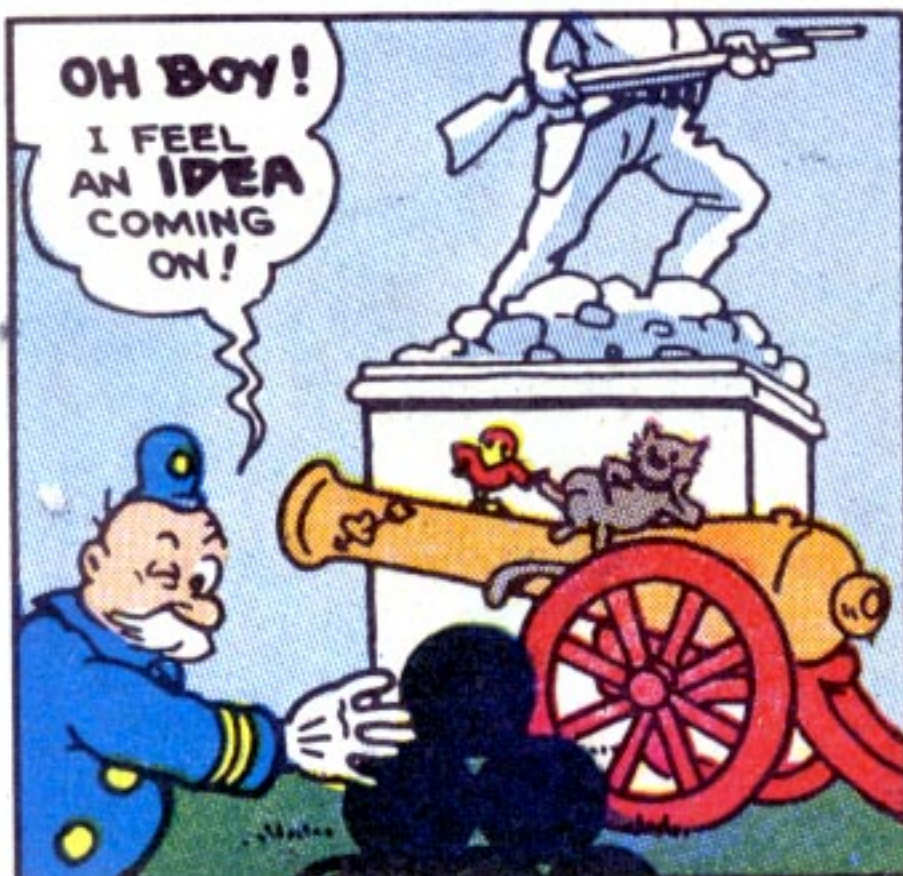
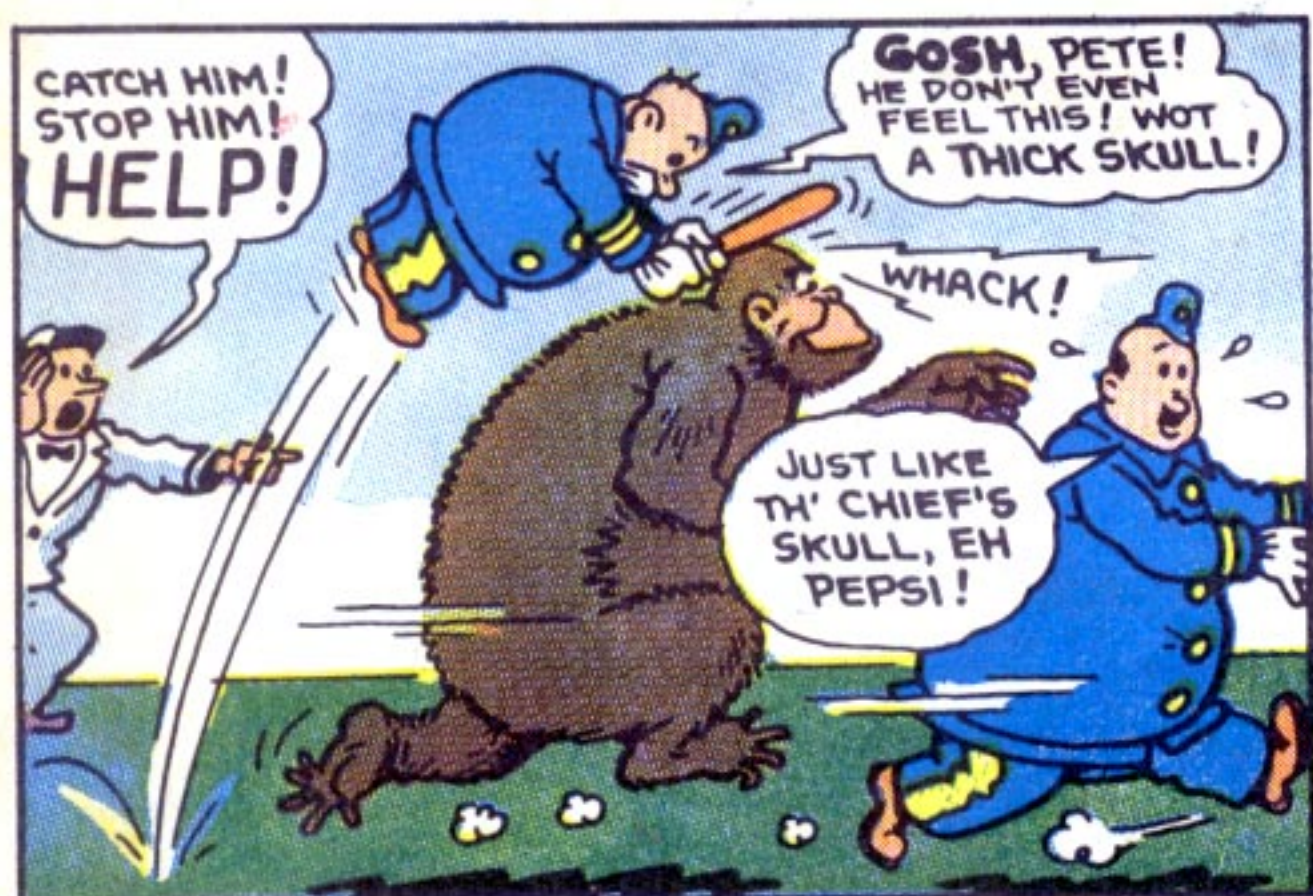
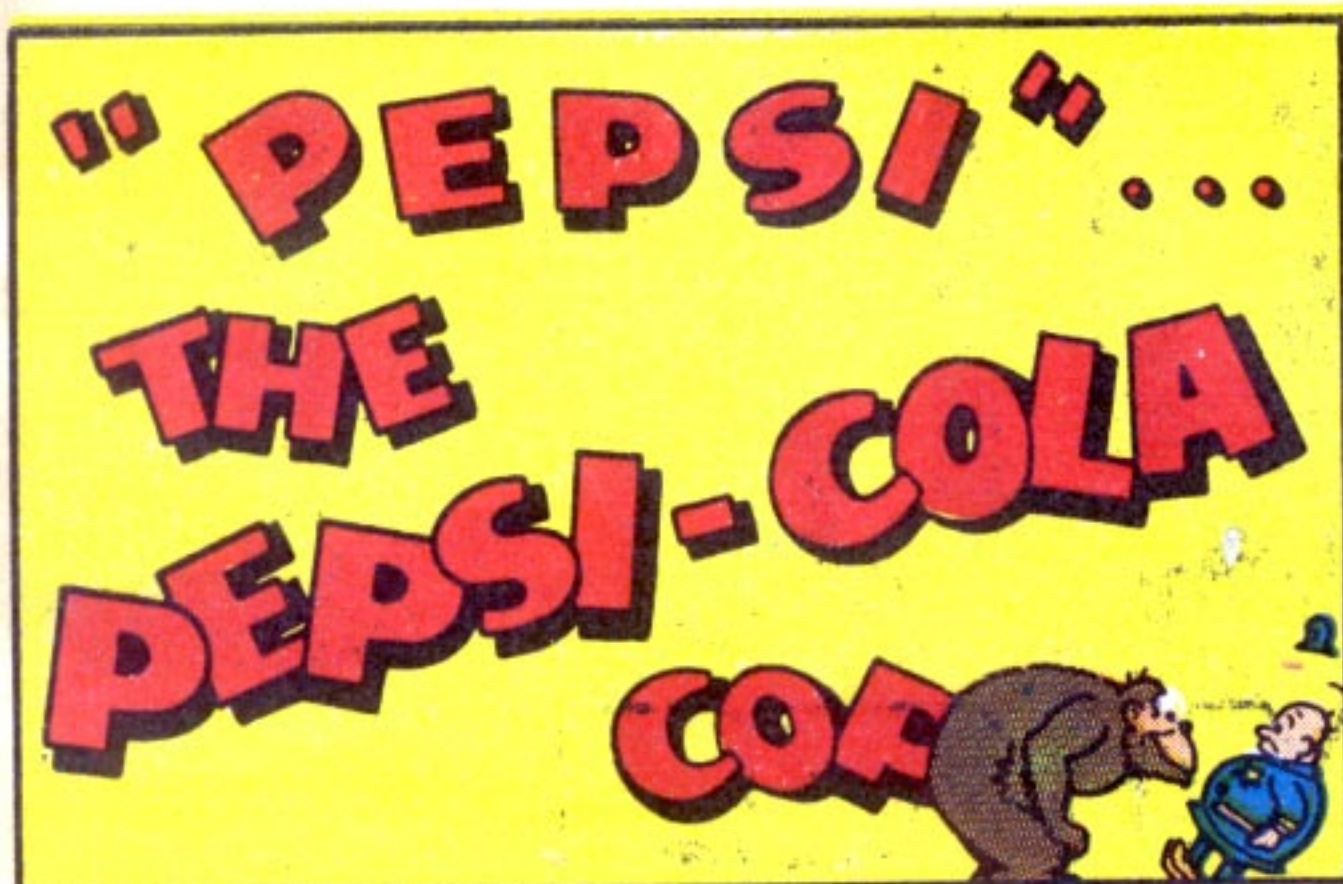


The
BARKER
GIVES THE *BIRD*
TO THE HAWK!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



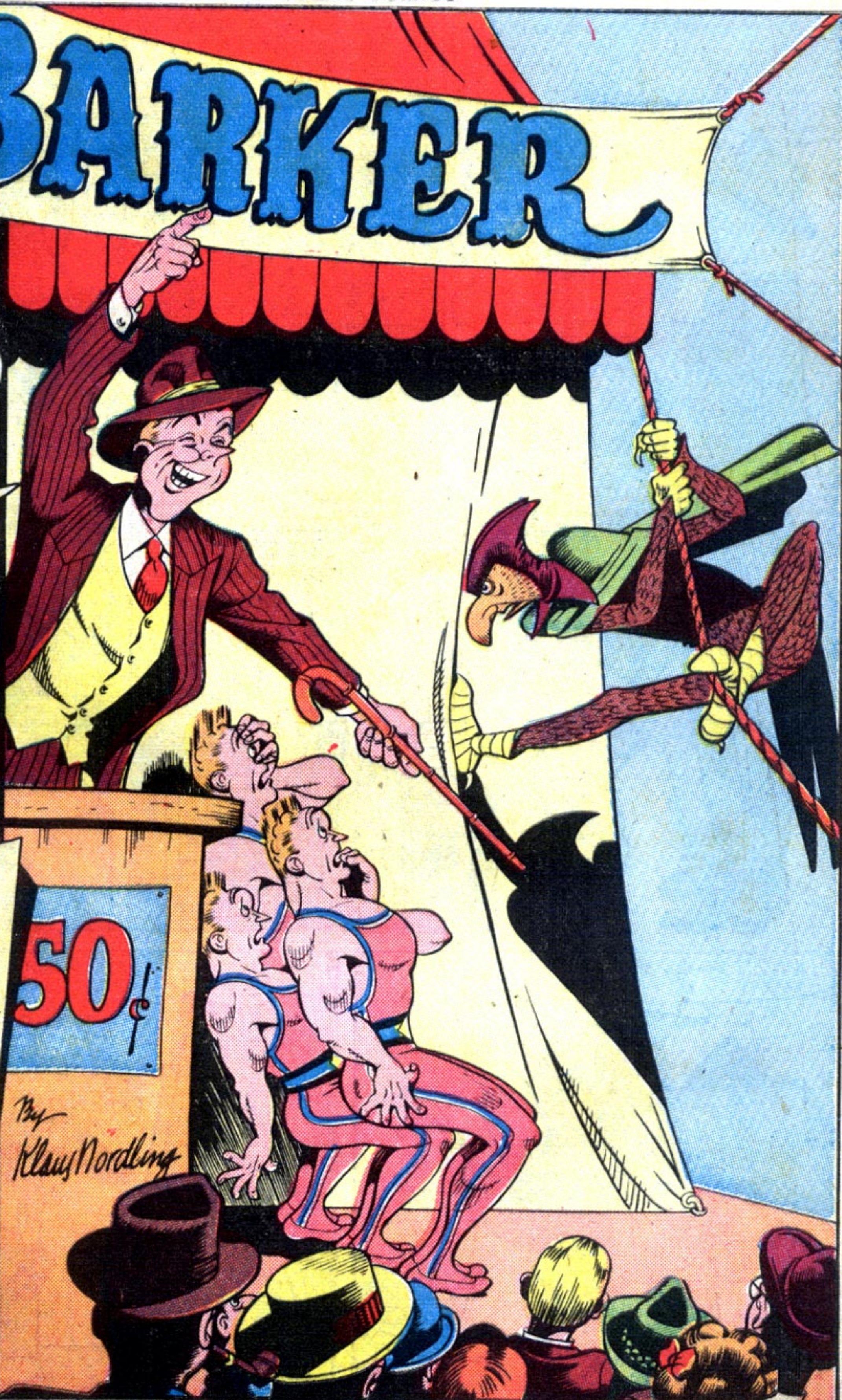
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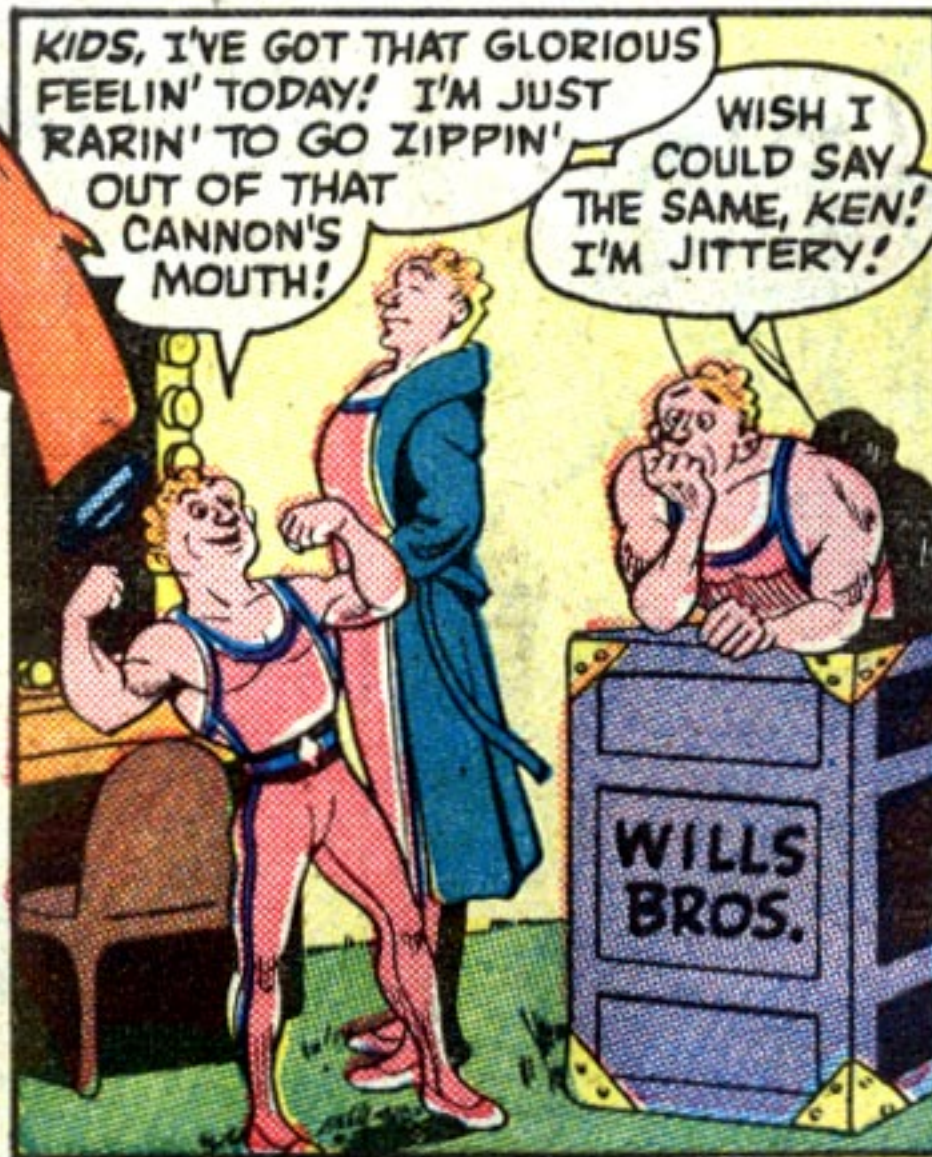
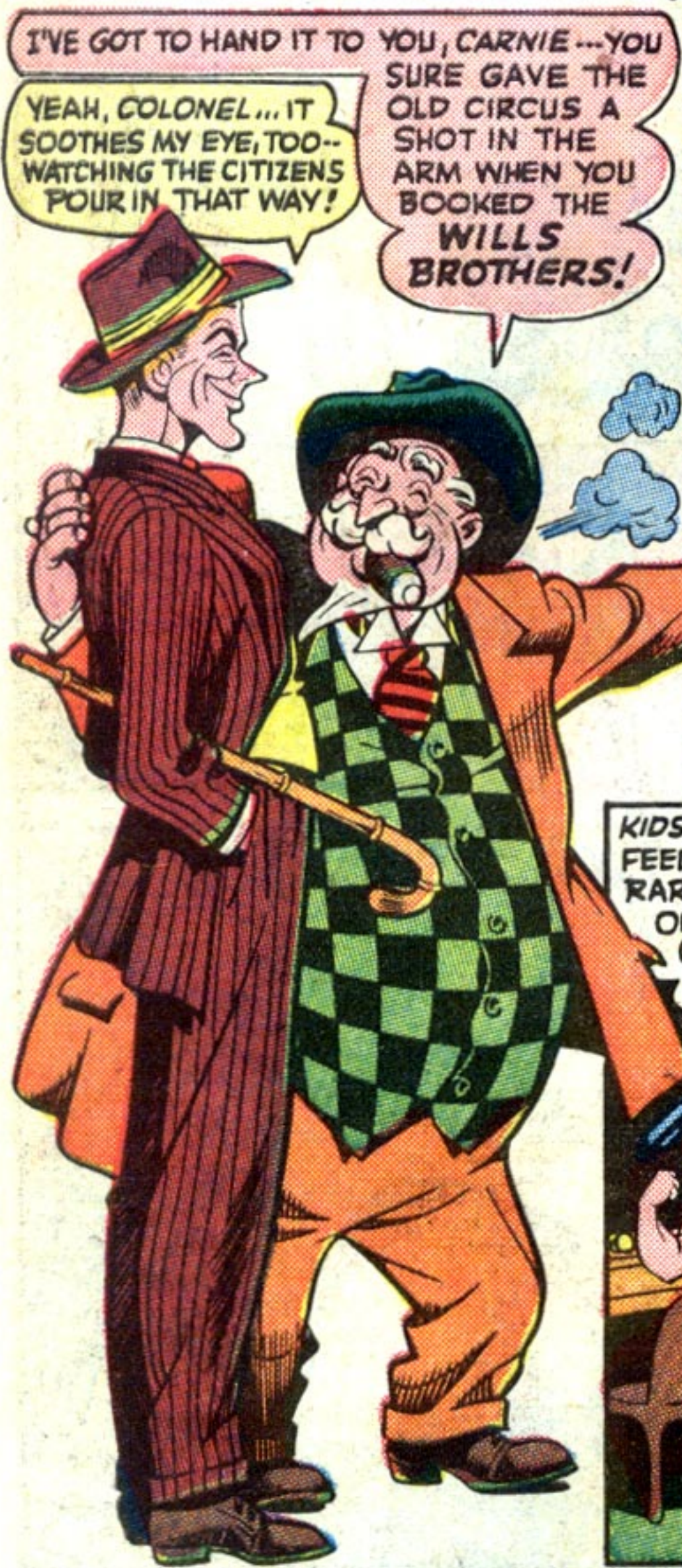
THE BARKER

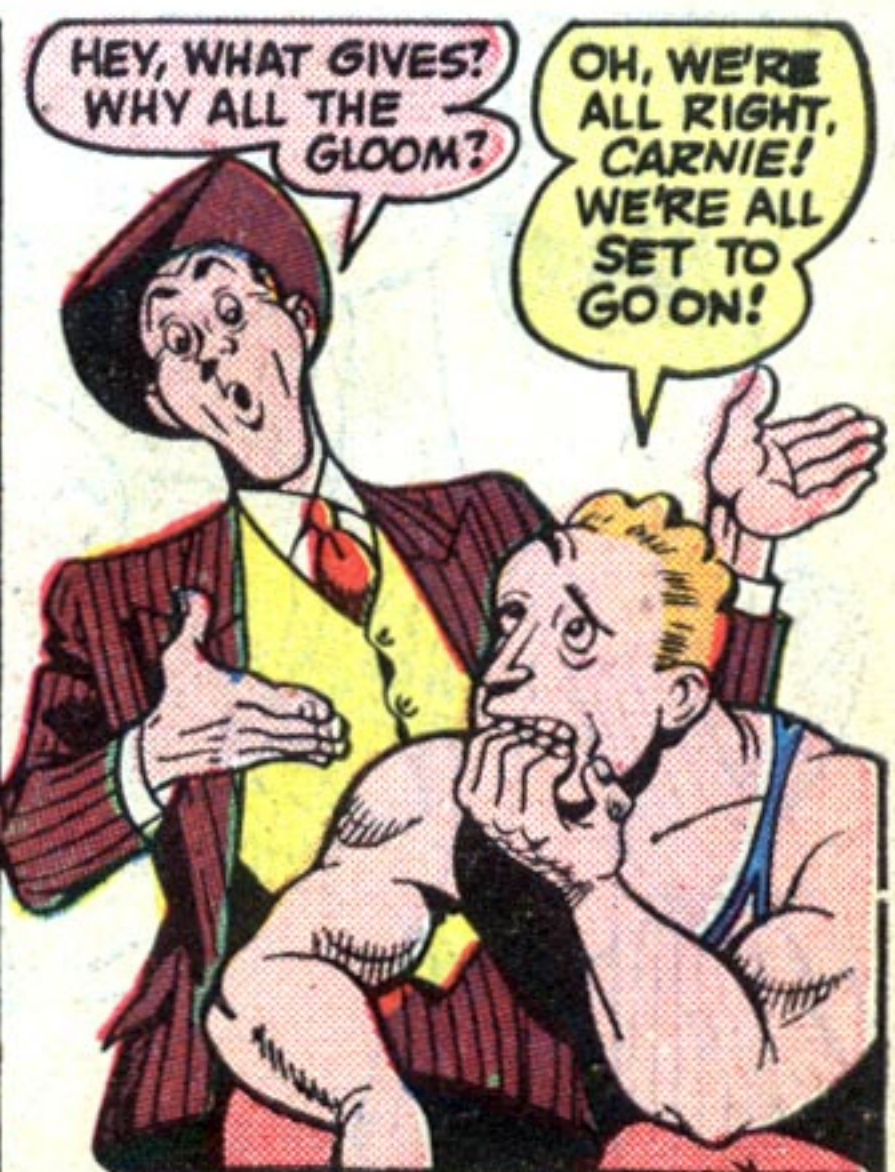
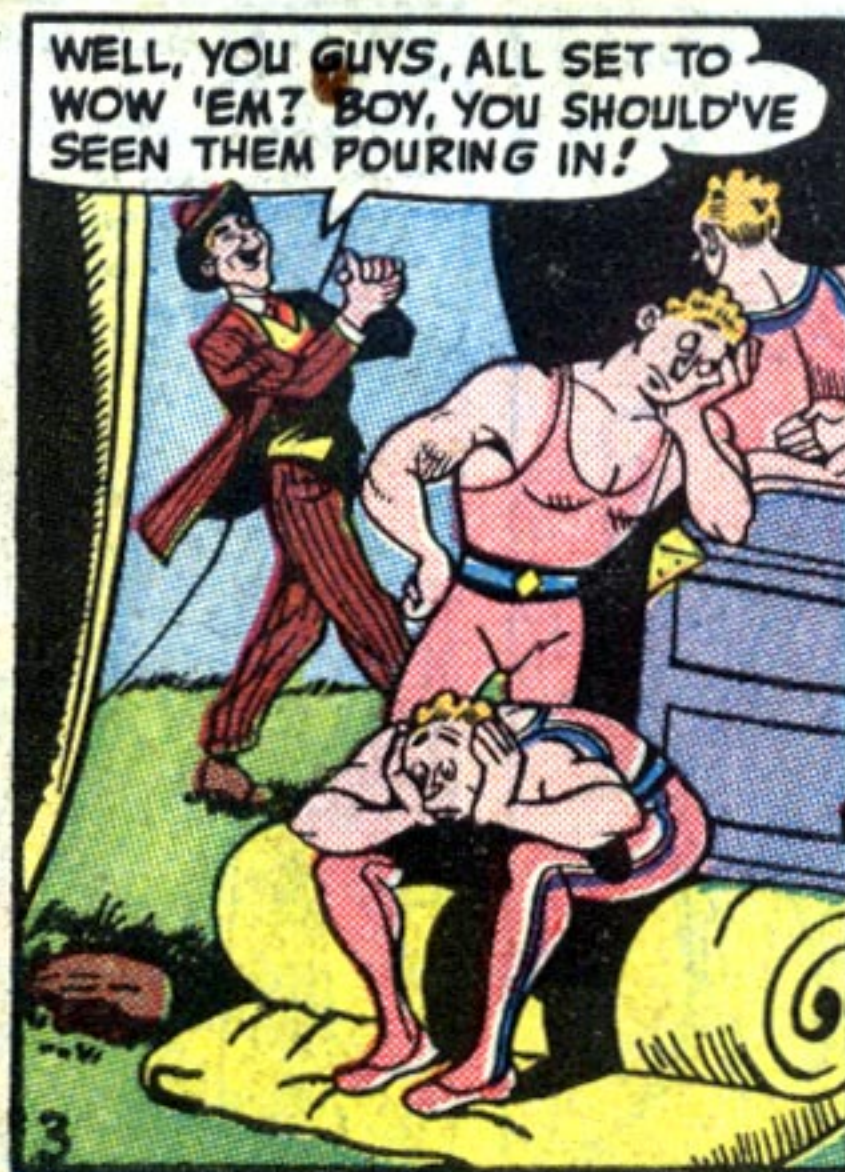
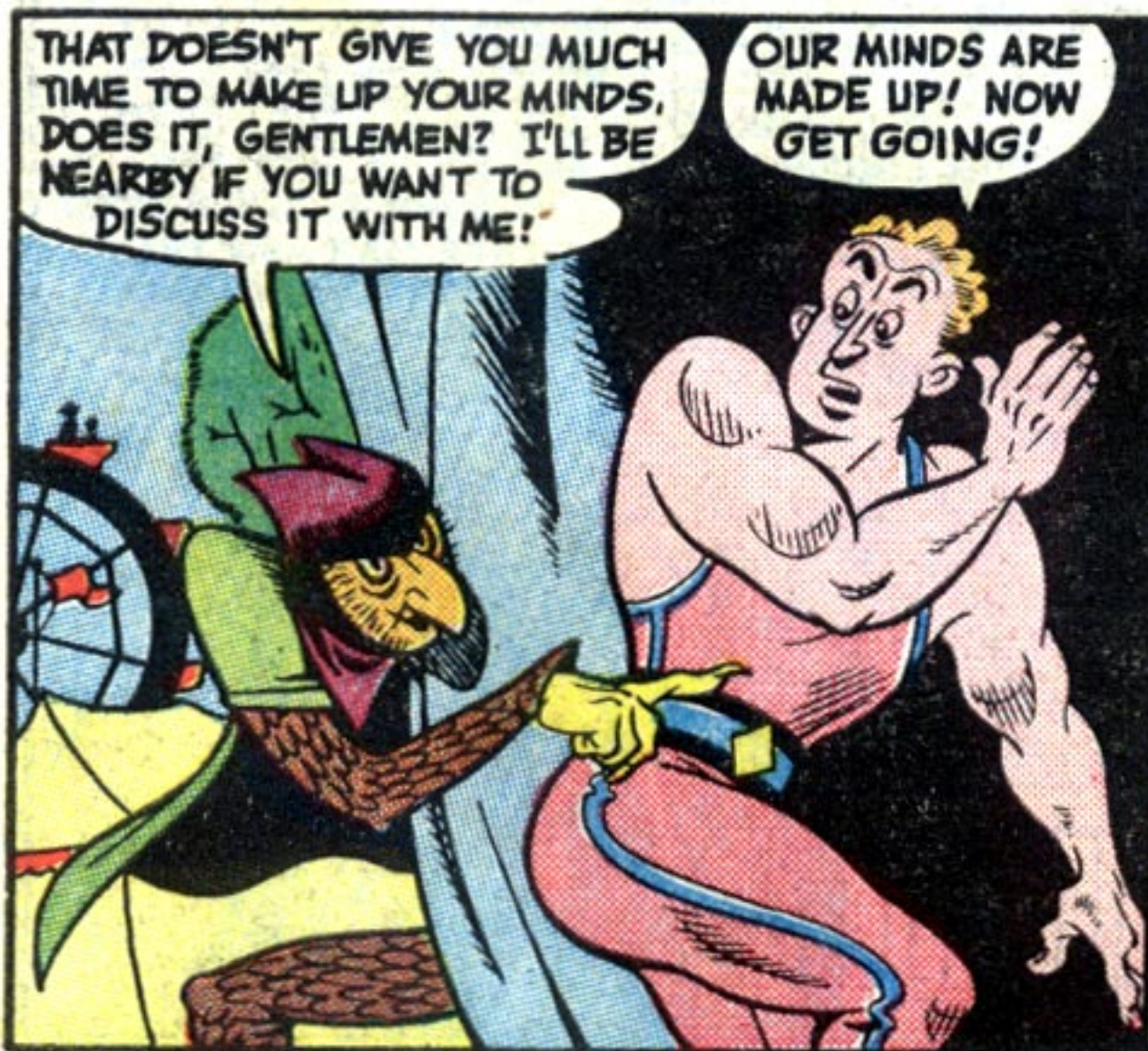
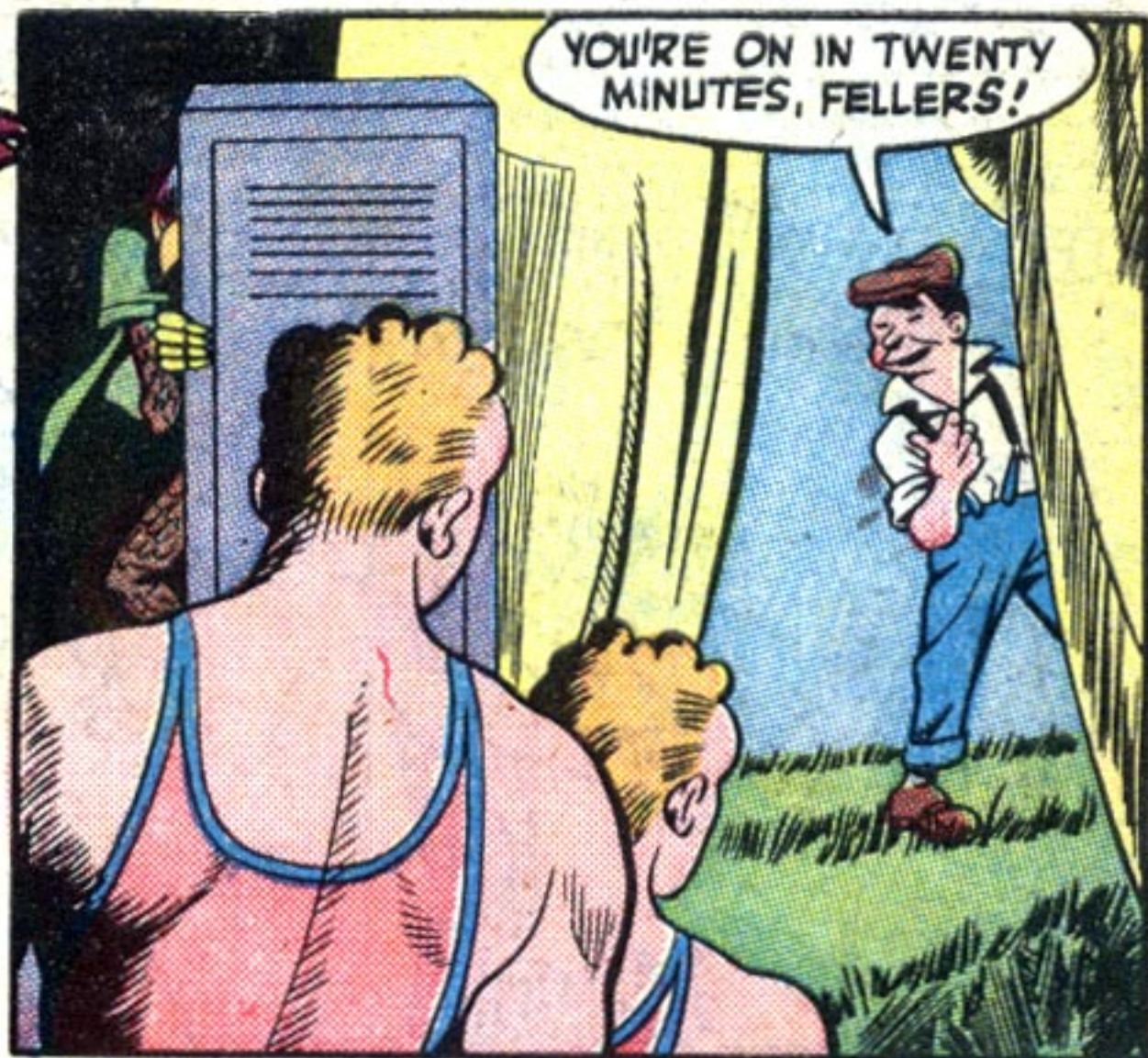
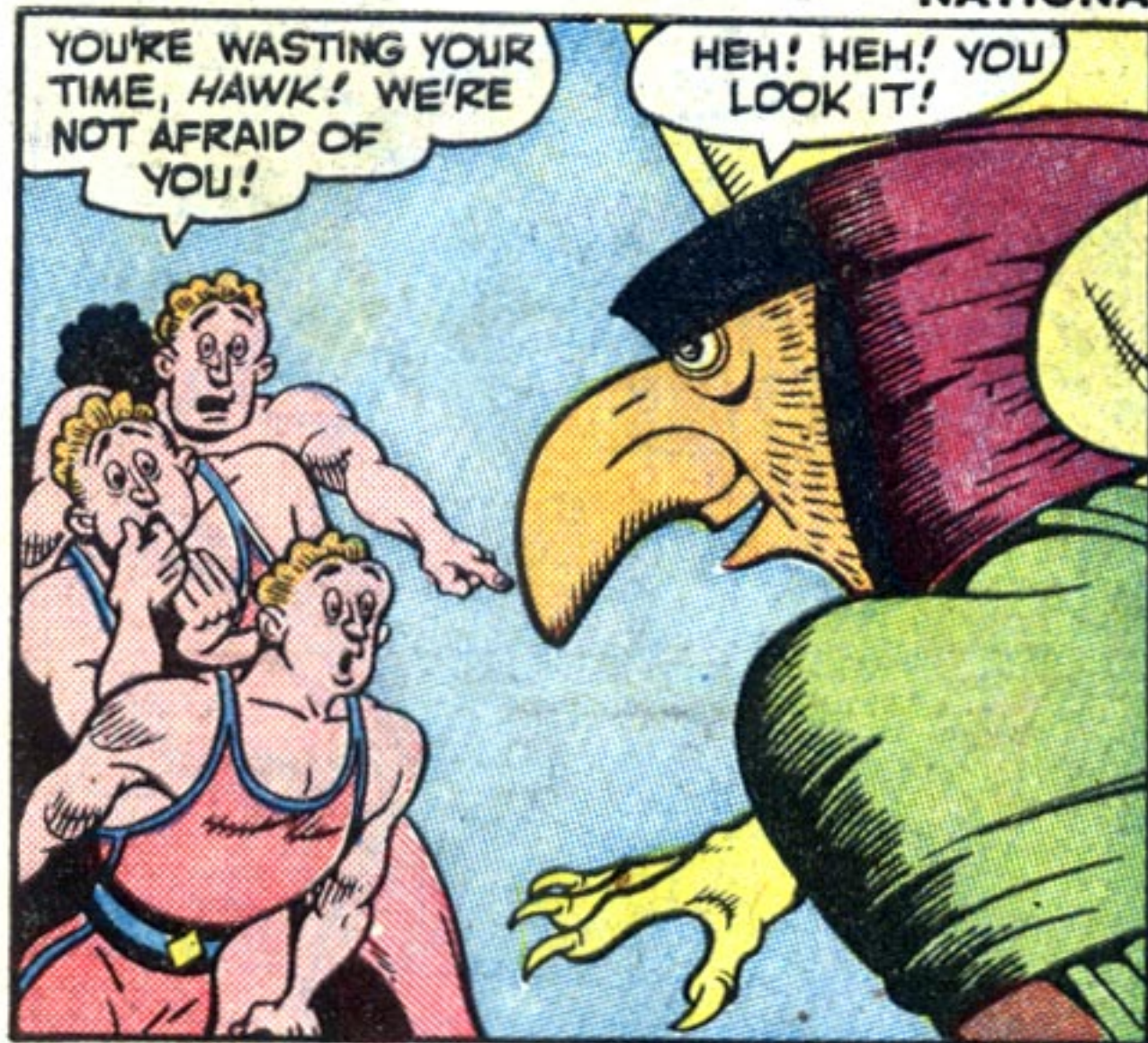
HERE THEY ARE, FOLKS... THE WORLD'S MOST DARING STUNT MEN, THE WILLS BROTHERS!

EVEN CARNIE CALAHAN, *The Barker*, becomes speechless when COLONEL LANE'S CIRCUS is turned into a mad melee by the dreaded **HAWK!**

By Klaus Nordling









NO... NO... NOT ME! I'M NOT GOING ON! YOU'LL HAVE TO RELEASE ME FROM MY CONTRACT, CALAHAN! I'M NO GOOD! I'M TOO SCARED!

HUH? I--I DON'T GET IT!



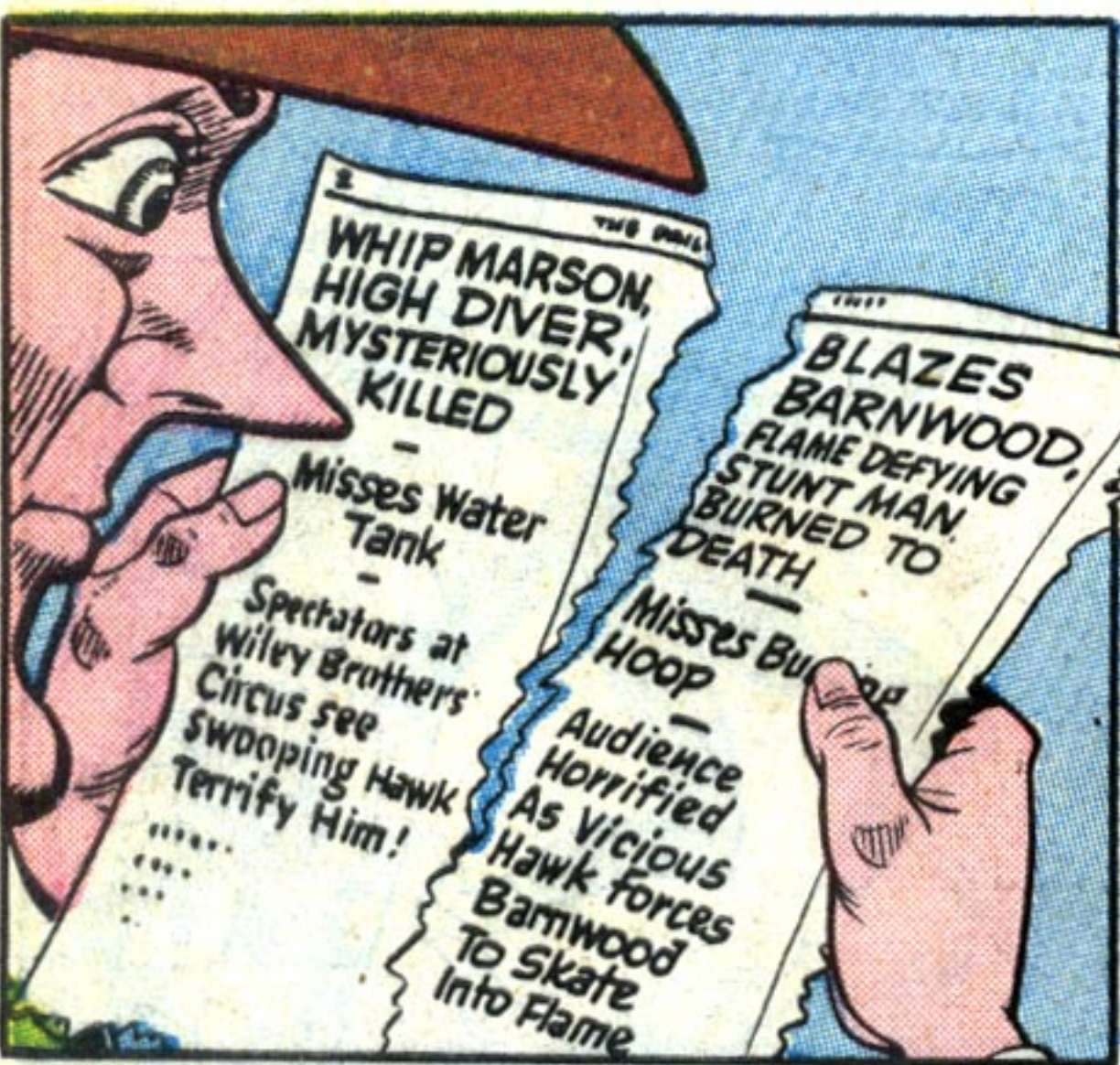
YOU MAY AS WELL HAVE THE WORKS, CARNIE! THE HAWK WAS HERE!



THE HAWK? SO WHAT? WHO'S HE?

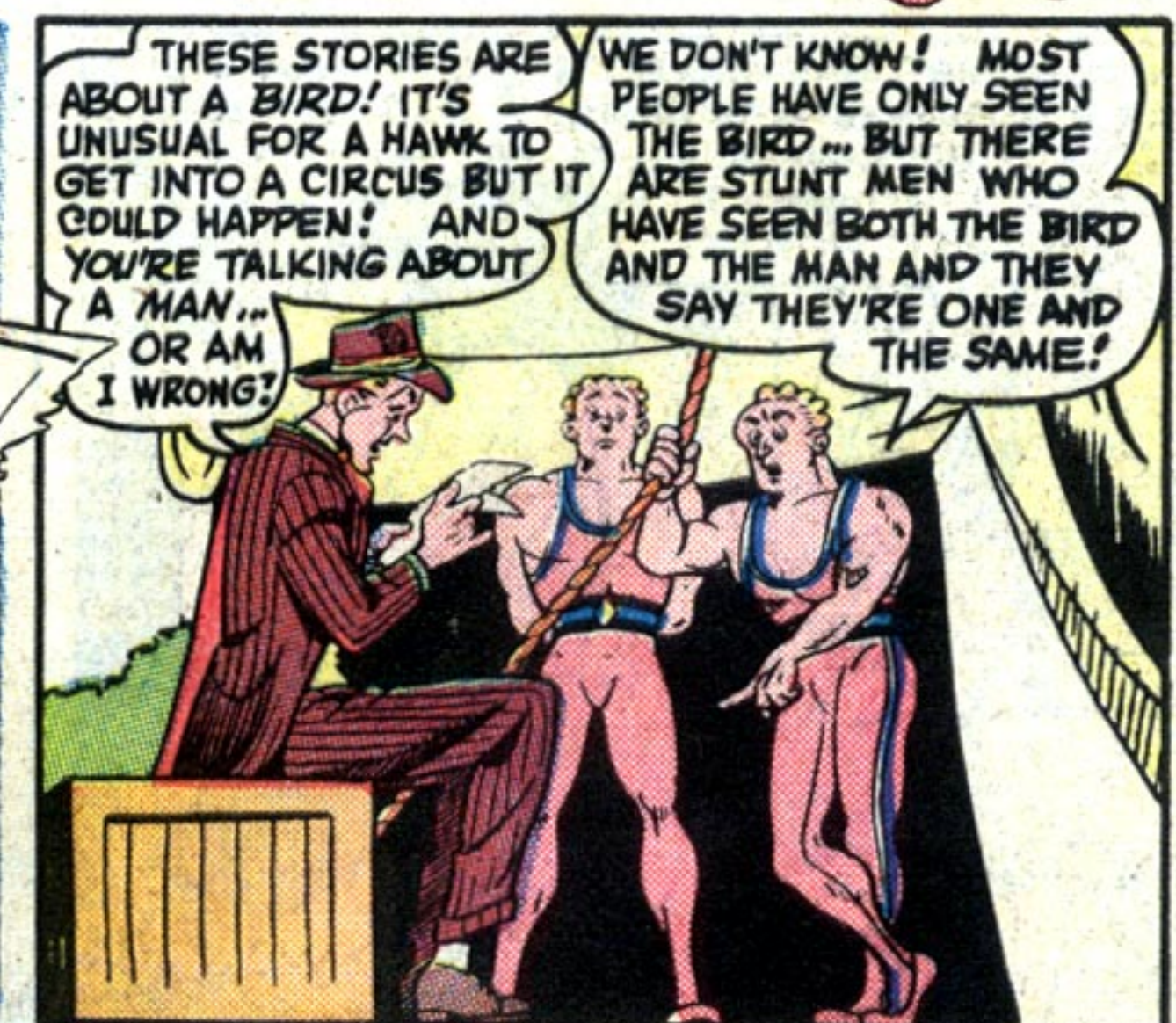


HE! IT! NOBODY'S SURE! LOOK AT THESE!



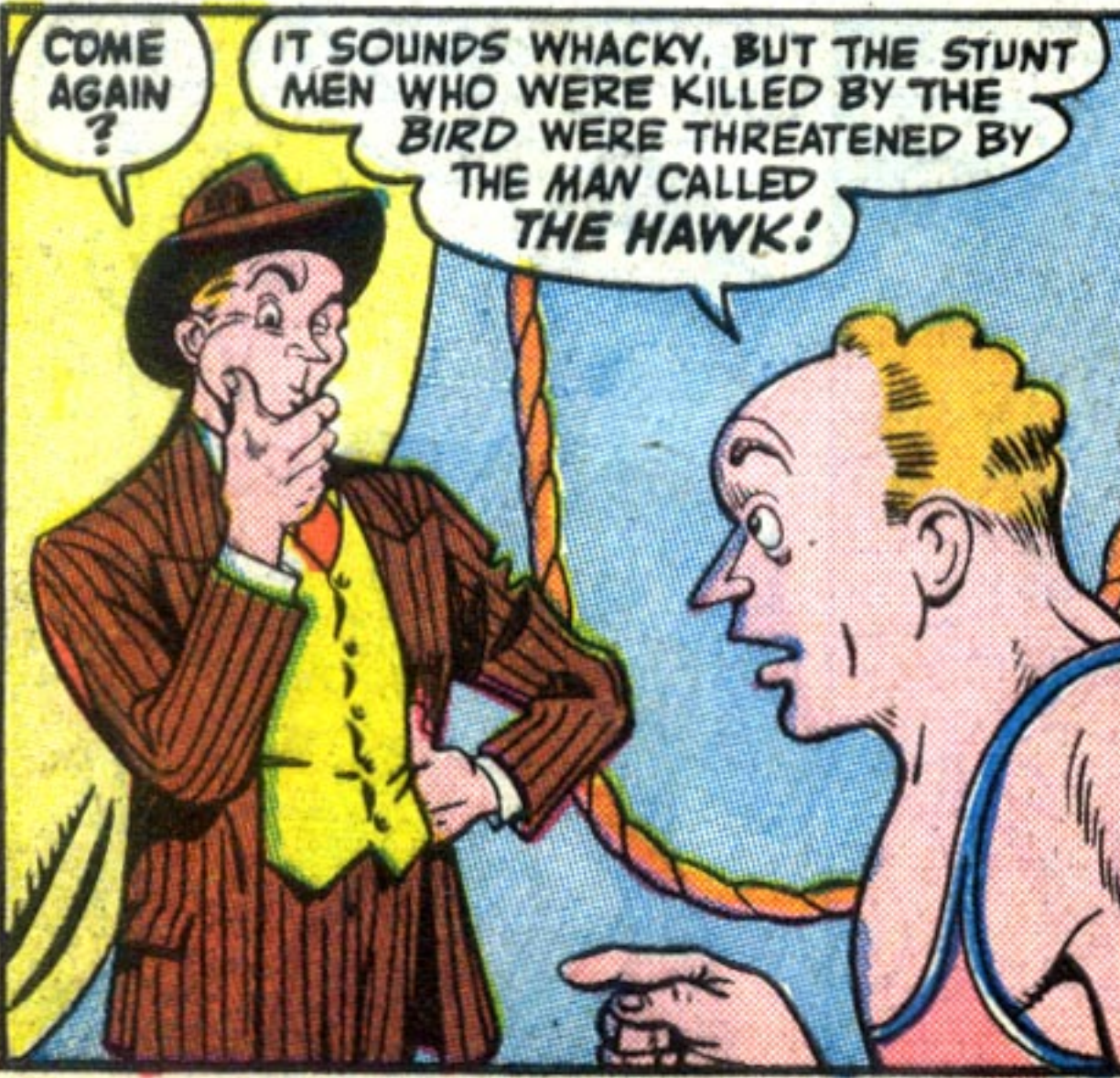
WHIP MARSON, HIGH DIVER, MYSTERIOUSLY KILLED - Misses Water Tank - Spectators at Wiley Brothers' Circus see swooping Hawk Terrify Him!

BLAZES BARNWOOD, FLAME DEFYING STUNT MAN, BURNED TO DEATH - Misses Bu... Hoop - Audience Horrified As Vicious Barnwood Forces To Skate Into Flame



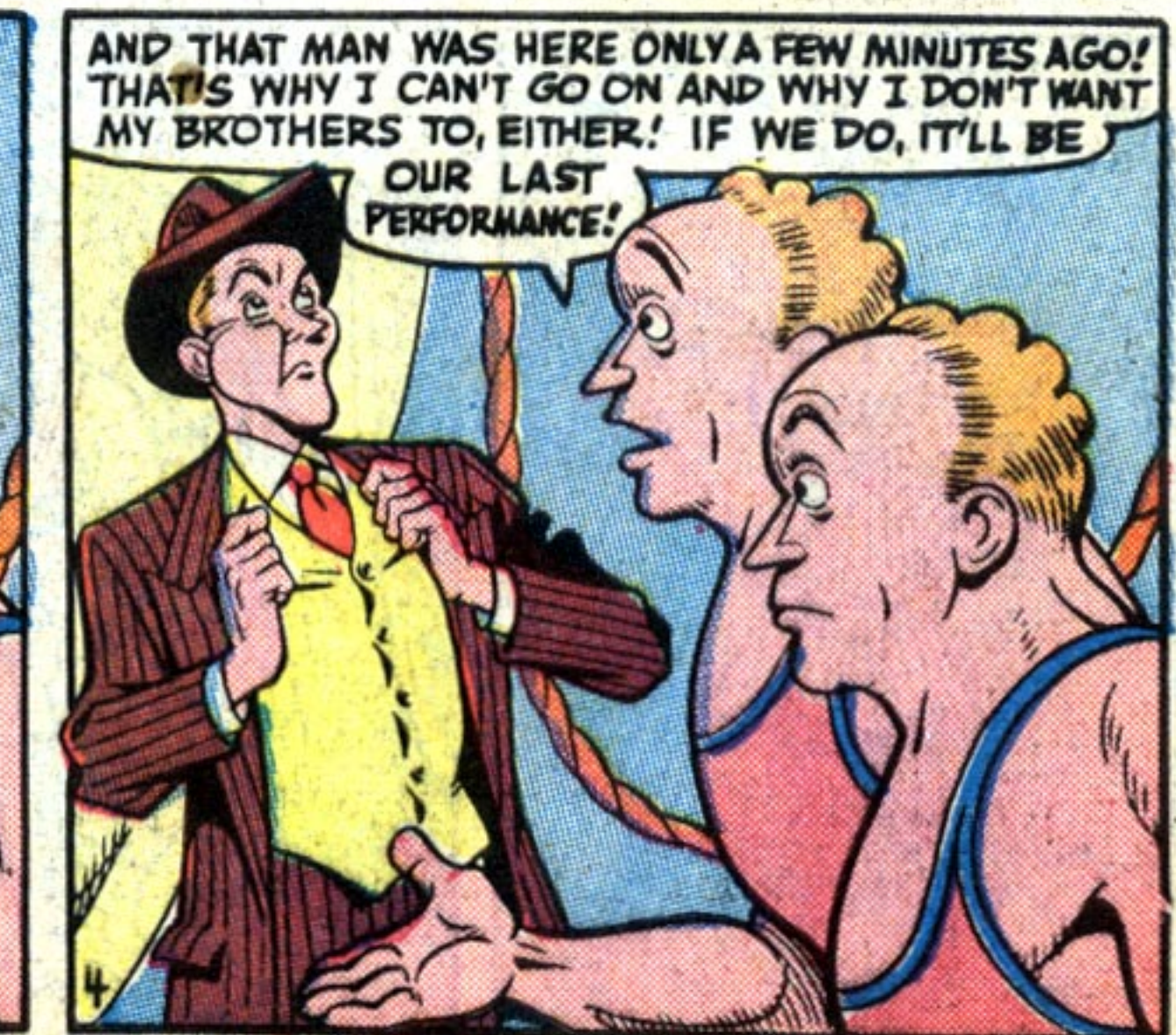
THESE STORIES ARE ABOUT A BIRD! IT'S UNUSUAL FOR A HAWK TO GET INTO A CIRCUS BUT IT COULD HAPPEN! AND YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT A MAN... OR AM I WRONG?

WE DON'T KNOW! MOST PEOPLE HAVE ONLY SEEN THE BIRD... BUT THERE ARE STUNT MEN WHO HAVE SEEN BOTH THE BIRD AND THE MAN AND THEY SAY THEY'RE ONE AND THE SAME!

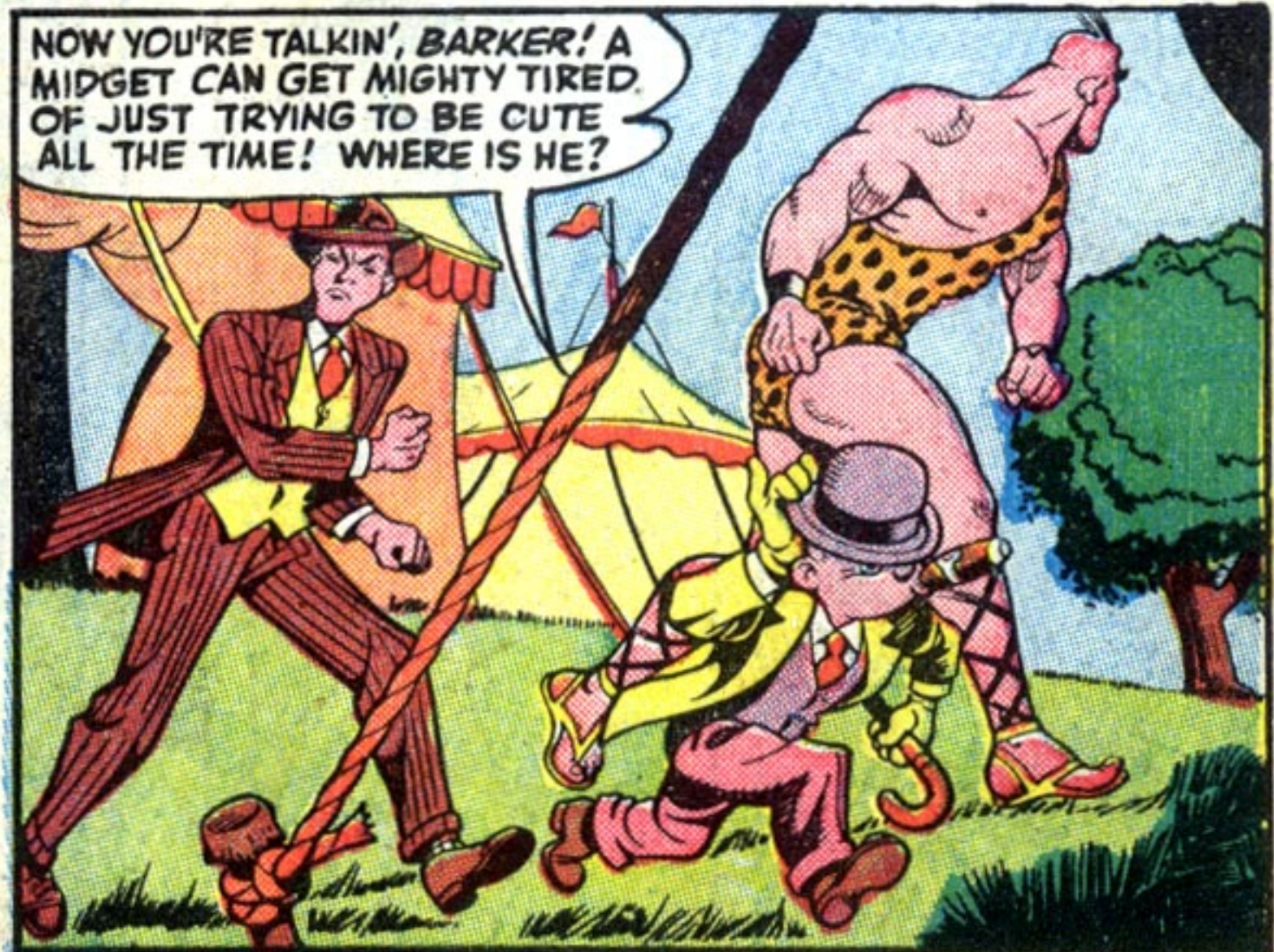
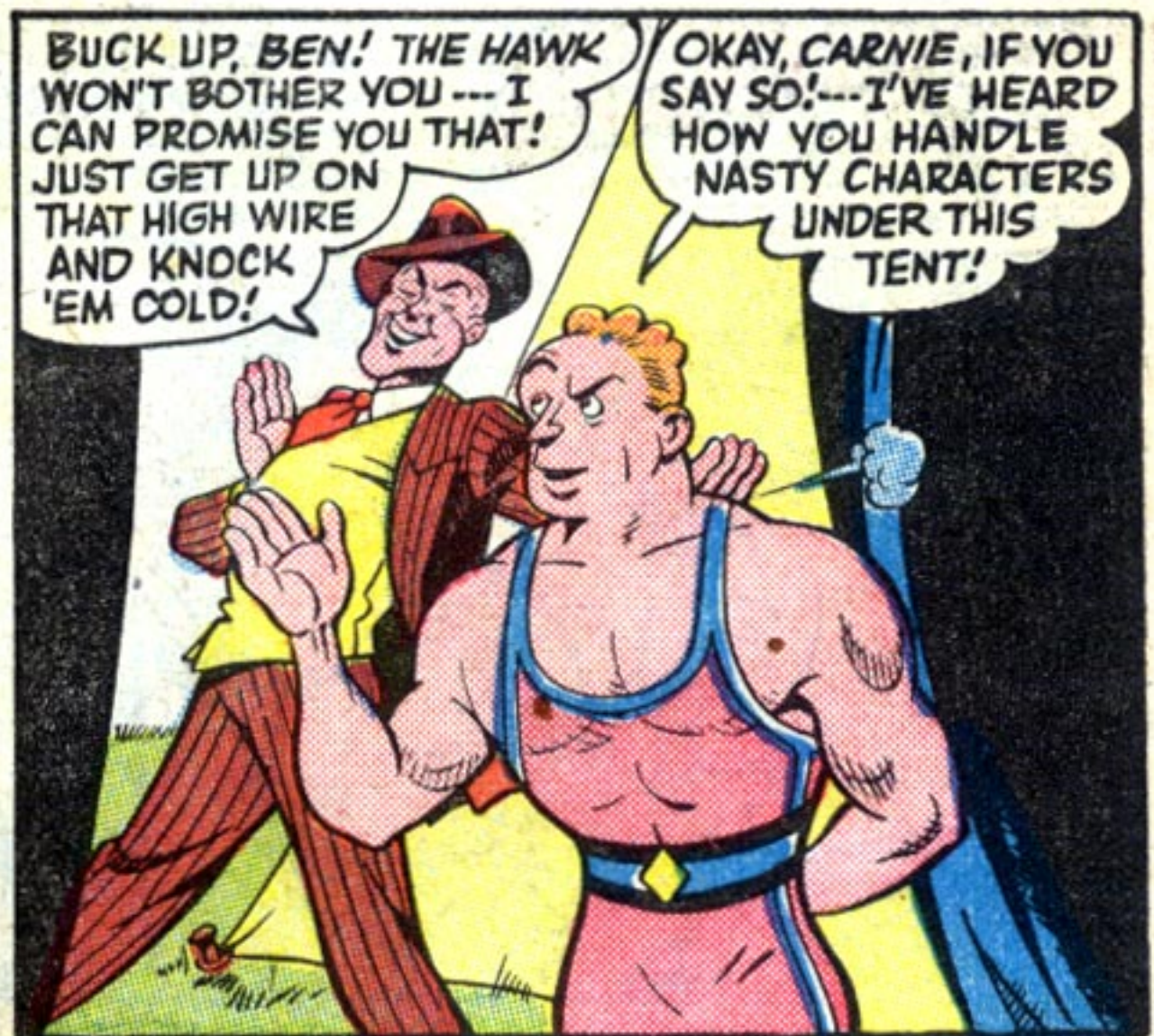
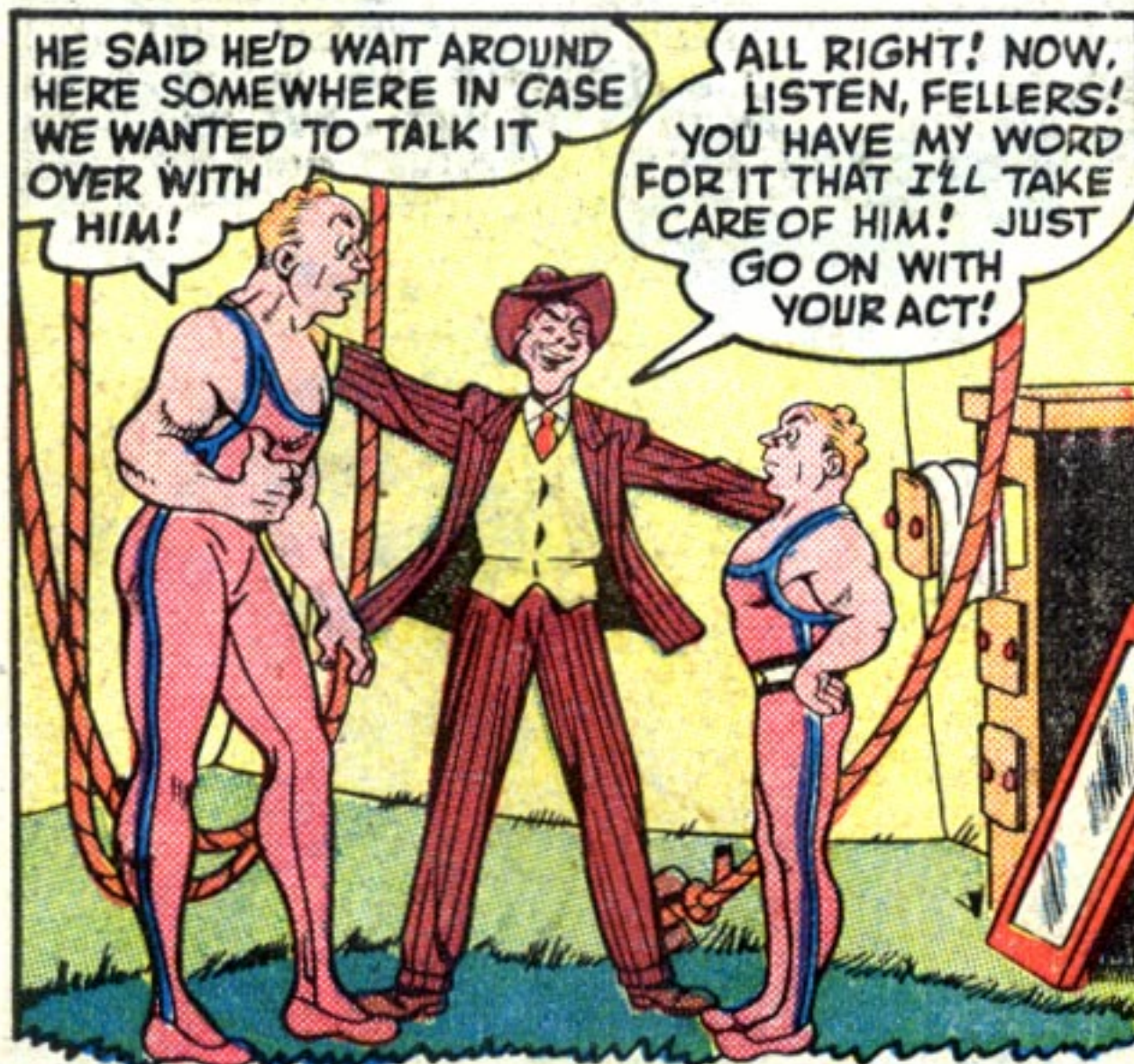
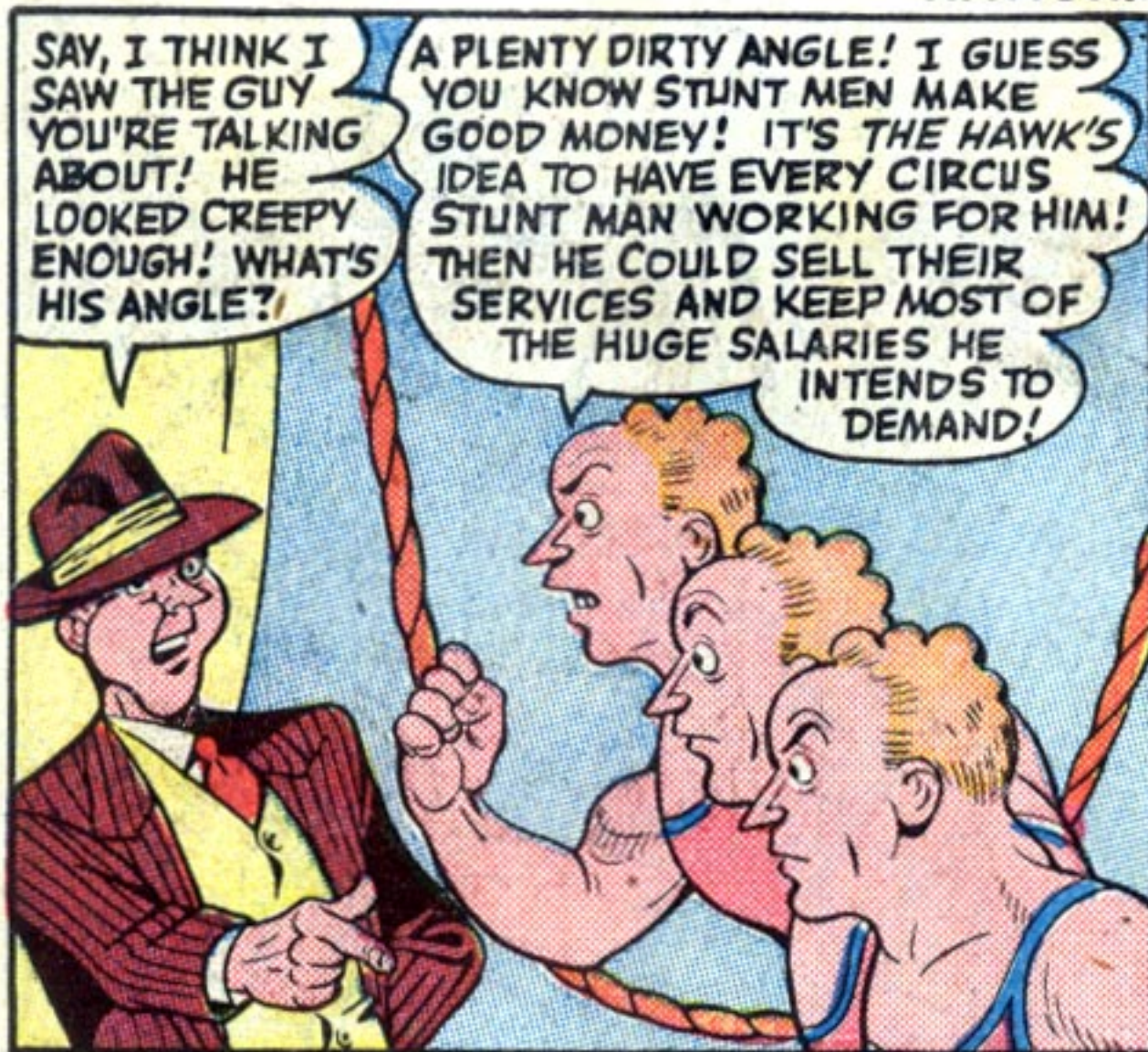


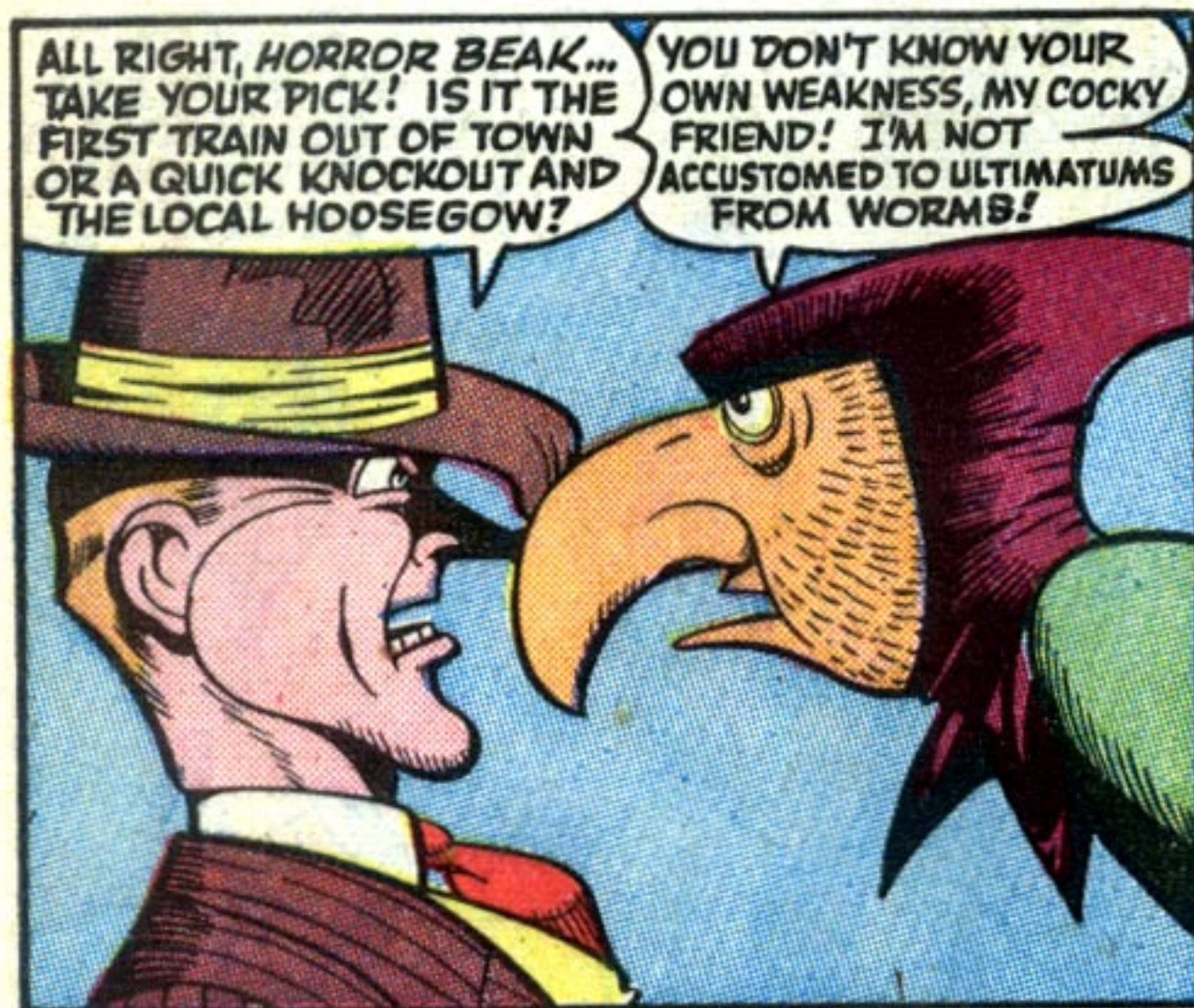
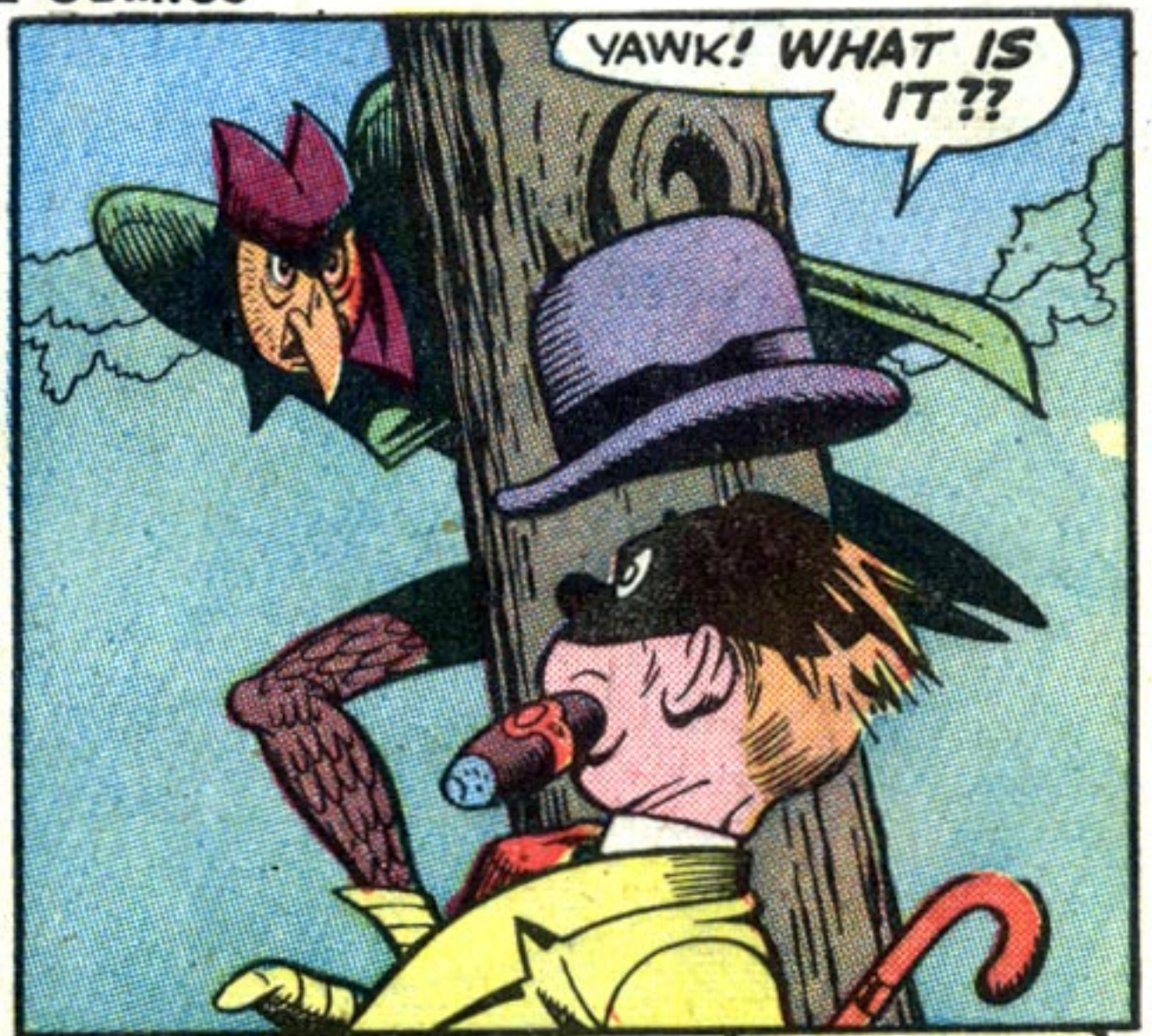
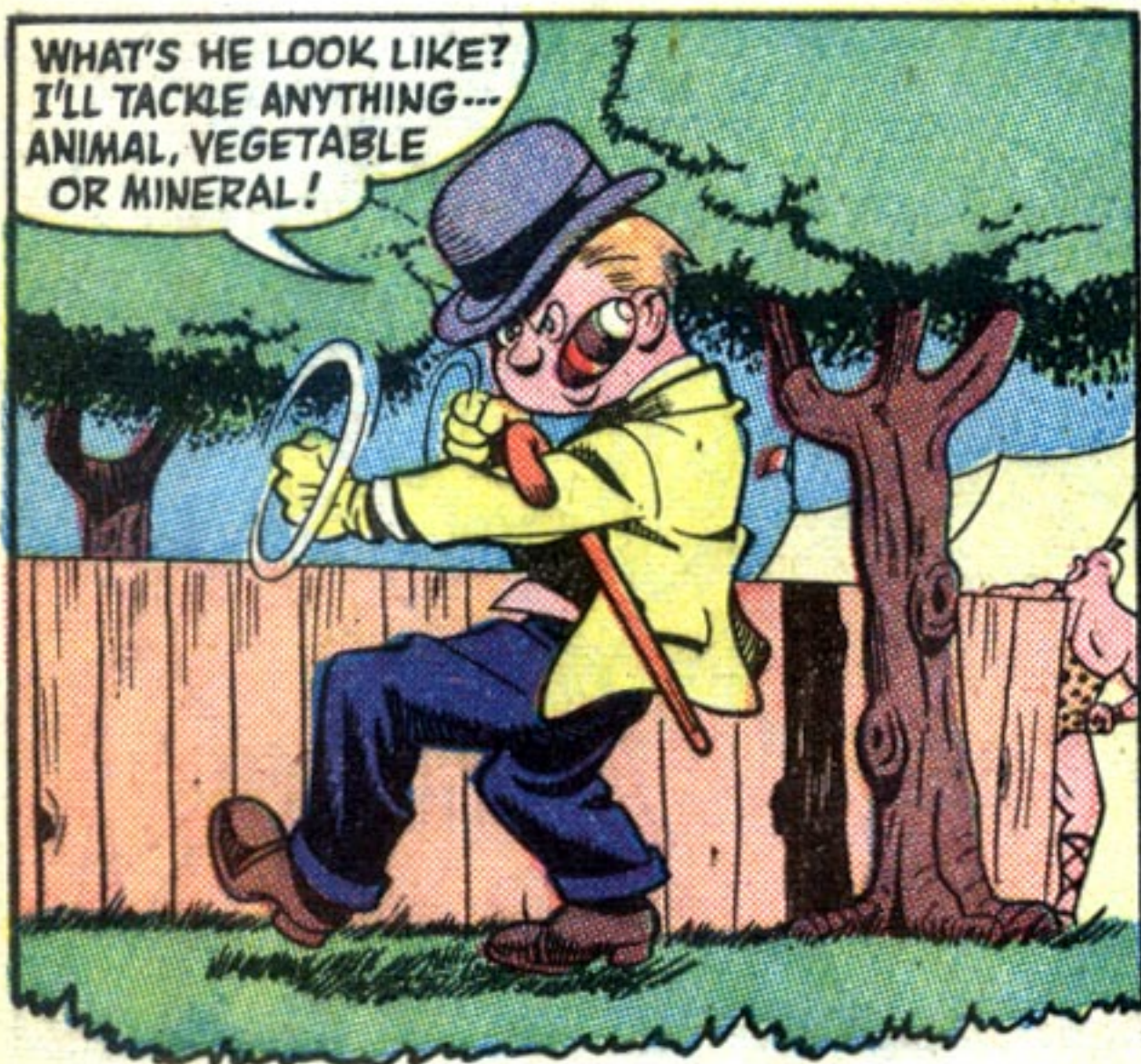
COME AGAIN?

IT SOUNDS WHACKY, BUT THE STUNT MEN WHO WERE KILLED BY THE BIRD WERE THREATENED BY THE MAN CALLED THE HAWK!

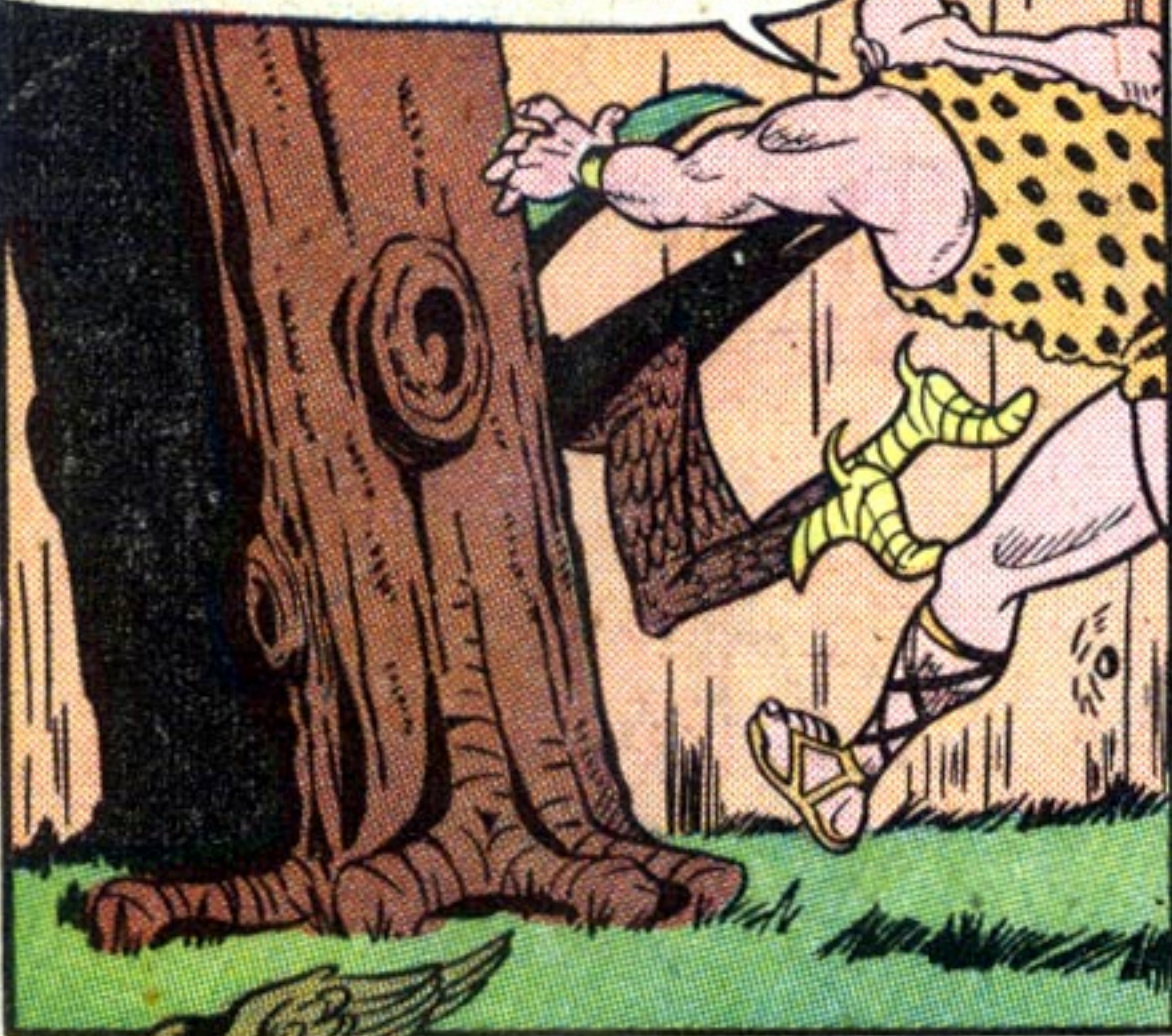


AND THAT MAN WAS HERE ONLY A FEW MINUTES AGO! THAT'S WHY I CAN'T GO ON AND WHY I DON'T WANT MY BROTHERS TO, EITHER! IF WE DO, IT'LL BE OUR LAST PERFORMANCE!

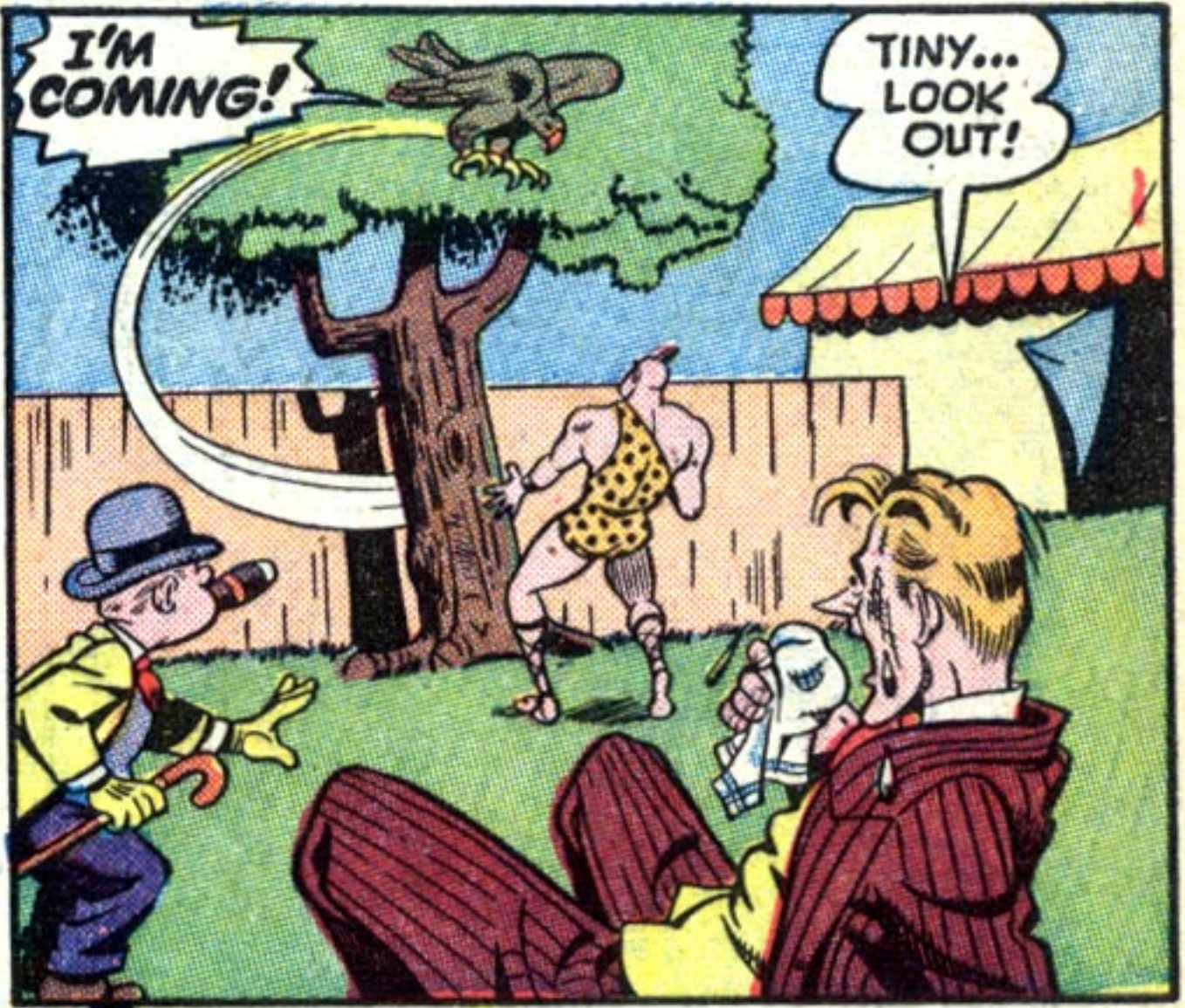




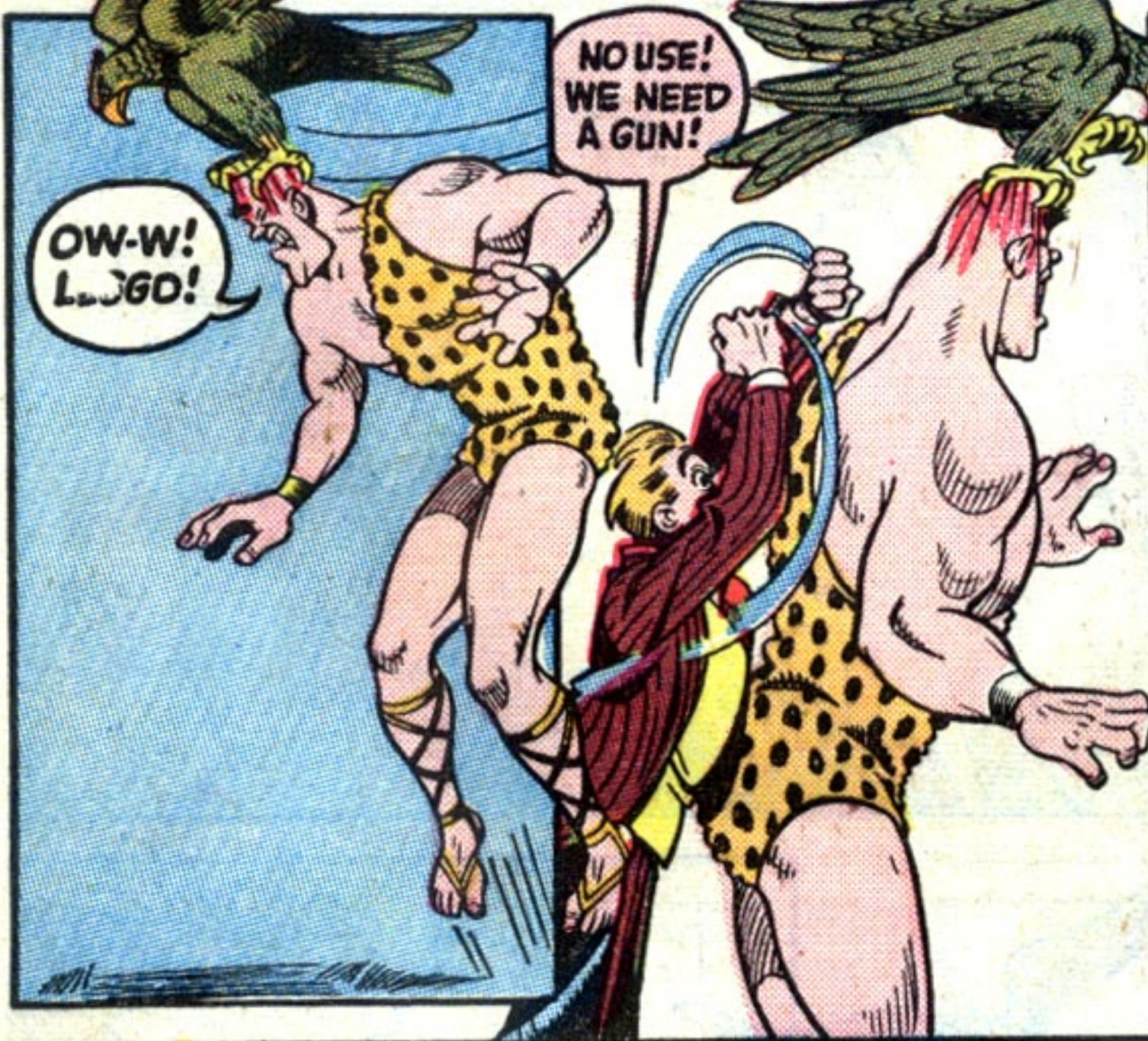
YOU'RE NOT DUCKING OUT NOW, MISTER! COME OUT AND GET IT!



I'M COMING!



TINY...
LOOK OUT!

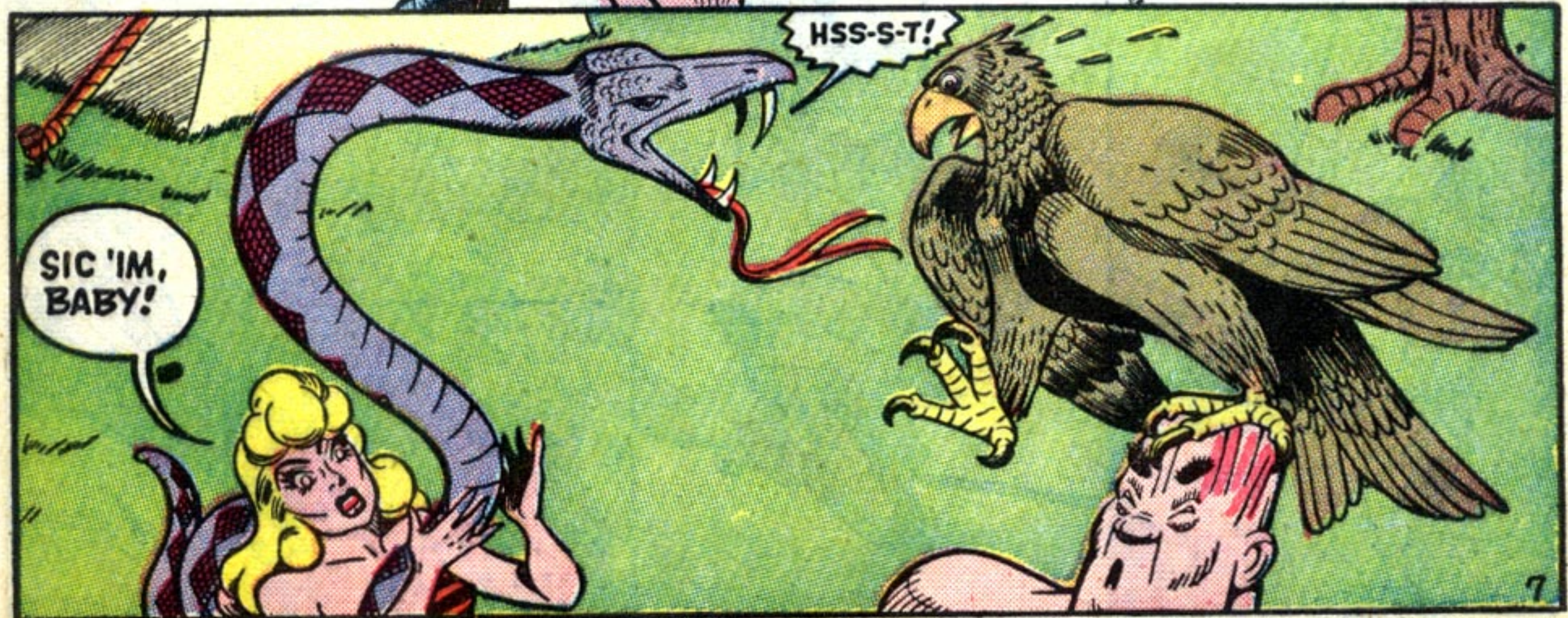


OW-W!
LJGO!

NO USE!
WE NEED
A GUN!

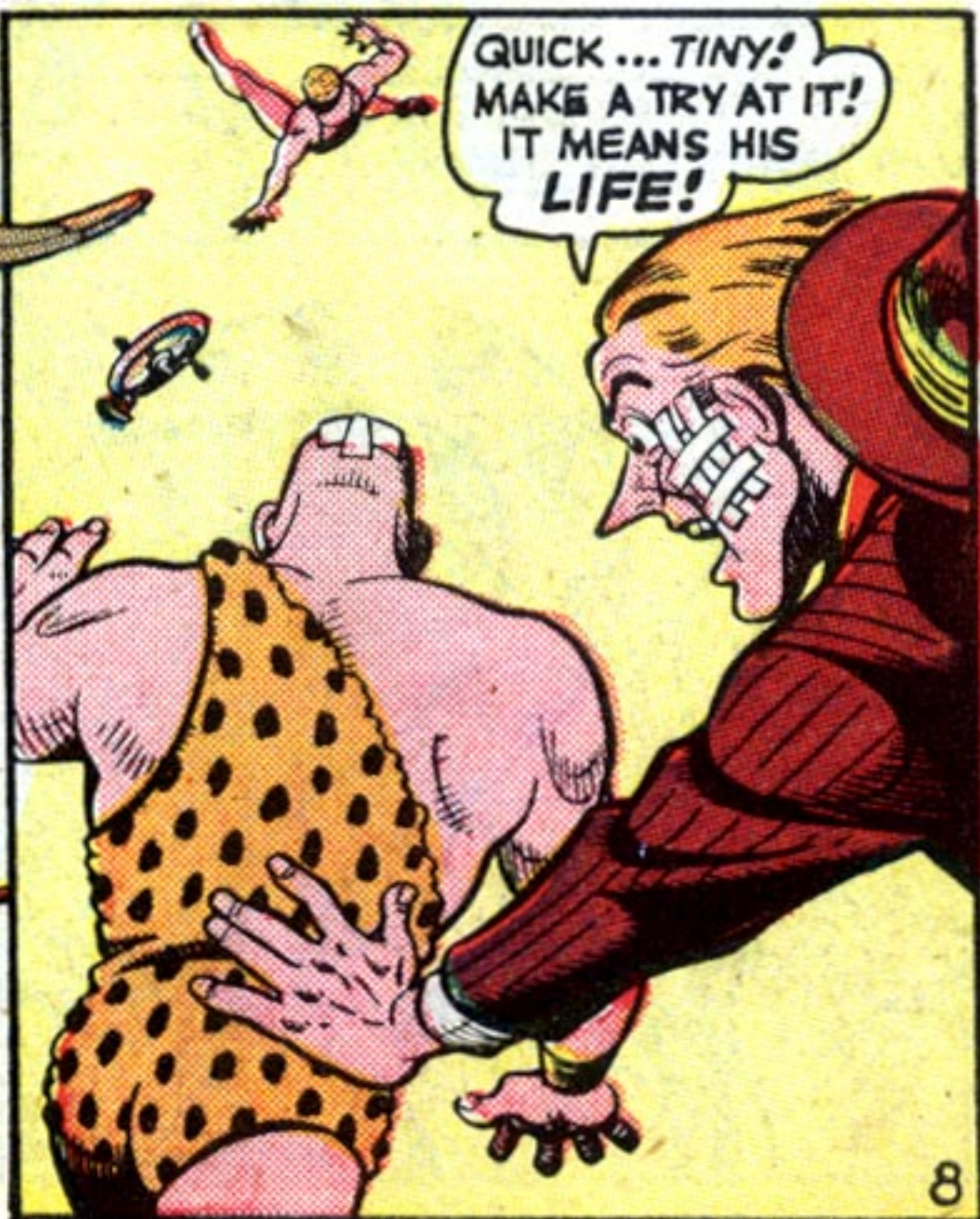
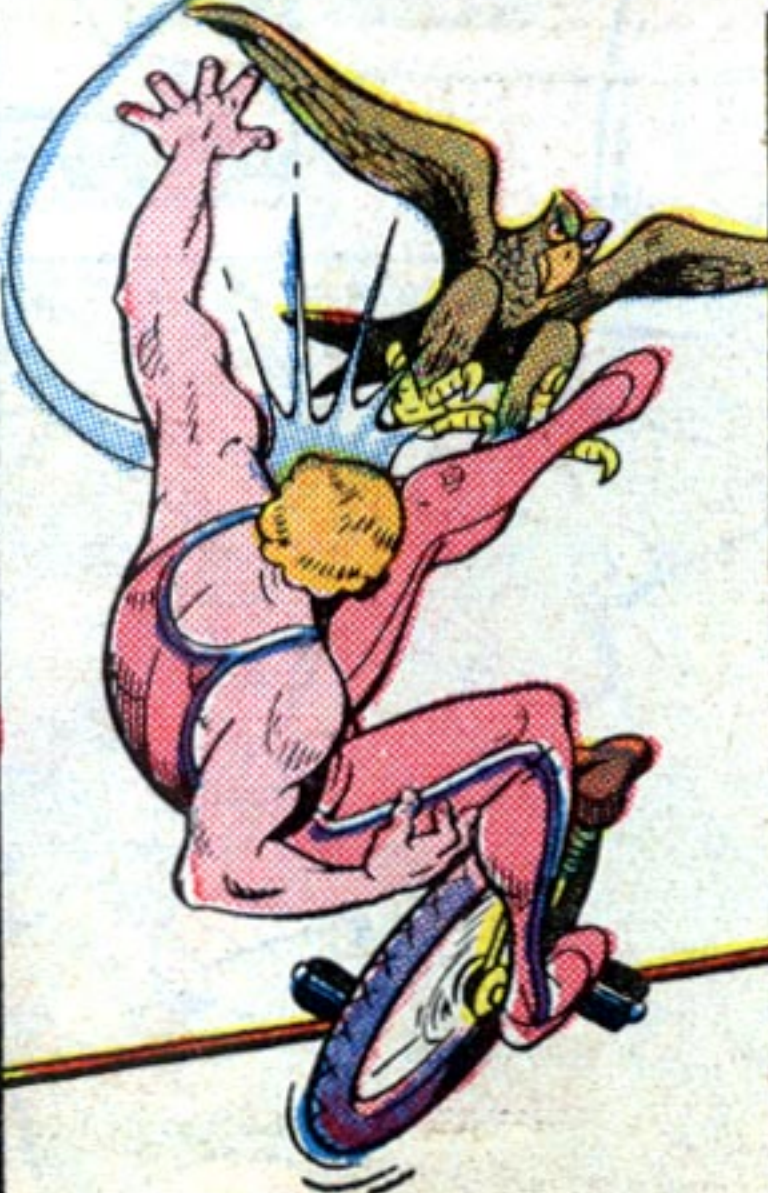
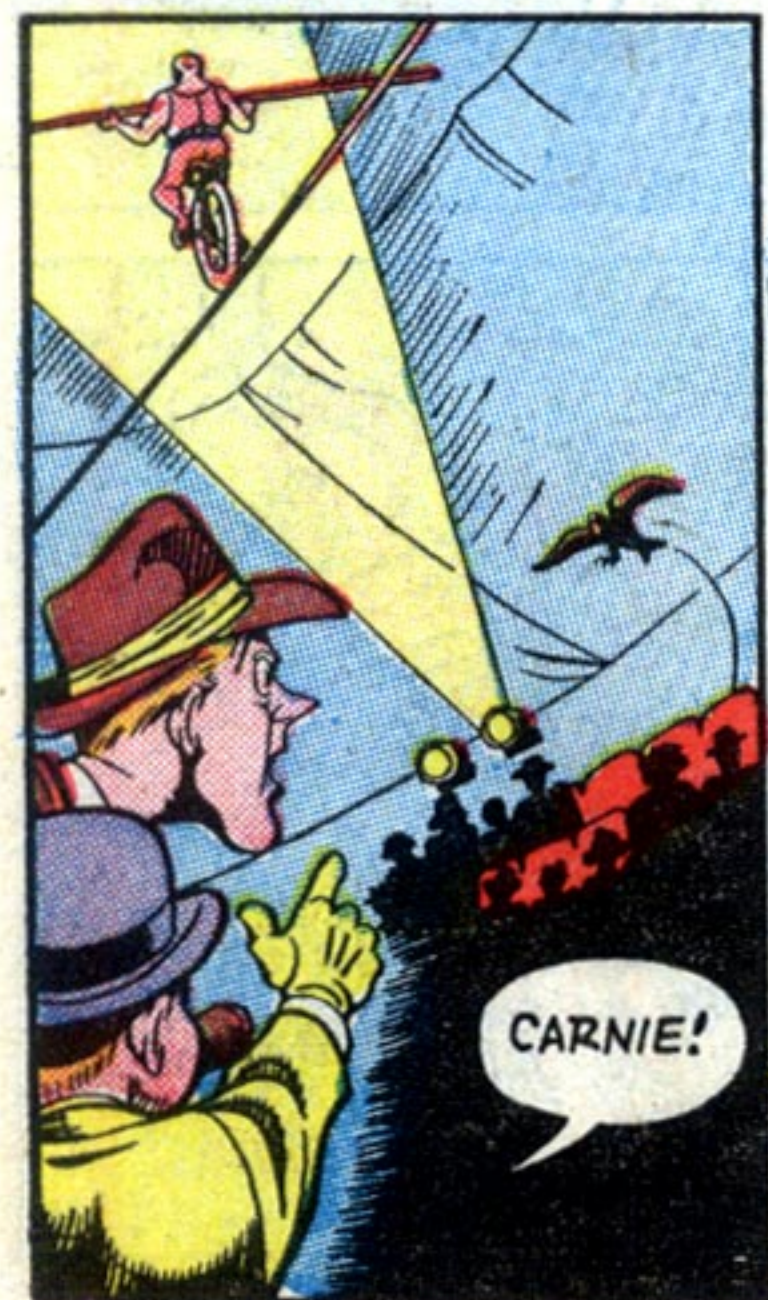
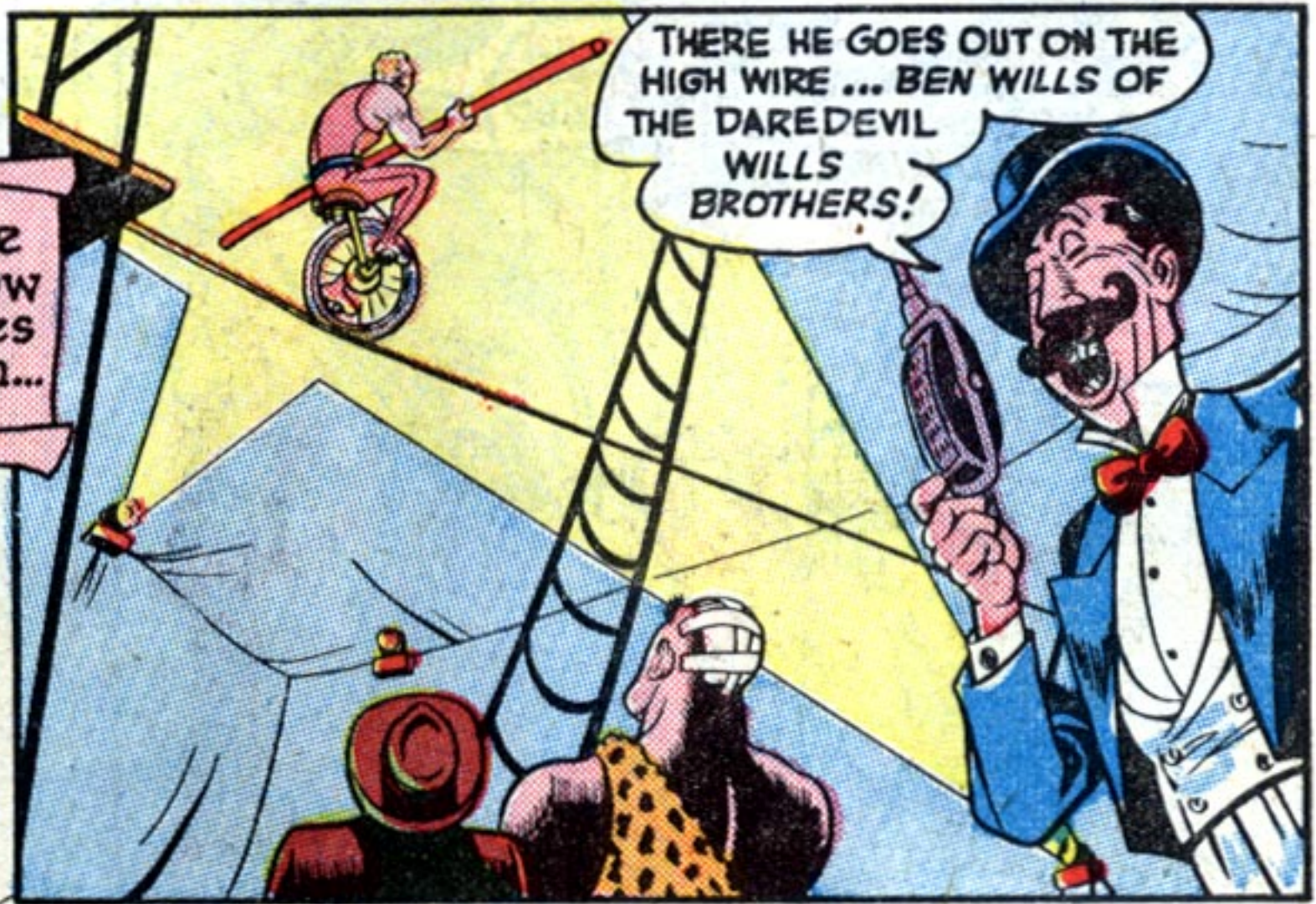
HEY! WHAT
GOES ON
HERE?

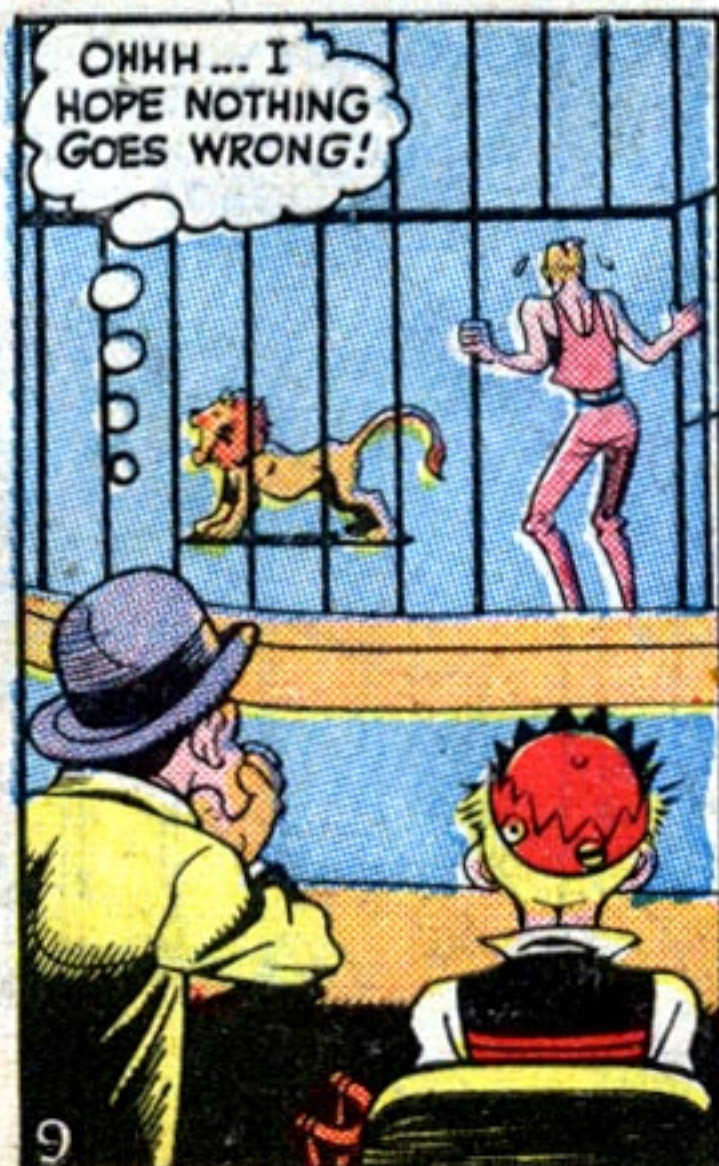
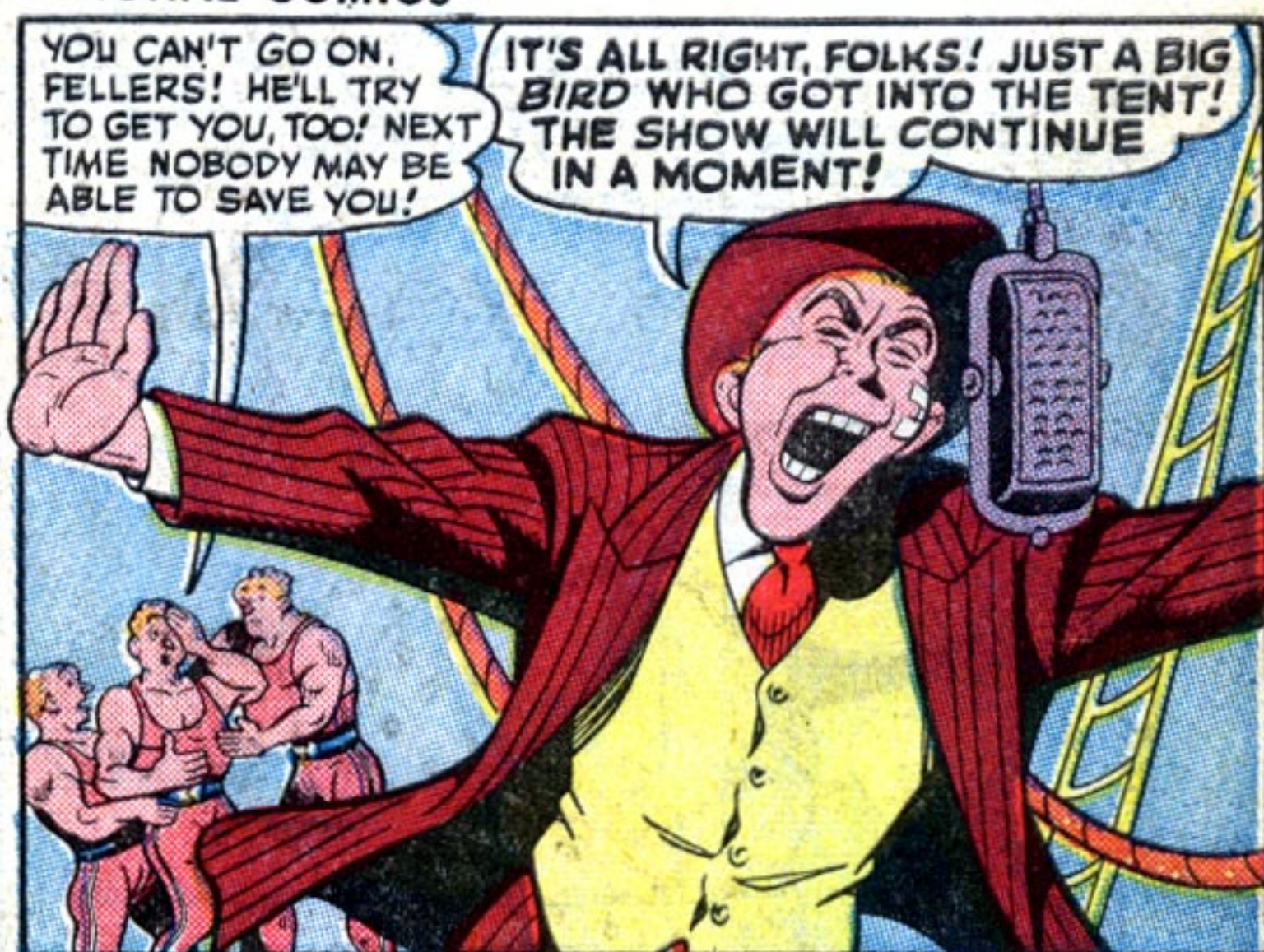
SHALI! WOTTA BREAK!
SET THAT SNAKE OF
YOURS ON THIS HAWK
BEFORE HE TEARS
UP TINY!

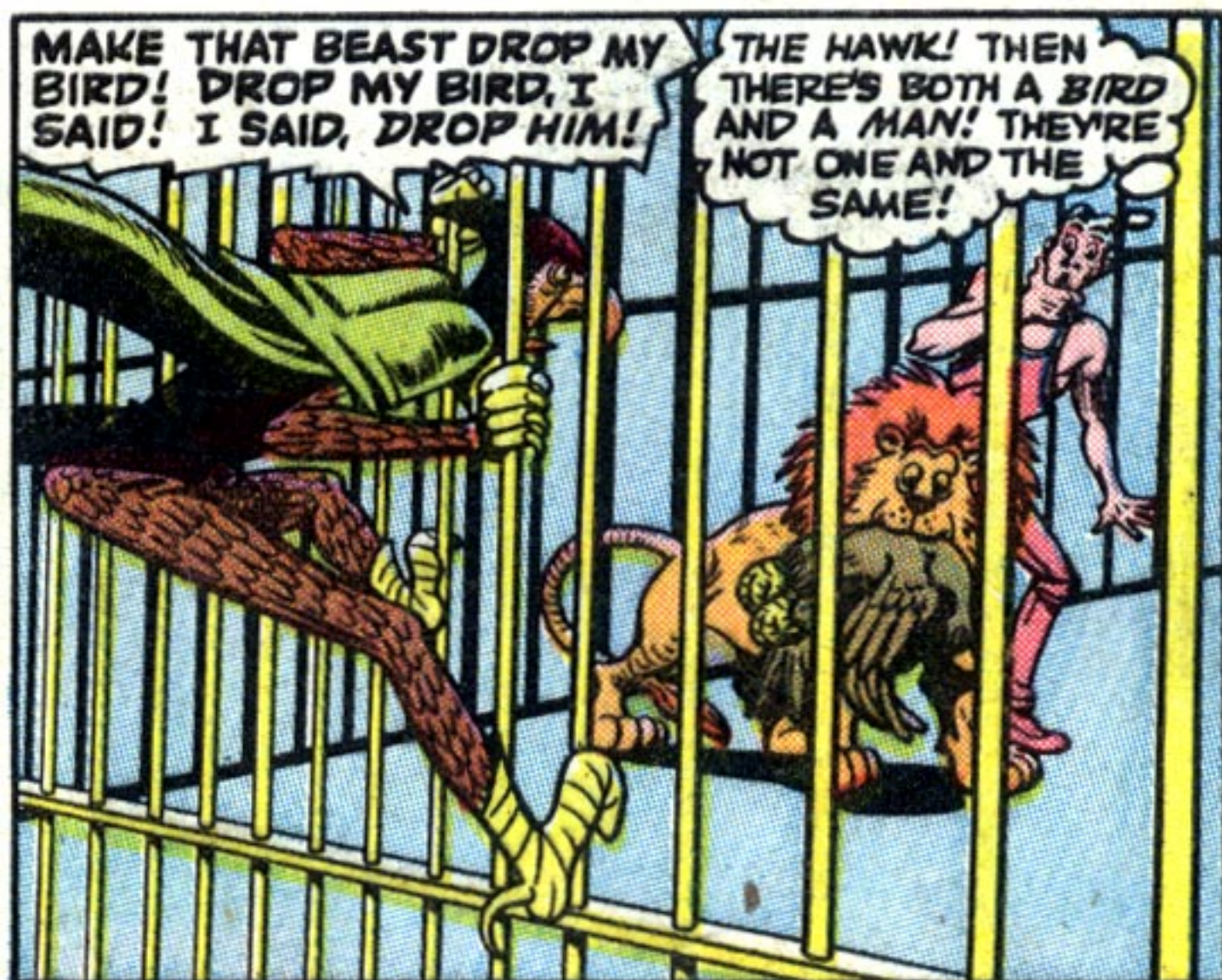
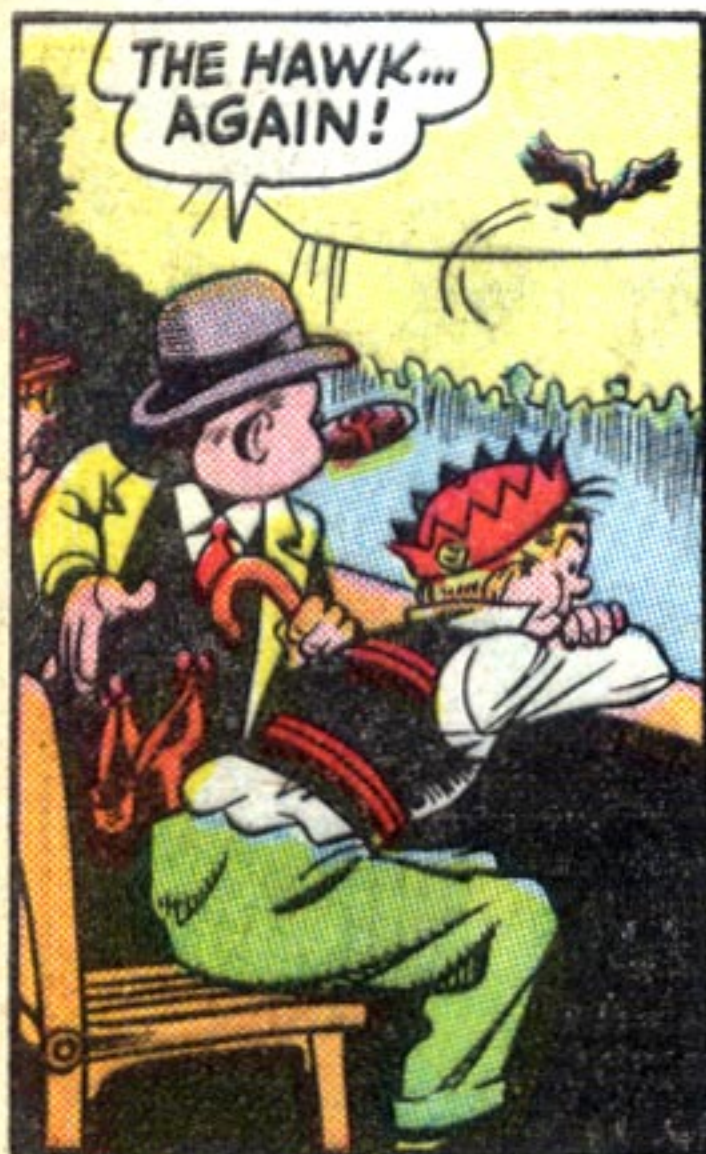


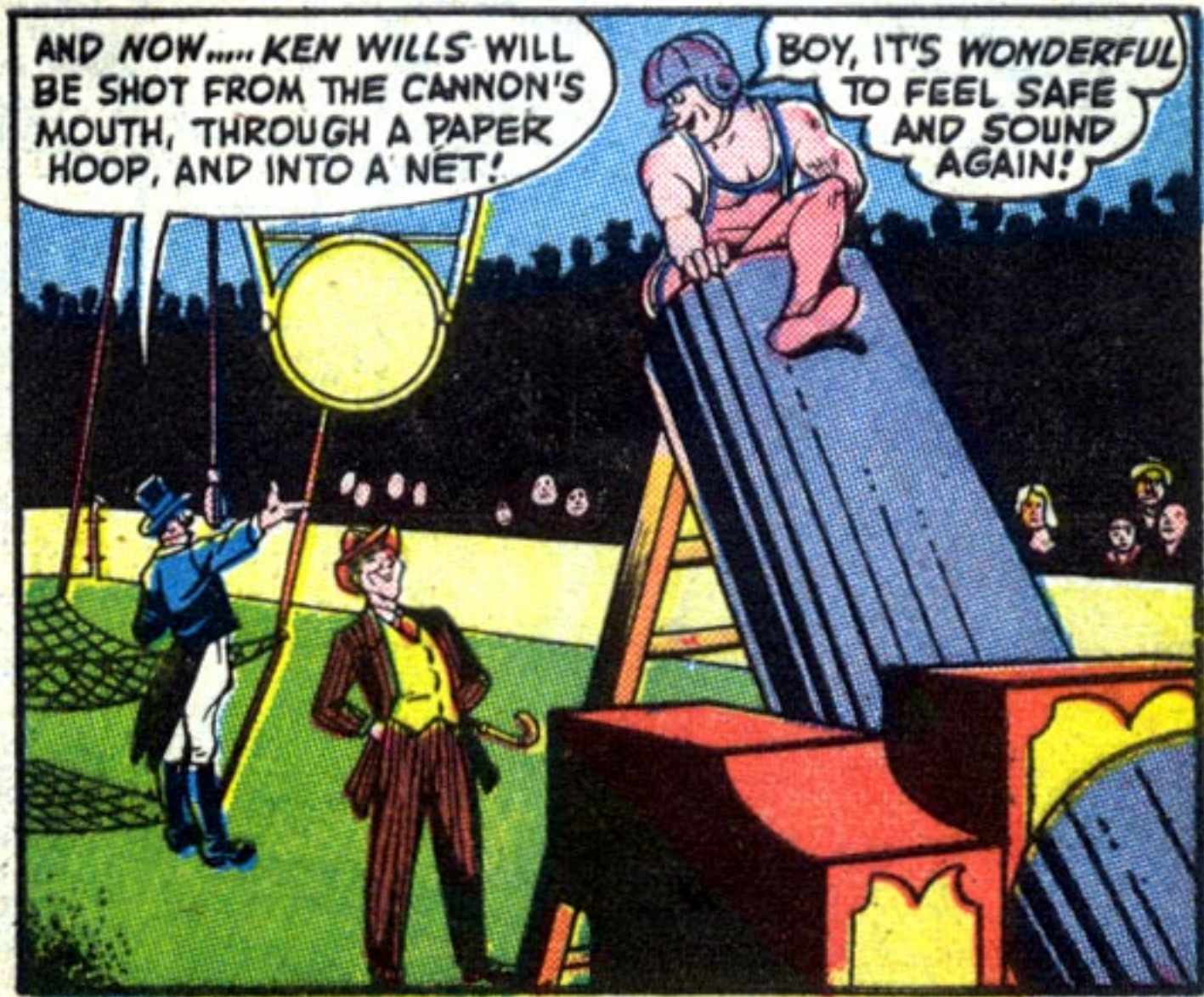
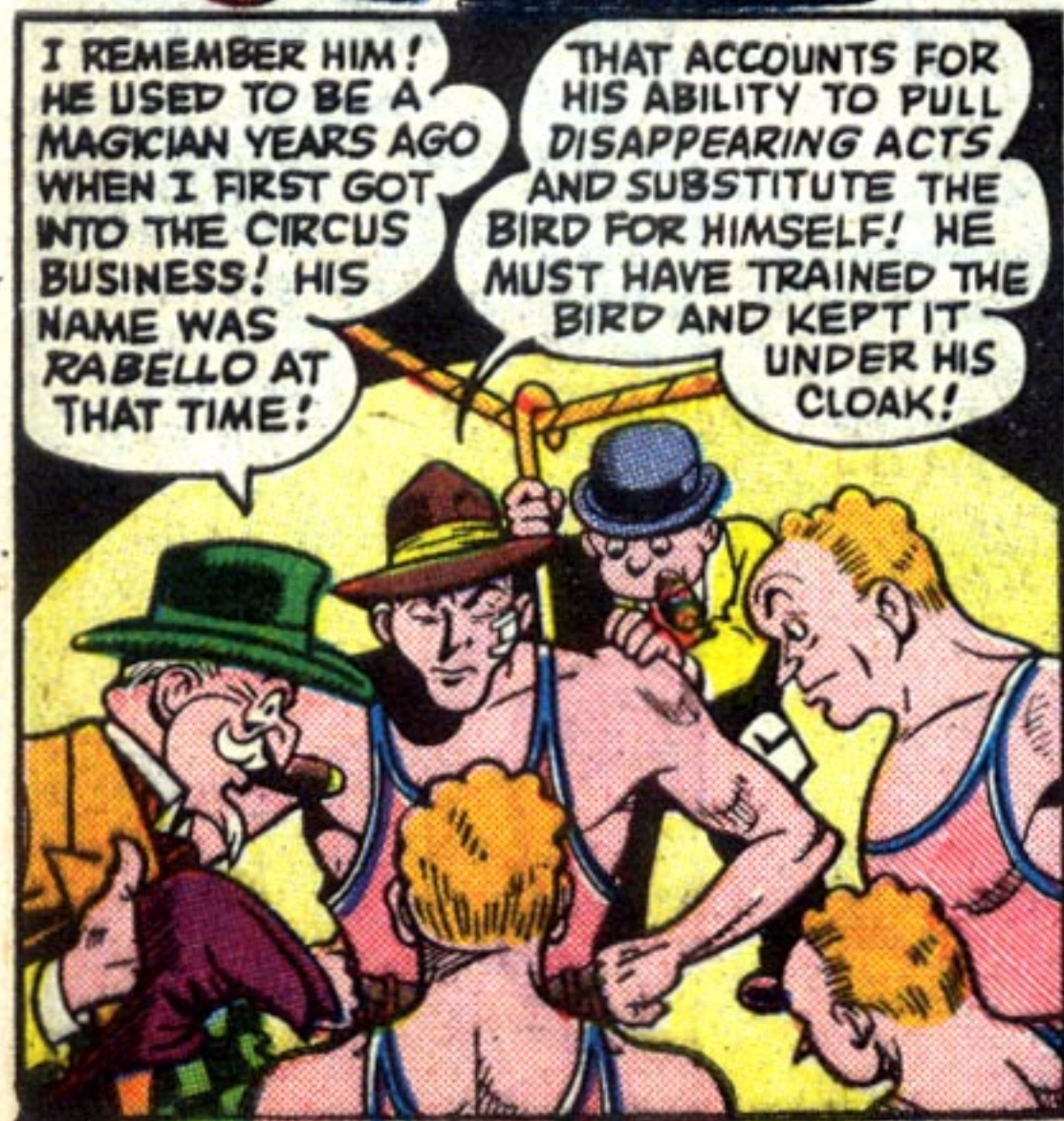
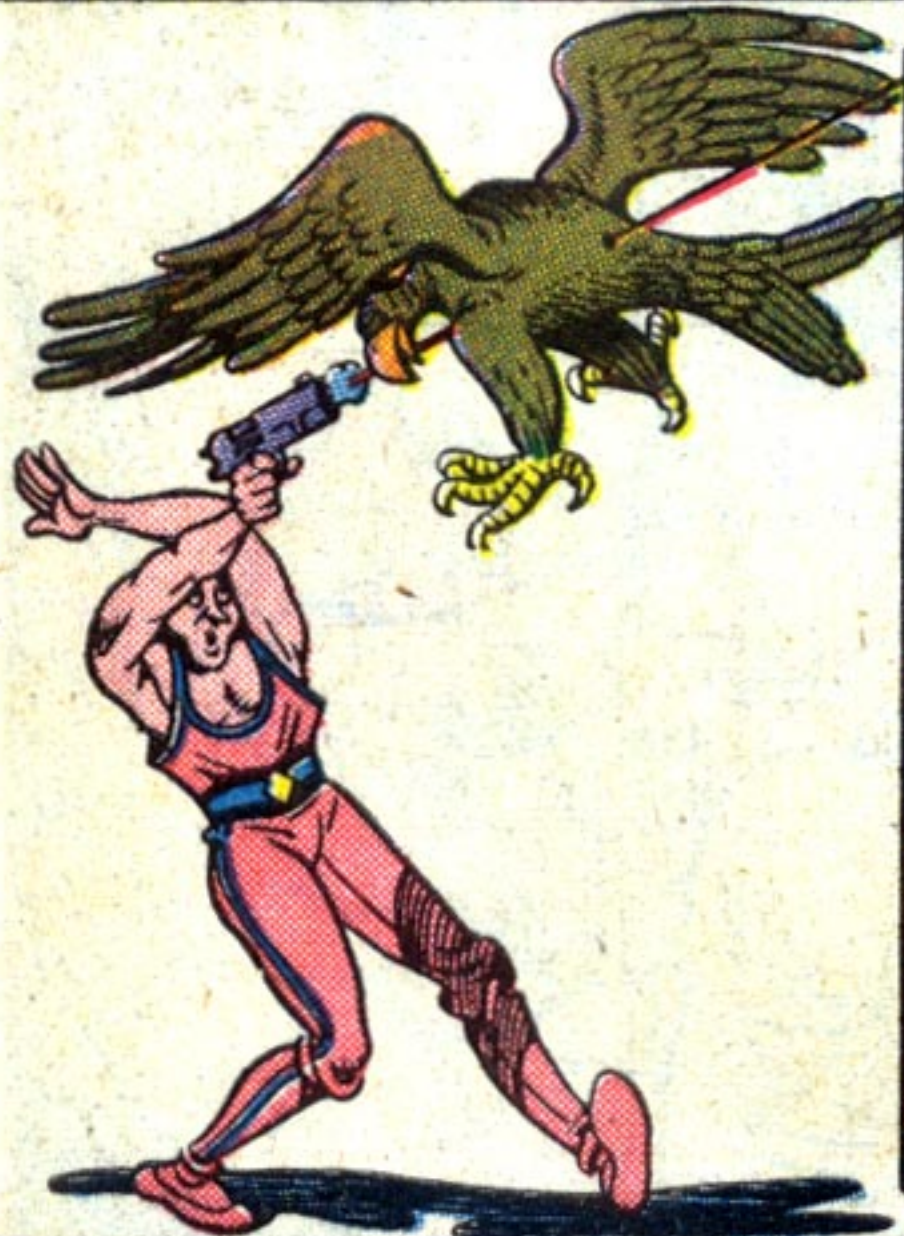
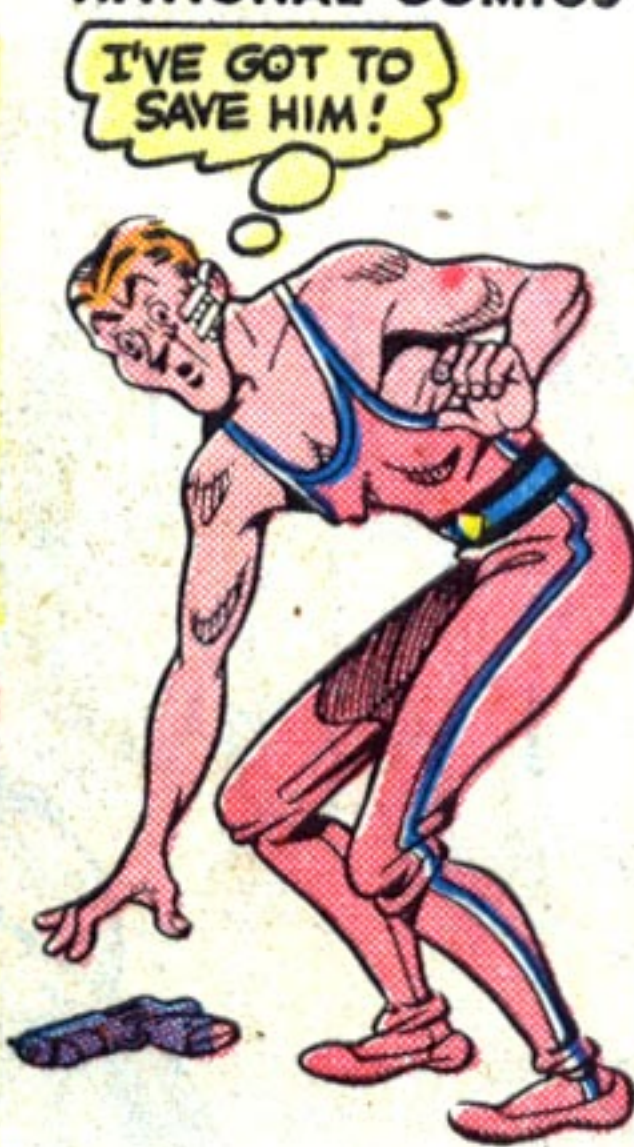
HSS-S-T!

SIC 'IM,
BABY!



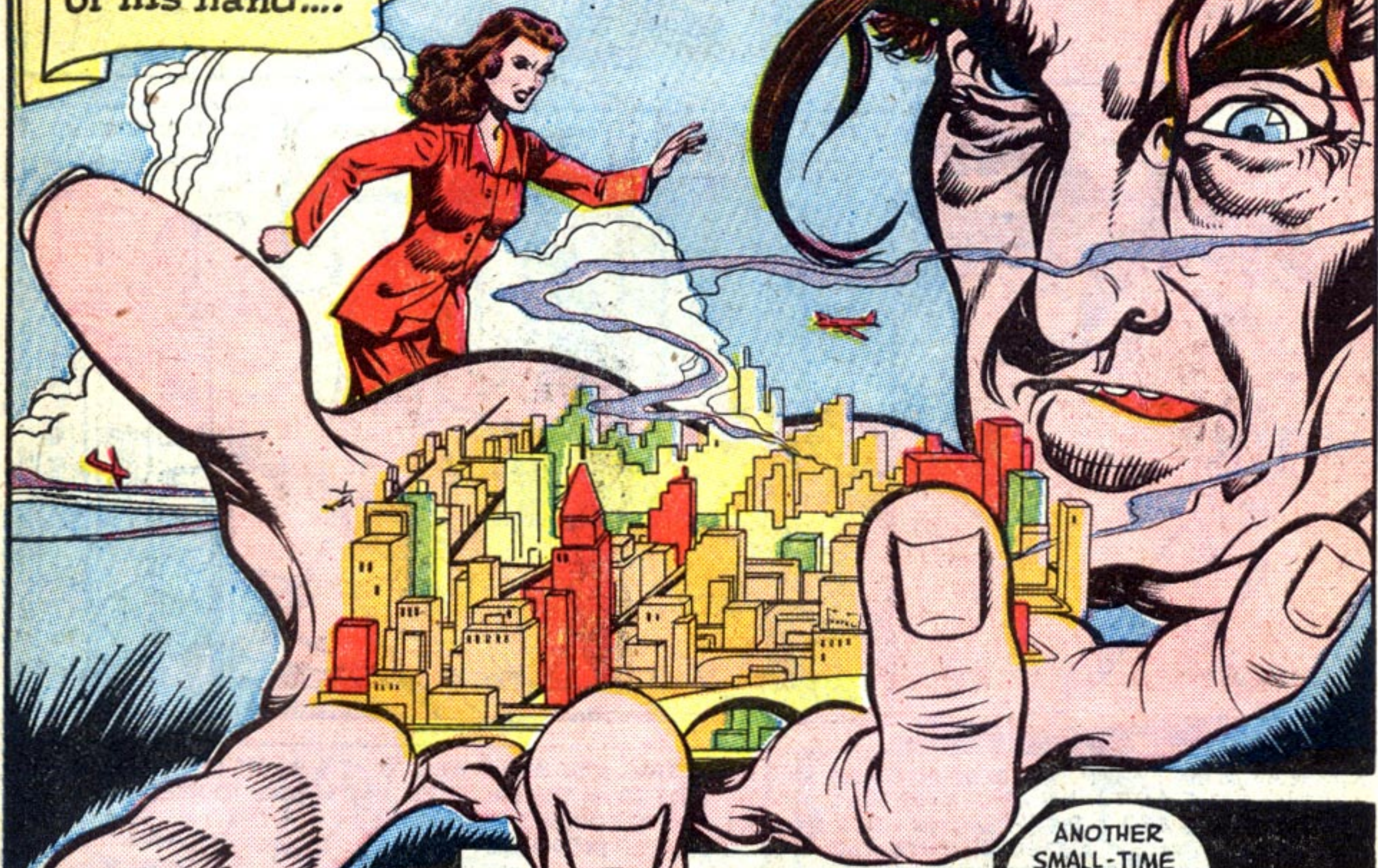






Sally O'NEIL

ONCE a man boasted that he held a great city in the palm of his hand....



At police headquarters...

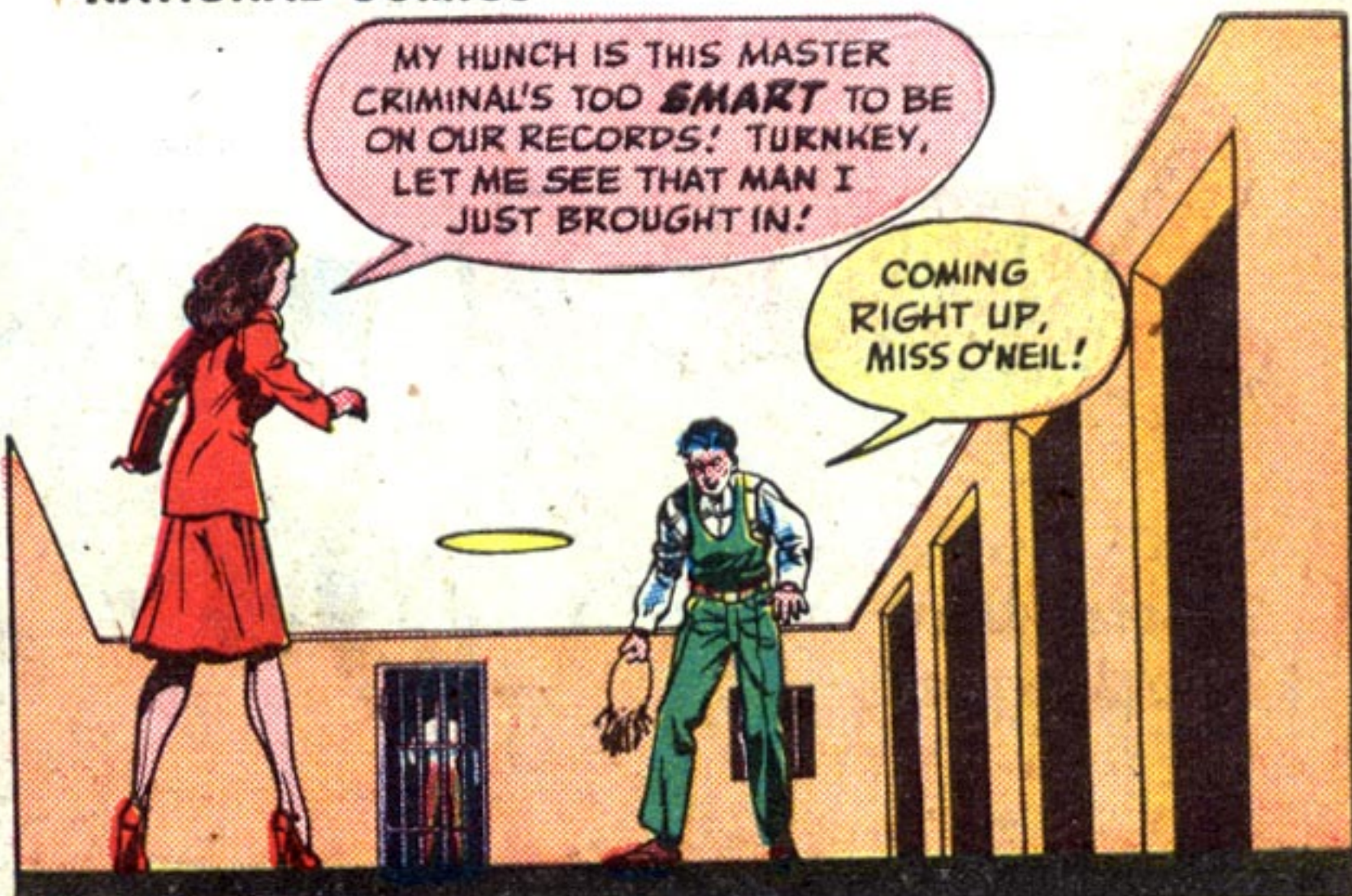
YOU GOT THE MAN WHO ROBBED THE JEWELLER AND KILLED THE GUARD? -- **THAT SEEDY SAP?** WHY, HE COULDN'T PLAN SUCH A JOB!

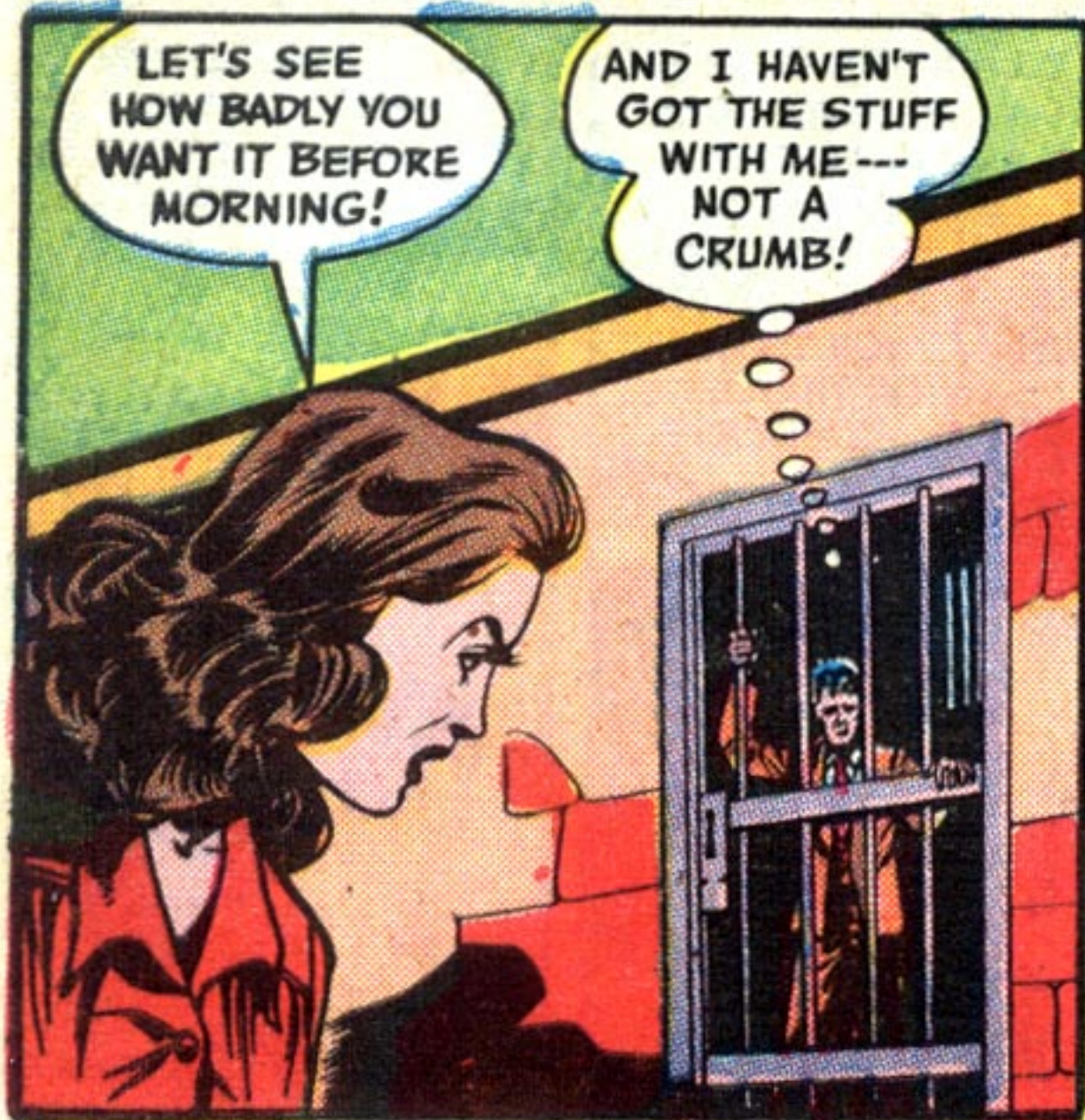
MAYBE HE DIDN'T **PLAN** IT, BUT HE **DID** IT!

ANOTHER SMALL-TIME CROOK IN BIG-TIME STUFF! WE'VE CAUGHT A DOZEN LIKE THAT!

BUT THEY KEEP QUIET AND SERVE THEIR TIME! THEY HAVE SOME **MASTER MIND** BACK OF THEM-- AND THEY DON'T DARE NAME HIM!







Several hours later...

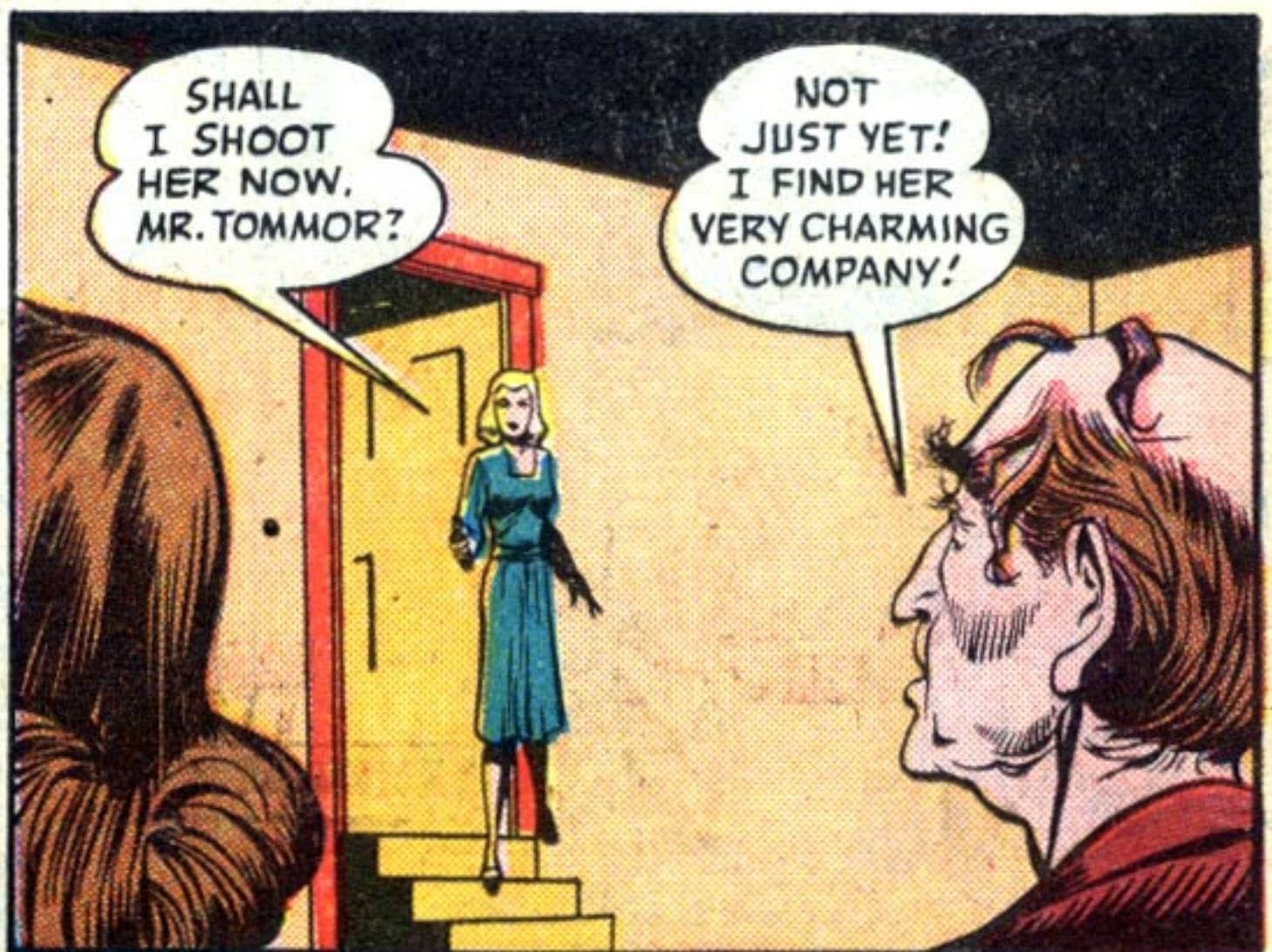


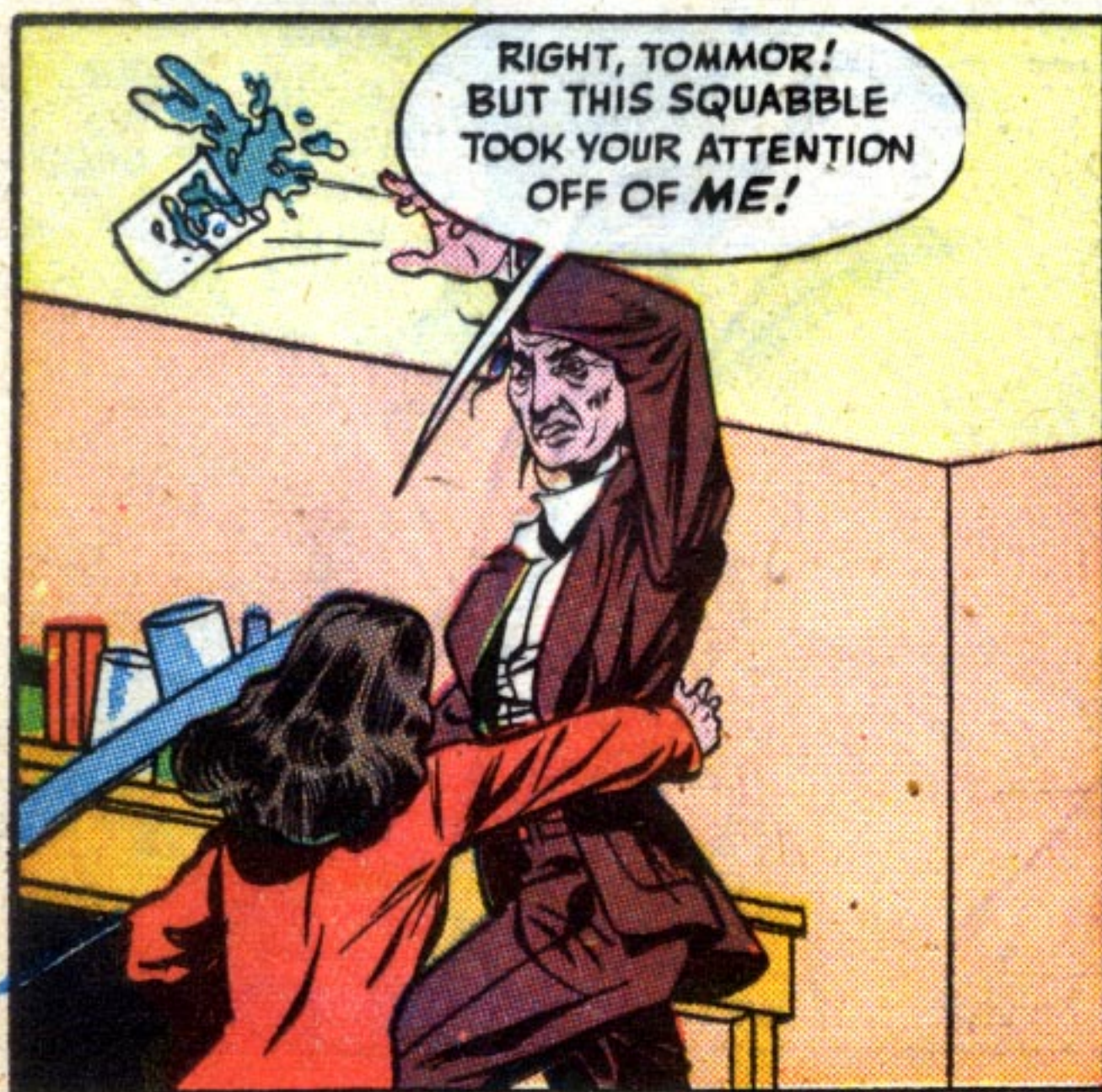
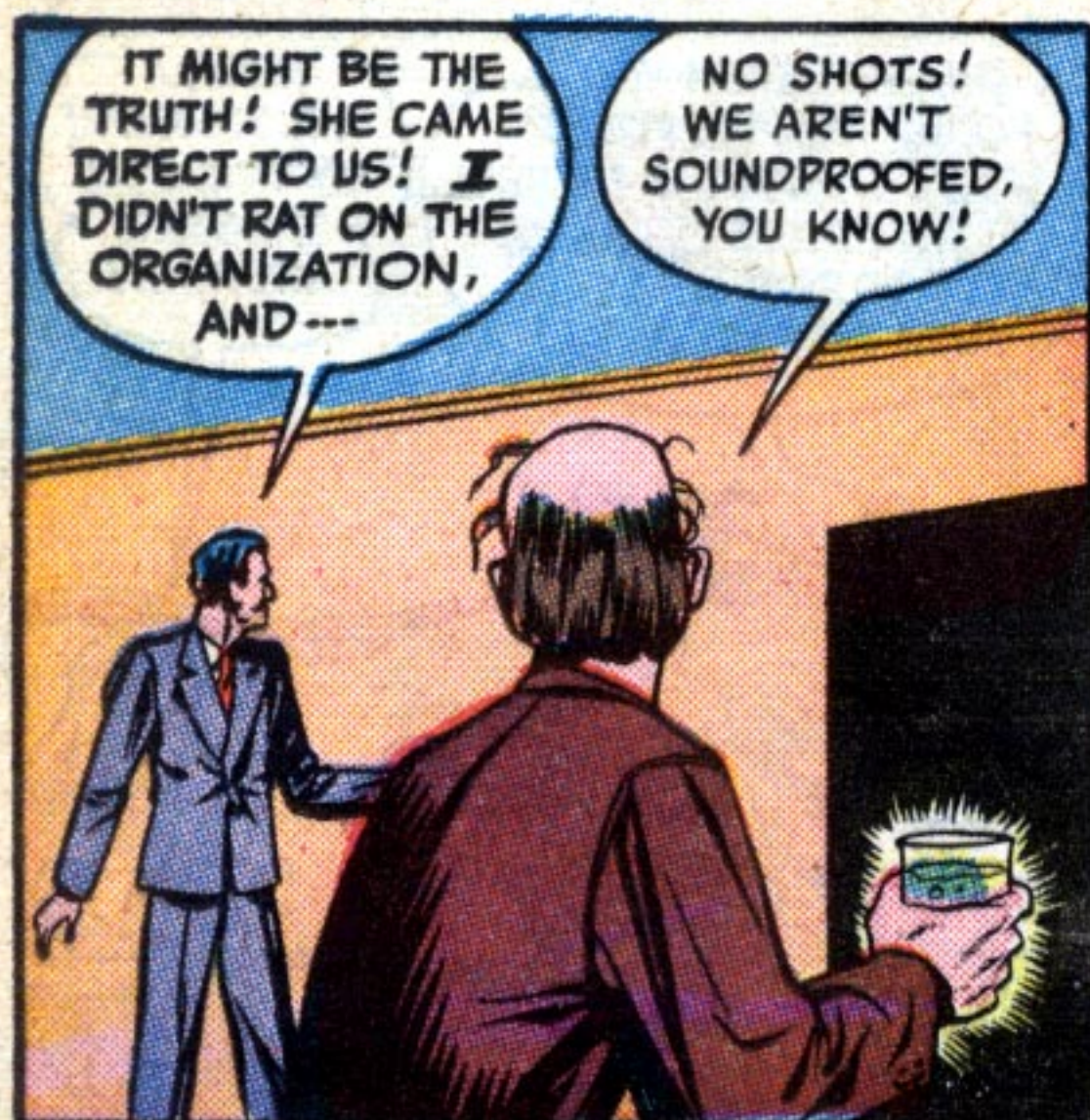
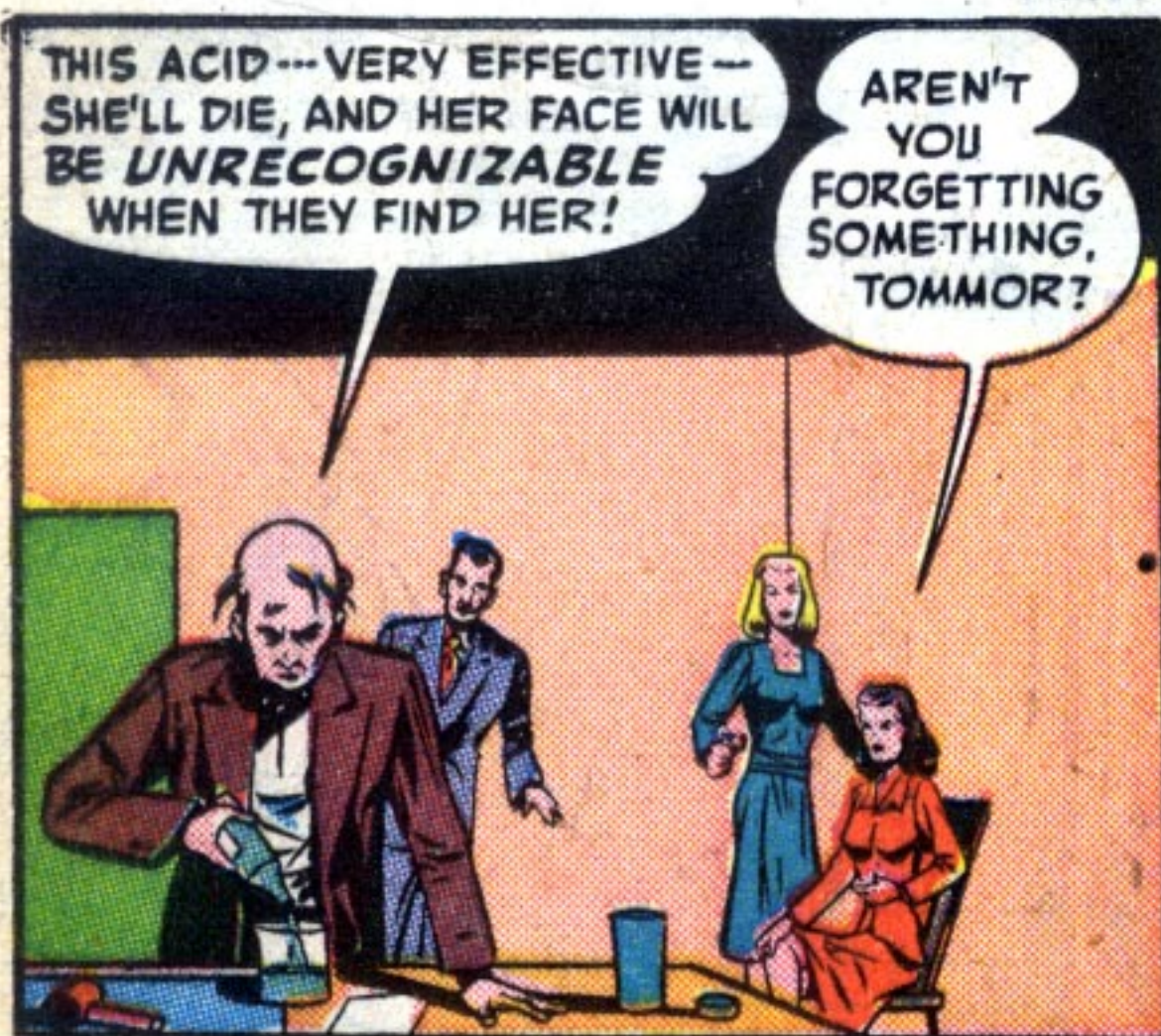


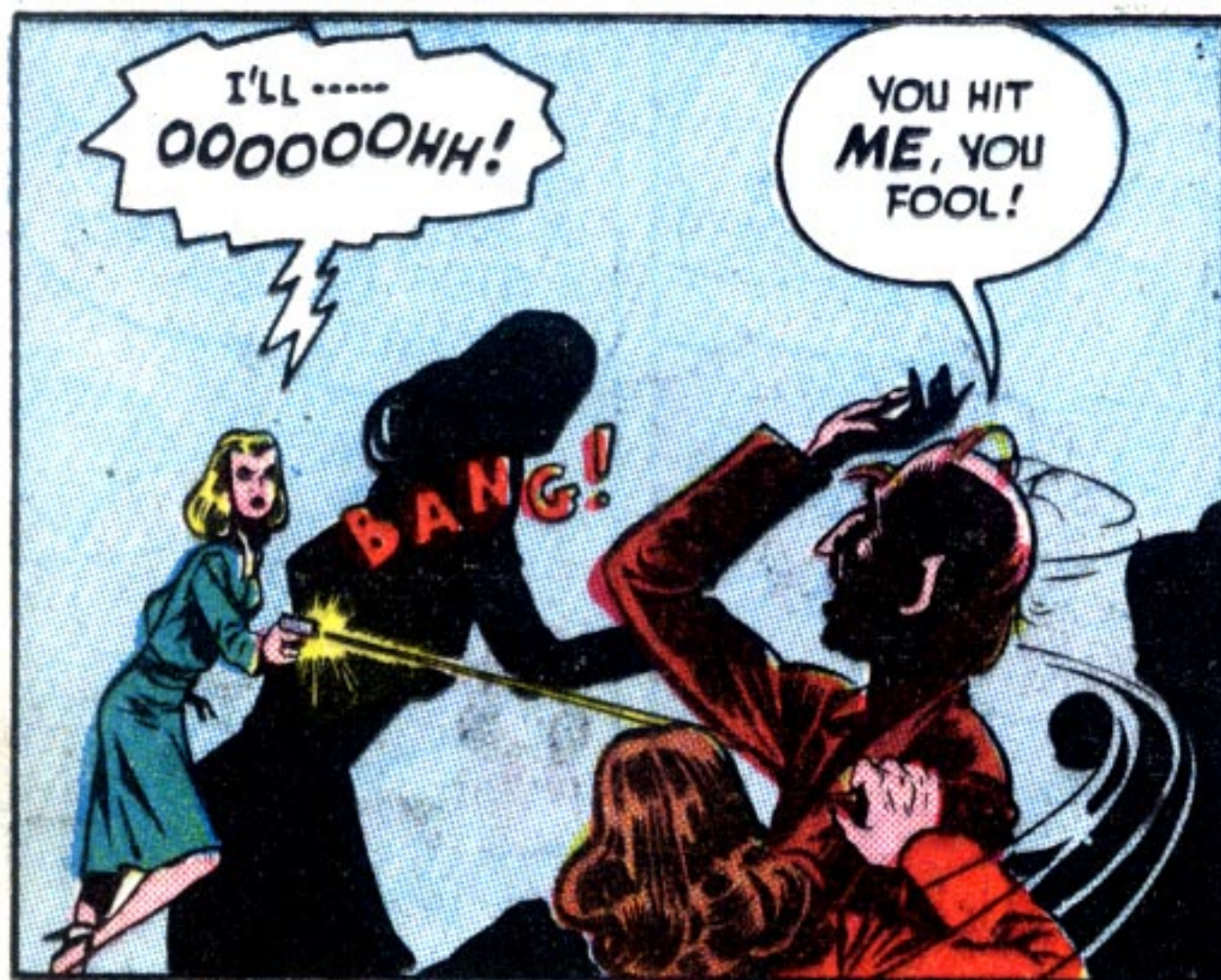


COME ALONG, MR. DE BALBO!
SHOW ME WHAT'S AT THE
END OF THE WIRE!

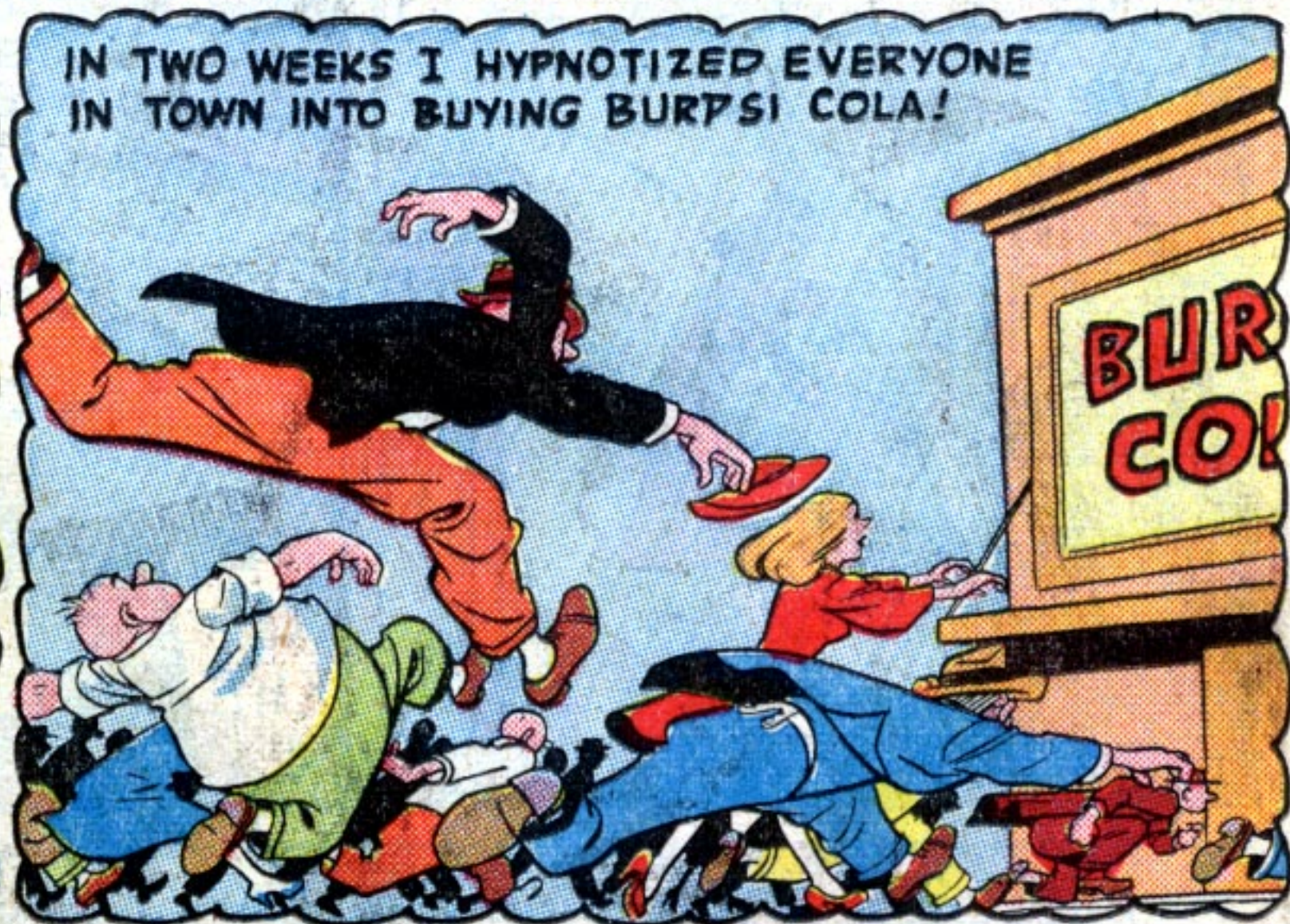
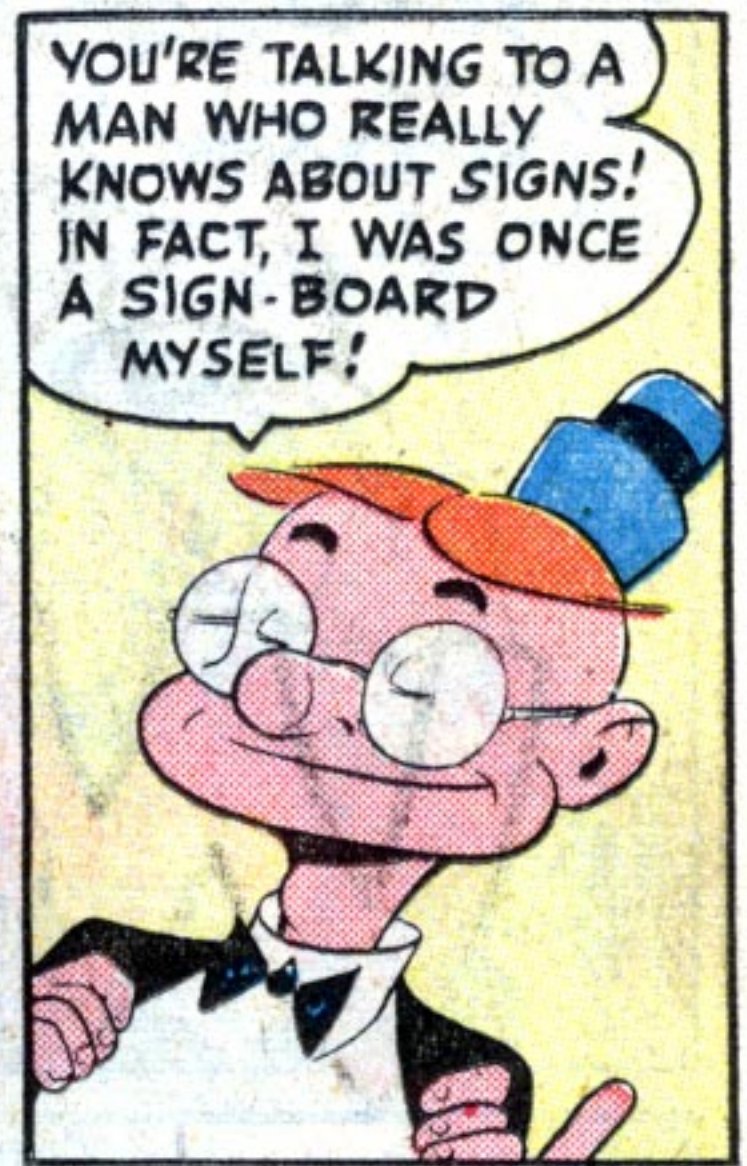


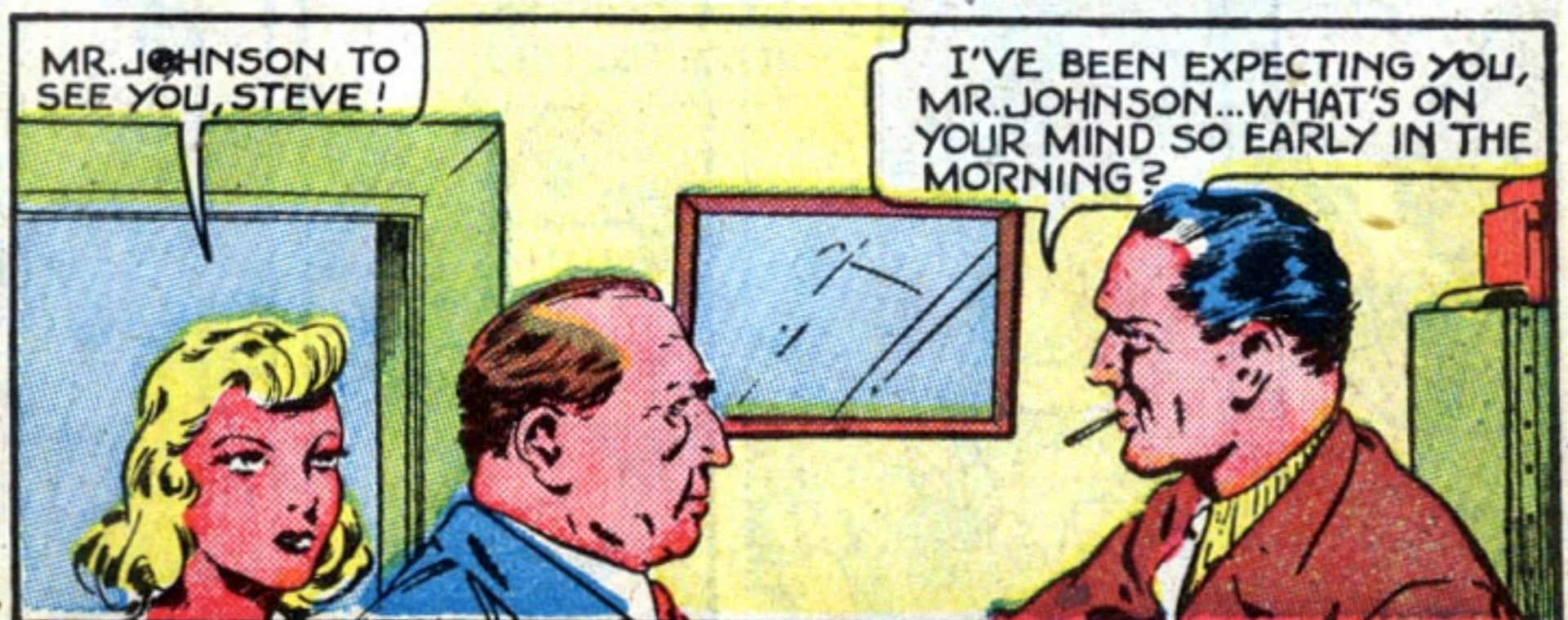
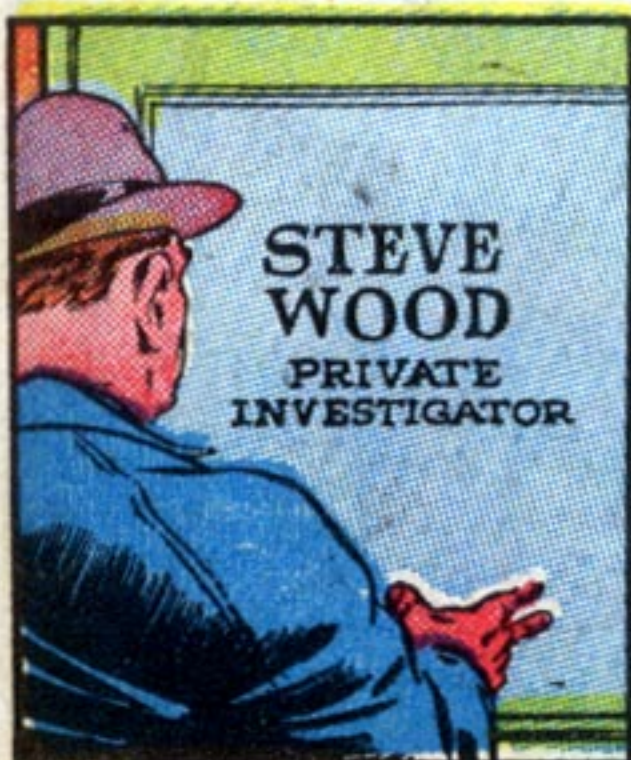
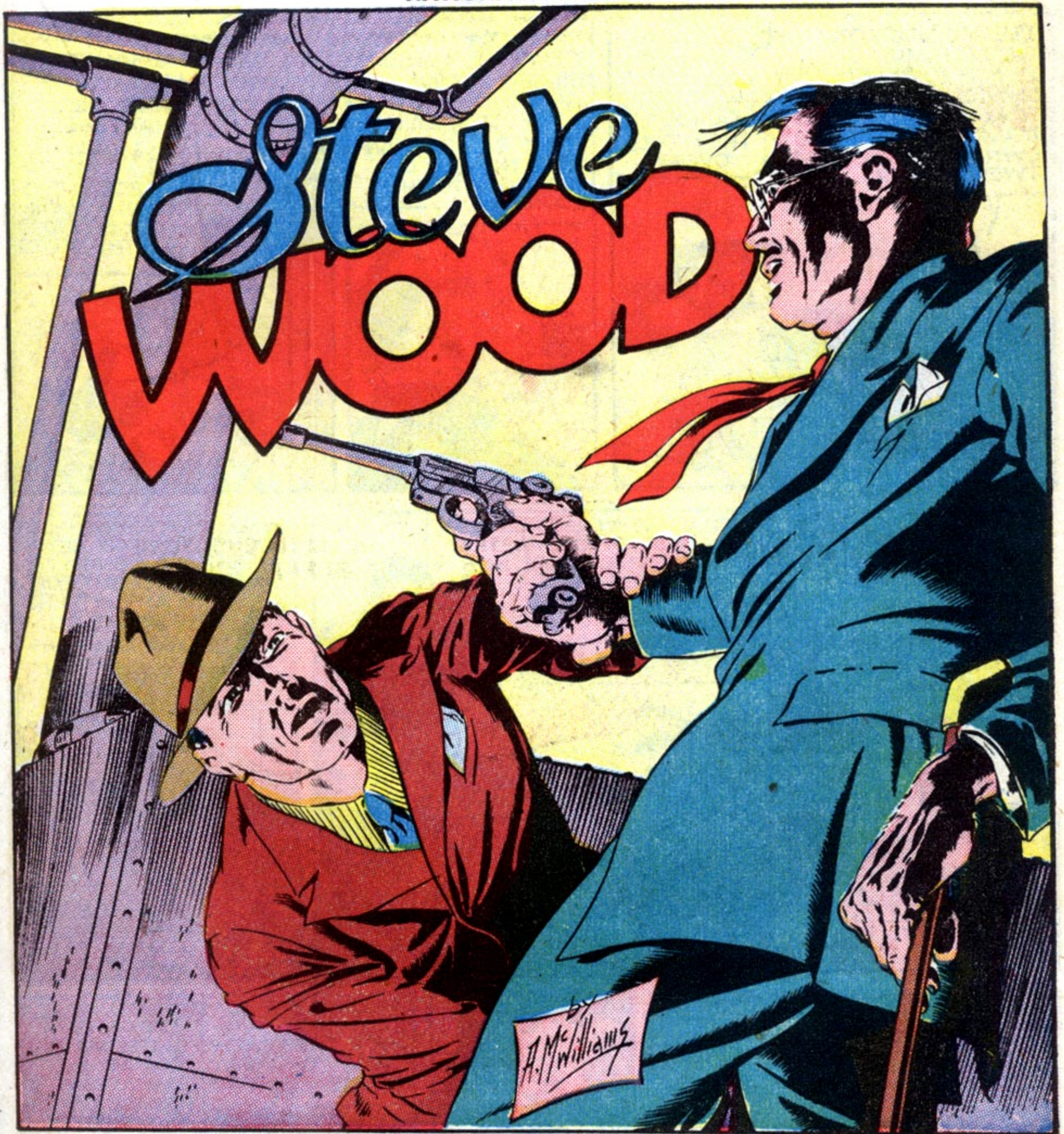






WINDY BREEZE





I'LL NOT BEAT AROUND THE BUSH, MR. WOOD.... I WISH TO RETAIN YOUR SERVICES AS A DETECTIVE TO RECOVER THE PUNJAB DIAMOND WHICH I'VE OWNED FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS....

THE PUNJAB DIAMOND! WHY THAT'S FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER!!

EXACTLY, AND DURING THE WAR IT HAS BEEN HIDDEN IN ITALY, SAFE FROM THE NAZIS... I LET IT REMAIN THERE RATHER THAN TAKE THE RISK OF MOVING IT TO THIS COUNTRY....

...AND NOW IT'S BEEN PINCHED?

YES, BUT MY ASSOCIATES IN EUROPE HAVE WIRED ME THAT THOSE WHO STOLE IT ARE KNOWN TO BE ABOARD THE FREIGHTER, COLUMBO, BOUND FOR THE STATES.

WHY DON'T YOU HAND THIS BABY TO THE POLICE?

I SHALL AS A LAST RESORT, MR. WOOD... IF YOU FAIL, THAT IS! BUT IF THE POLICE GET IT NOW, THE NEWSPAPERS WILL PUBLICIZE THE DIAMOND'S ARRIVAL IN THE COUNTRY FOR EVERY CROOK IN THE COUNTRY TO READ!!

WELL... FRANKLY, JOHNSON I DON'T LIKE THIS SET-UP "THERE'S A FISH IN IT" SOMEWHERE... BUT FOR A FEE OF A FEW PALTRY THOUSAND BUCKS, I'LL TACKLE IT!!

...AND AFTER MR. JOHNSON LEAVES...

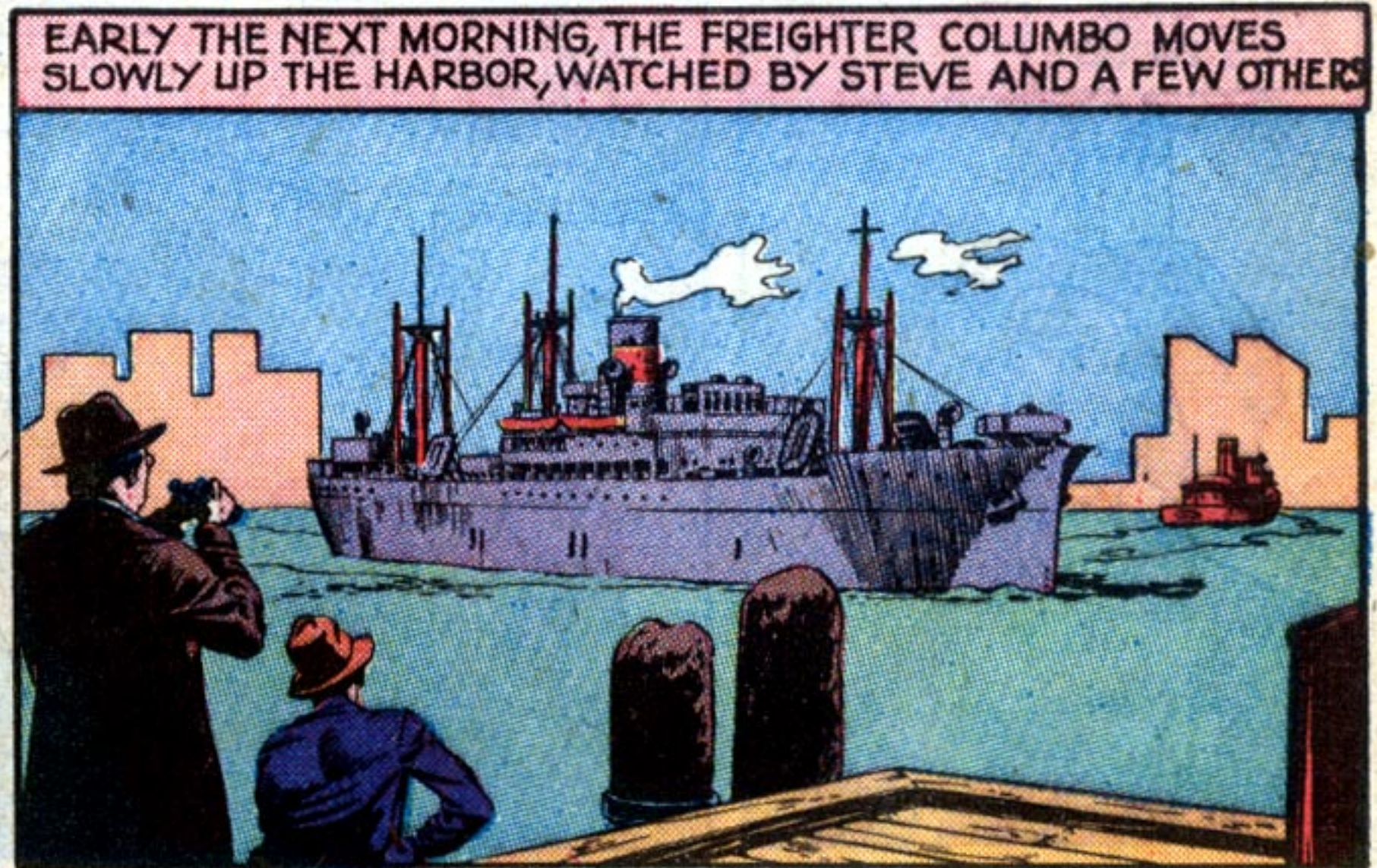
LET ME SEE YOUR PAPER, OH, FAITHFUL SECRETARY!

MAYBE THIS JOB WILL PAY UP MY BACK SALARY... I KEEP TELLING MYSELF!

HM-M... THE COLUMBO DOCKS AT PIER 31, TOMORROW!

GUESS I'LL TROT DOWN AND LOOK THAT AREA OVER... OH, OH!! TROUBLE ENTERS!

WELL, WELL, LOOKS AS IF THERE'S A JOB COMING UP... SHERLOCK'S WEARING HIS FLYSWATTER!



THEY DISAPPEARED INTO THE STATEROOM SECTION AMIDSHIPS... SO I'LL SEE IF I CAN LOCATE THE ROOM WITHOUT BEING NOTICED!!



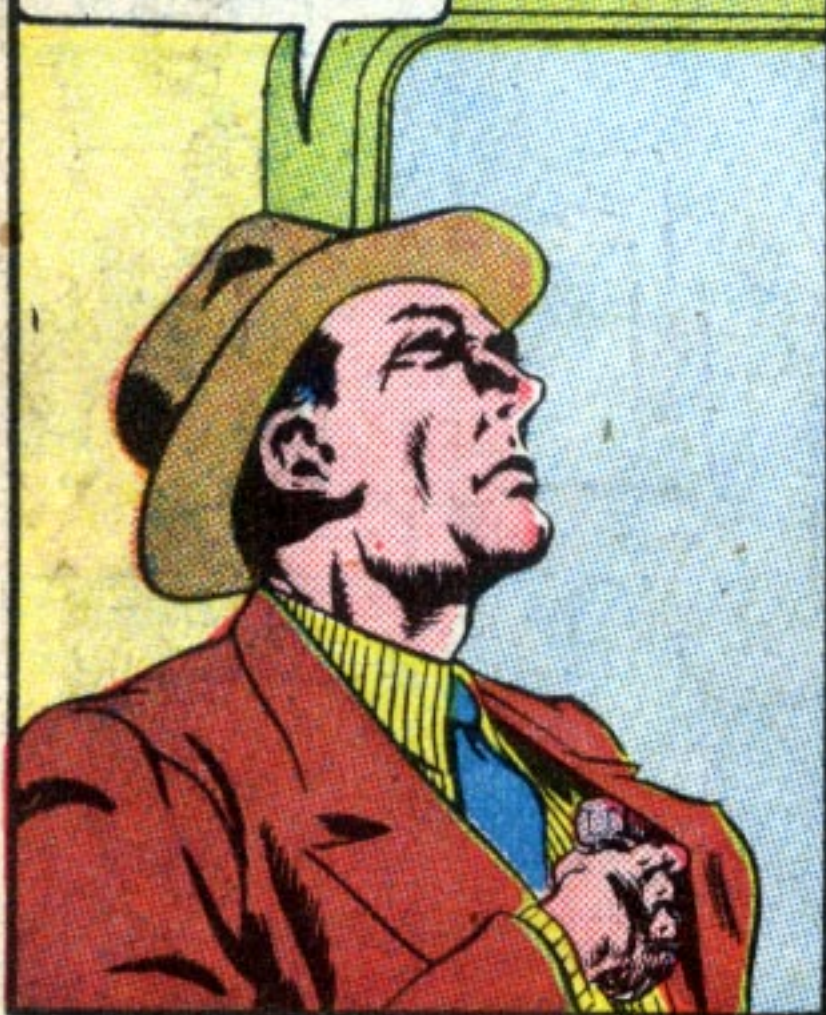
GUESS THE CREW ISN'T IN ON THE PLOT OR I'D HAVE BEEN STOPPED BY NOW!



AH-HA...THE OLD WOOD HUNTING INSTINCT ISN'T DEAD YET! THERE'S THE PLUMP LAD WITH THE GLASSES ENTERING THAT STATE-ROOM!!



WELL, HERE GOES WOOD!!



AT EASE, BOYS!! DON'T MOVE YOUR HANDS!!



WHO...WHAT IS THIS...?

TAKE IT EASY, HART! I RECOGNIZE THIS PUNK...IT'S WOOD, A PRIVATE DICK...DOESN'T WORK WITH THE COPS!

DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A DEAL WITH ME, LOUIE!! YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT... SO HAND IT OVER!

AFTER GETTING THE DIAMOND THIS FAR? YOU'RE CRAZY!

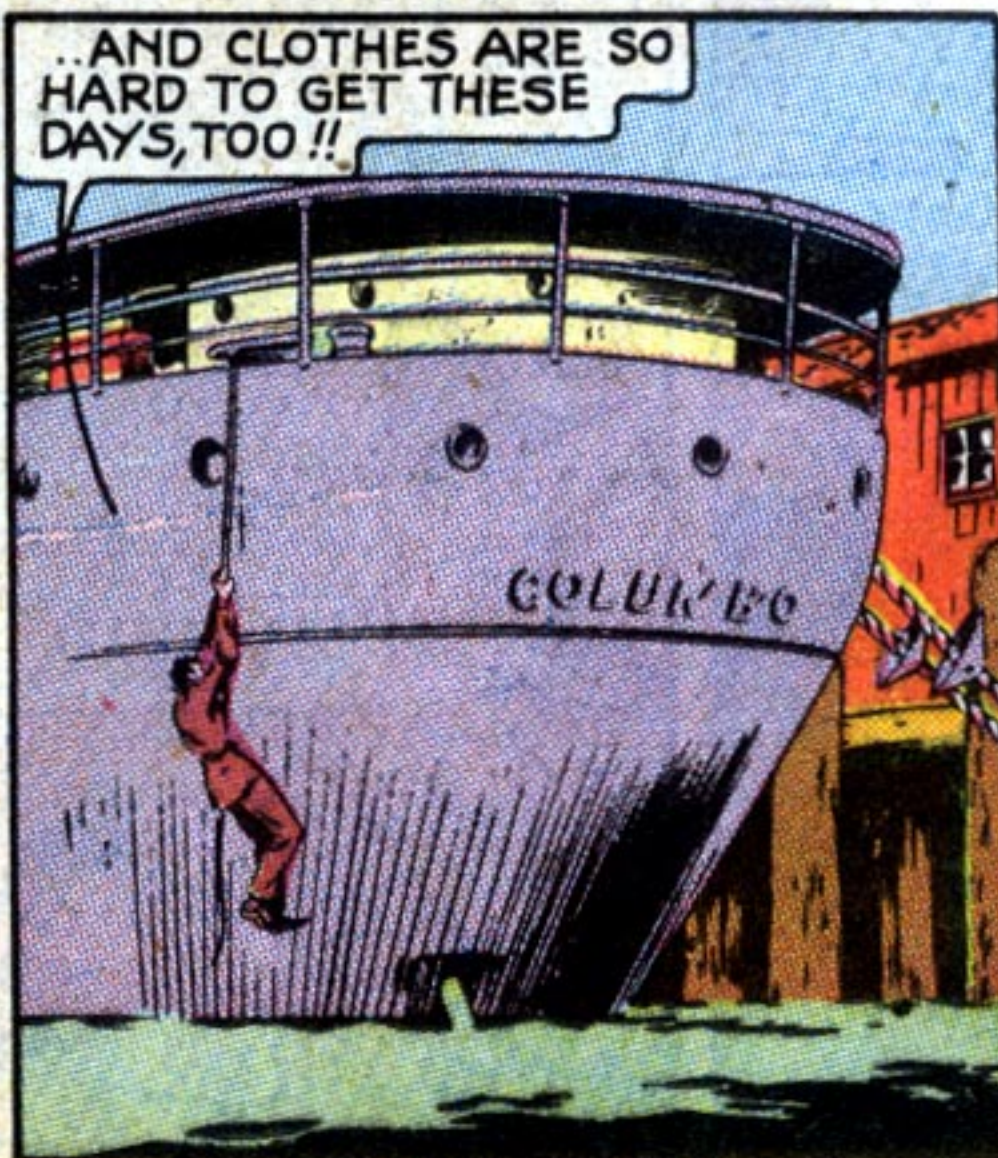
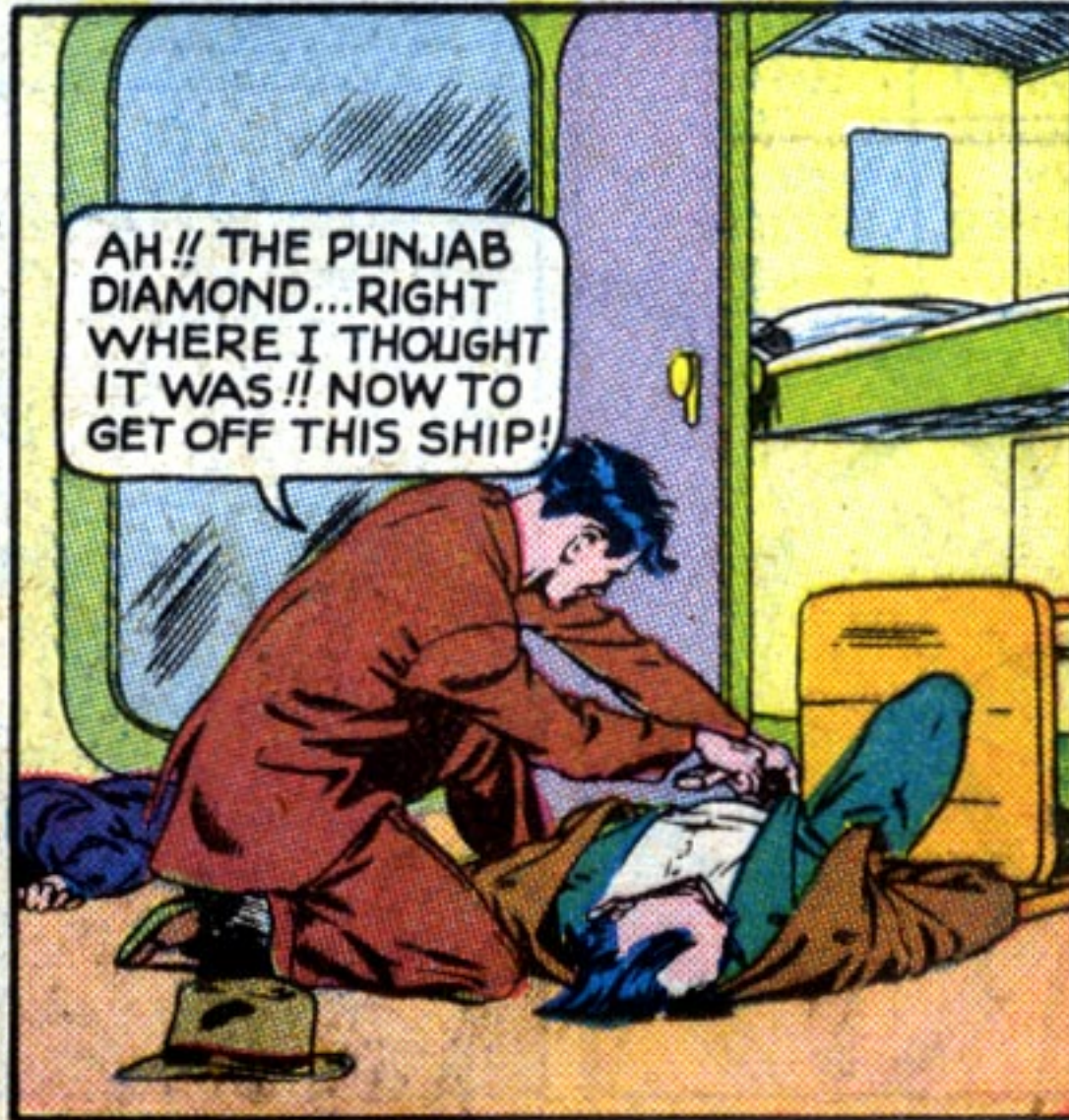
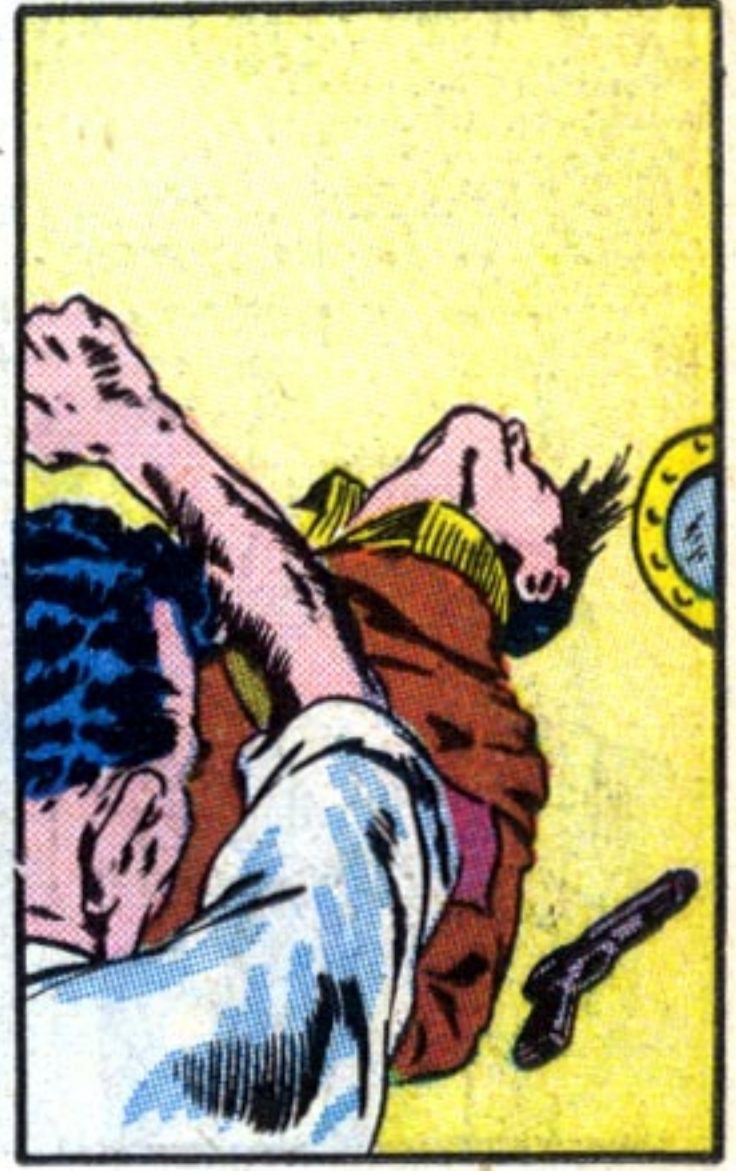


A GUY NAMED JOHNSON WANTS HIS DIAMOND BACK, BOYS...AND I'M NOT PLAYING!!



....AND NEITHER ARE WE!! TAKE 'IM, JERRY!...HE DOESN'T DARE SHOOT!!





STEVE TAKES A CAB STRAIGHT TO JOHNSON'S APARTMENT....

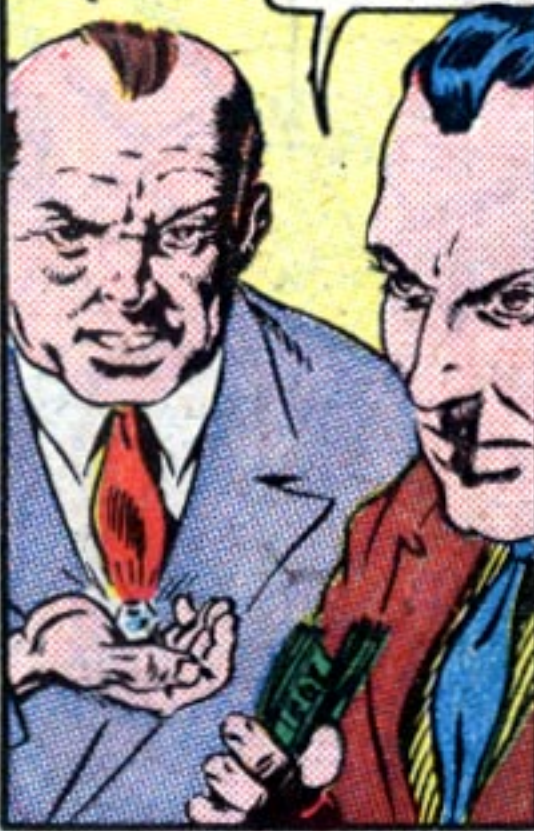
WOOD....YOU HAVE IT?

RIGHT, BUT FIRST SHOW ME YOUR MONEY, JOHNSON!



HERE'S THE CASH...AH! THAT'S THE STONE, MY DIAMOND!!

THANKS! NOW I'M GOING TO GET INTO SOME DRY CLOTHES!



MEANWHILE, AT PIER 31, CUSTOMS AGENTS AND POLICE MAKE AN INTERESTING HAUL...

CUSTOMS MEN FOUND 'EM ABOARD...THEY APPARENTLY HAD A FIGHT AND THEY KEEP YELLING SOME GUY NAMED JOHNSON HAS DOUBLE-CROSSED THEM

IS INSPECTOR FLANAGAN TAKING THEM! IN FOR ROUTINE QUESTIONING?



THAT'S RIGHT, MISS PEG, AND, BY THE WAY, HOW DID YOU KNOW THERE WOULD BE A STORY HERE FOR YOUR PAPER, HUH?

OH, IT, UH, WAS JUST MY WOMANLY INTUITION... I GUESS!



— AT HEADQUARTERS —

I...I'LL TELL YOU JOHNSON'S ADDRESS! WE WERE GOING TO SPLIT, BUT HE DOUBLE-CROSSED US...WANTED THE WHOLE THING FOR HIMSELF!!



OH, OH... POLICE CARS PULLING UP IN FRONT OF JOHNSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING...AND THERE'S PEG IN HER CAR!! WONDER IF THEY ARE AFTER ME?



WELL, JOHNSON...LOOKS LIKE WE'RE JUST IN TIME! NOT GOING OUT OF TOWN, WERE YOU...?



WHY...WHY...HOW DID.....?

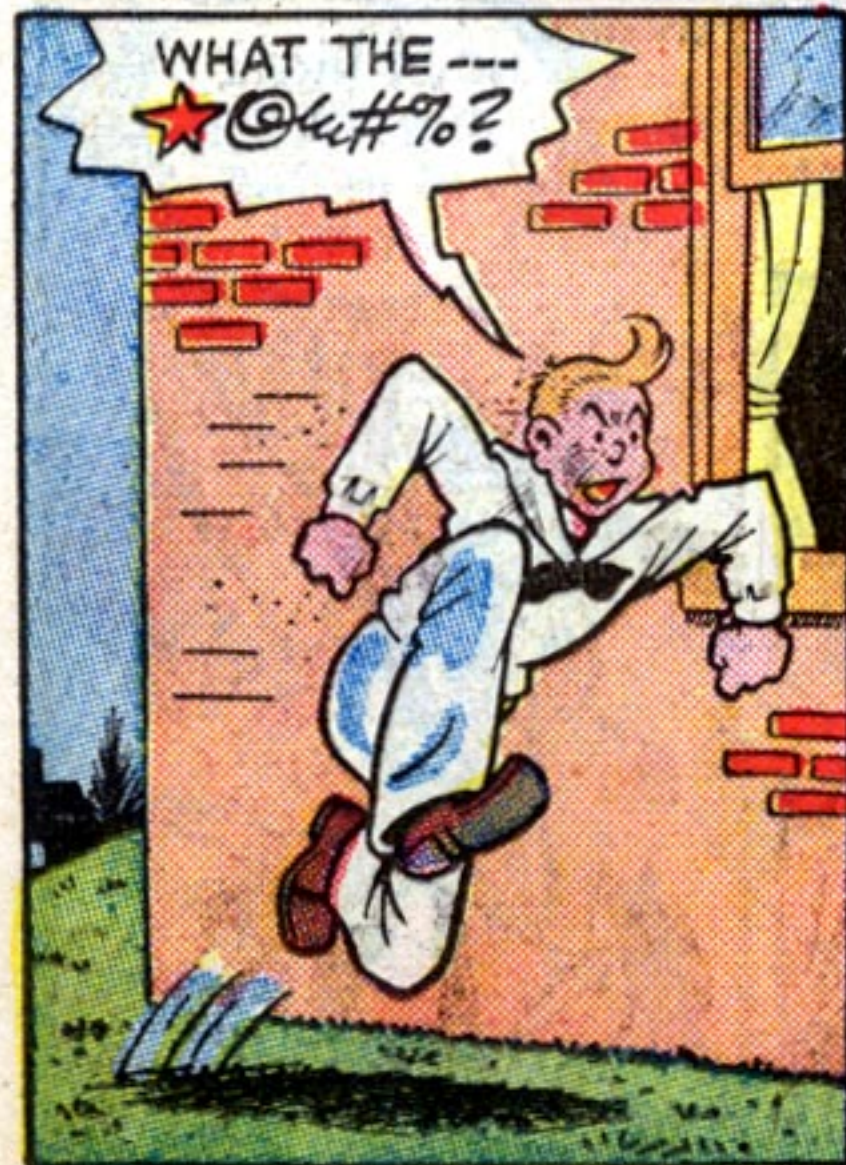
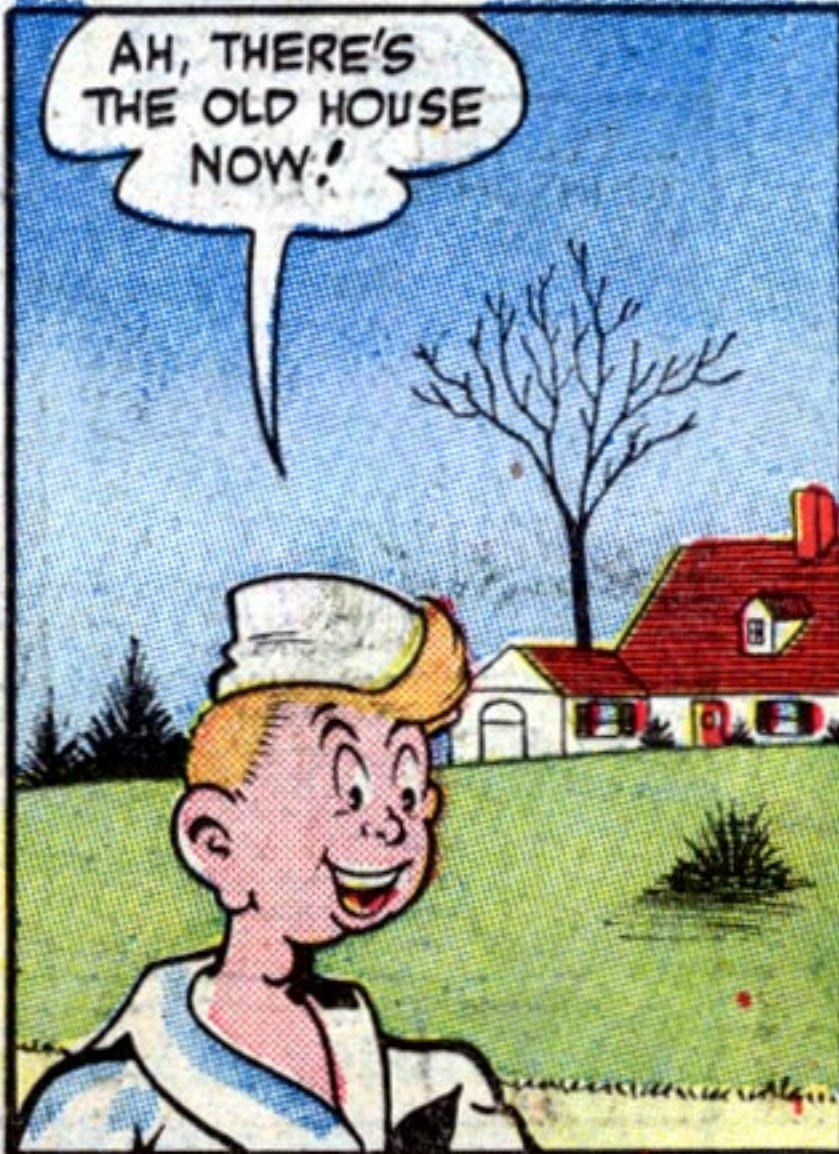
PEG, WHAT'S THE STORY?

OH, HELLO, MY PET SLEUTH! HOW'S THIS FOR A STORY... THE INSPECTOR HAS BEEN TRYING TO CATCH JOHNSON FOR YEARS. HE'S A NOTORIOUS JEWEL THIEF. THE PUNJAB STONE WAS STOLEN FROM A PARIS EXHIBIT WHEN WAR BROKE OUT... HE'S BEEN TRYING TO GET IT HERE EVER SINCE!



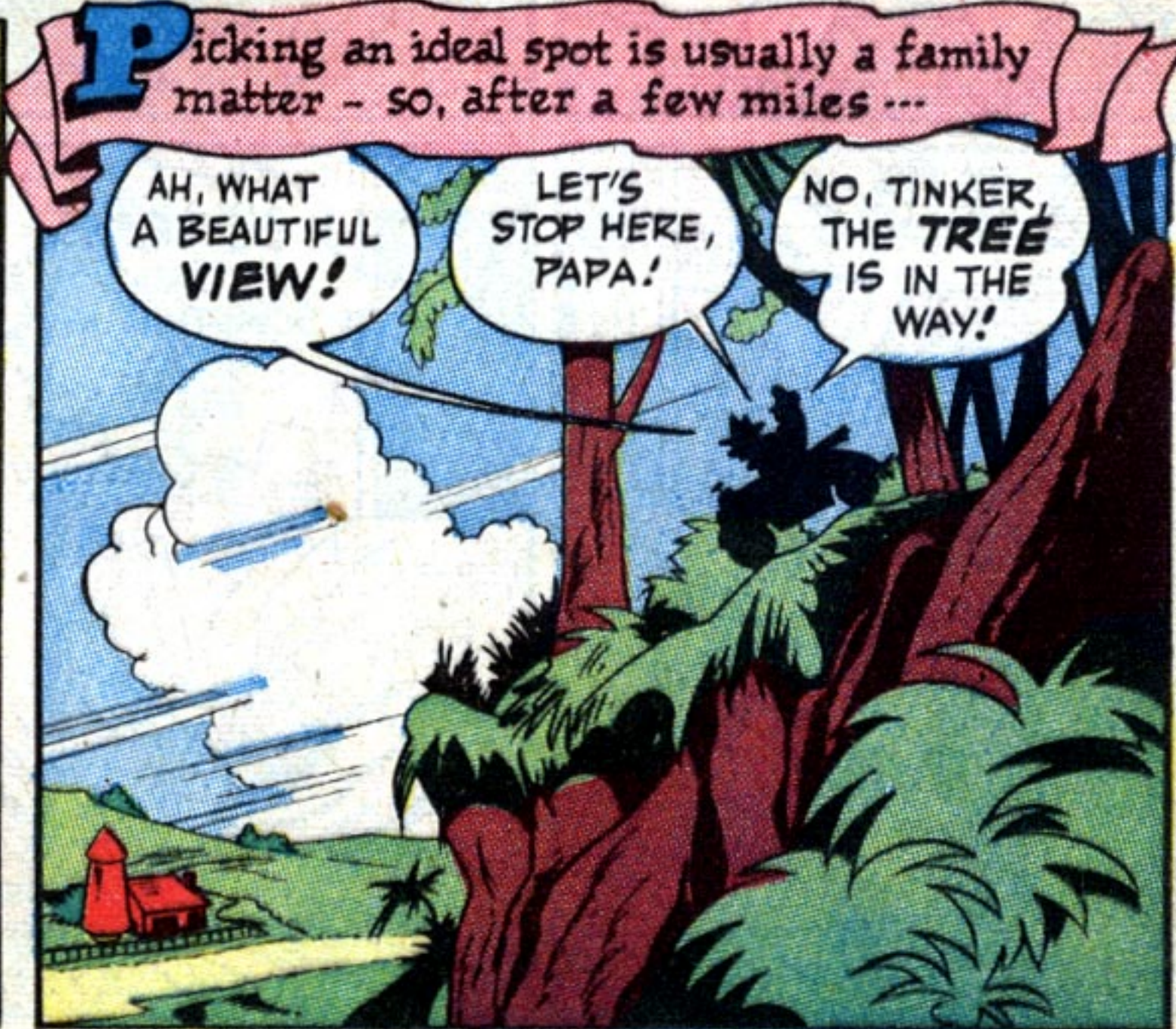
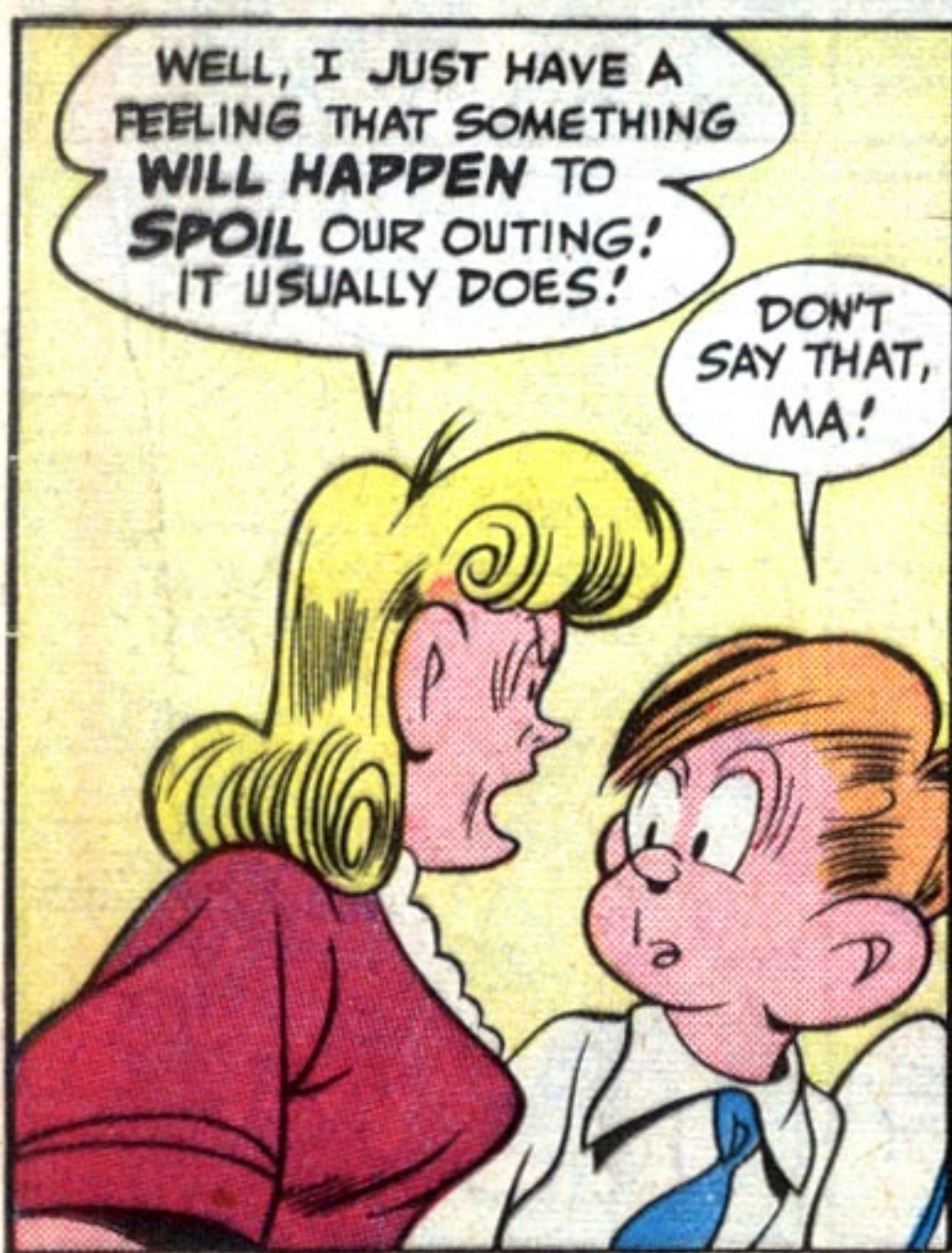
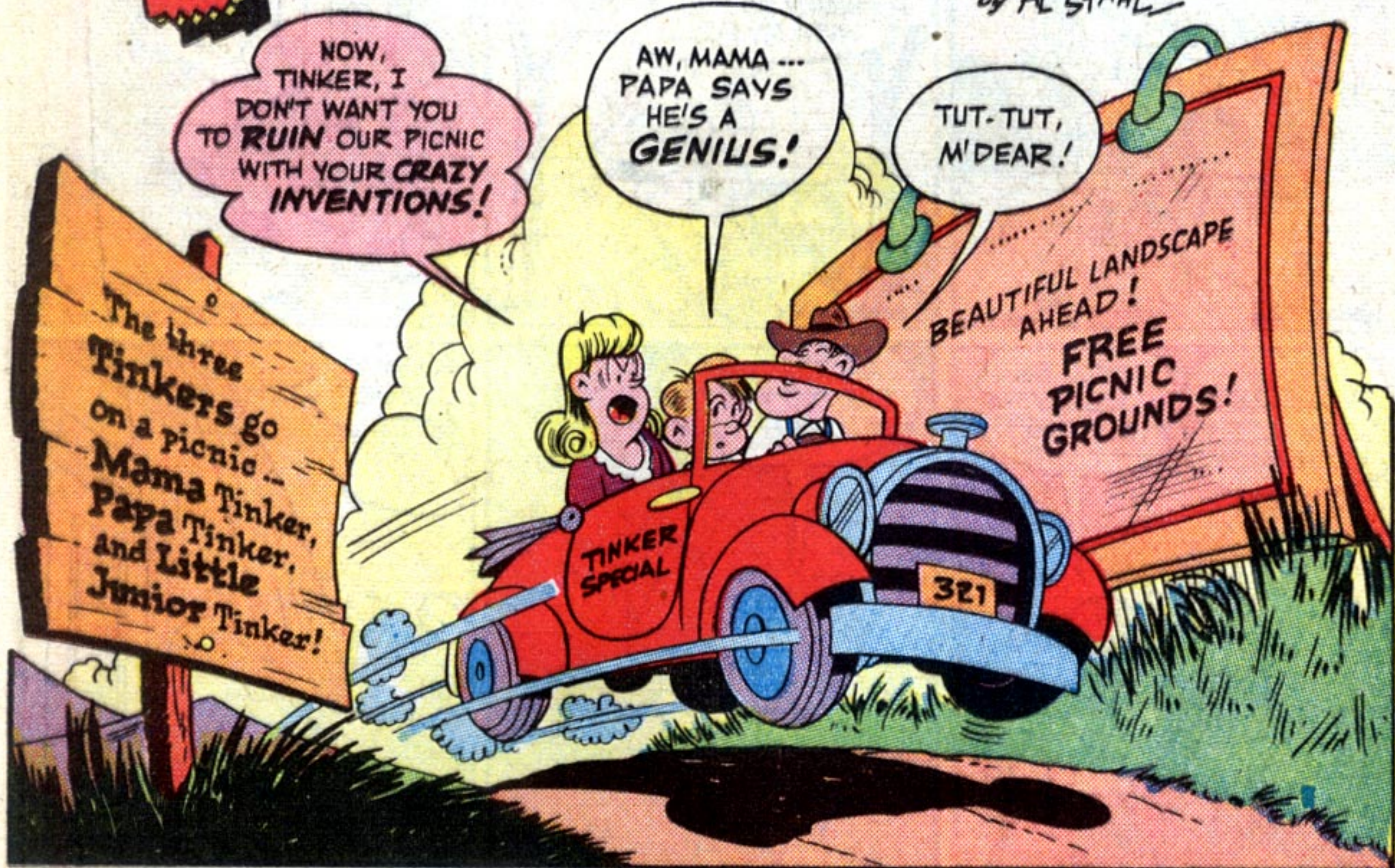
MY GOSH!! ...AND YOU, STEVE MY LAMB, HAD BETTER THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS YOU'RE NOT IN JAIL WITH HIM! WHAT A STORY I CAN WRITE, AND IF I MENTION YOUR PART IN IT, INSPECTOR FLANAGAN WILL SKIN YOU ALIVE...!!

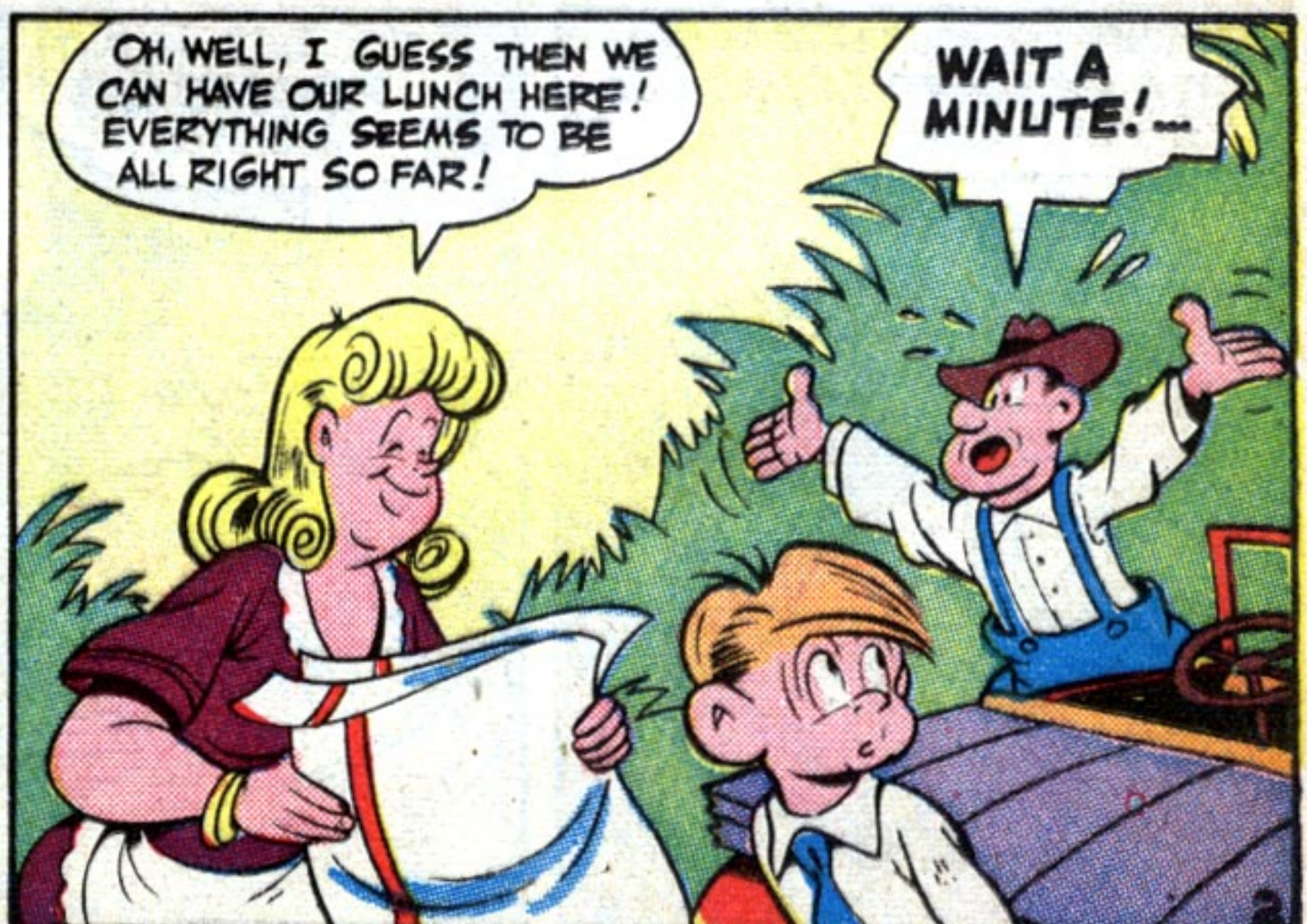
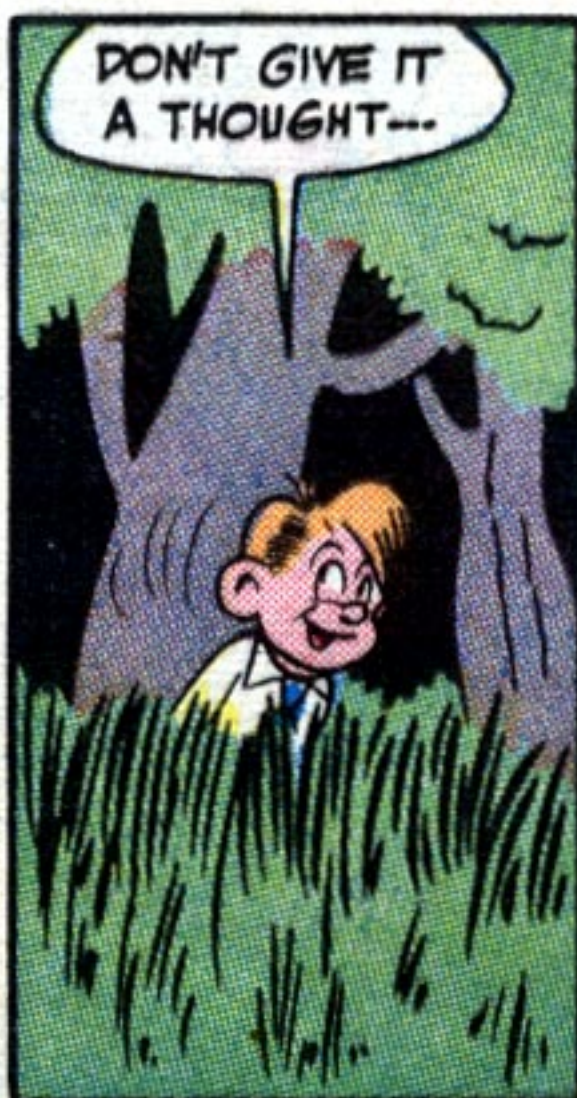
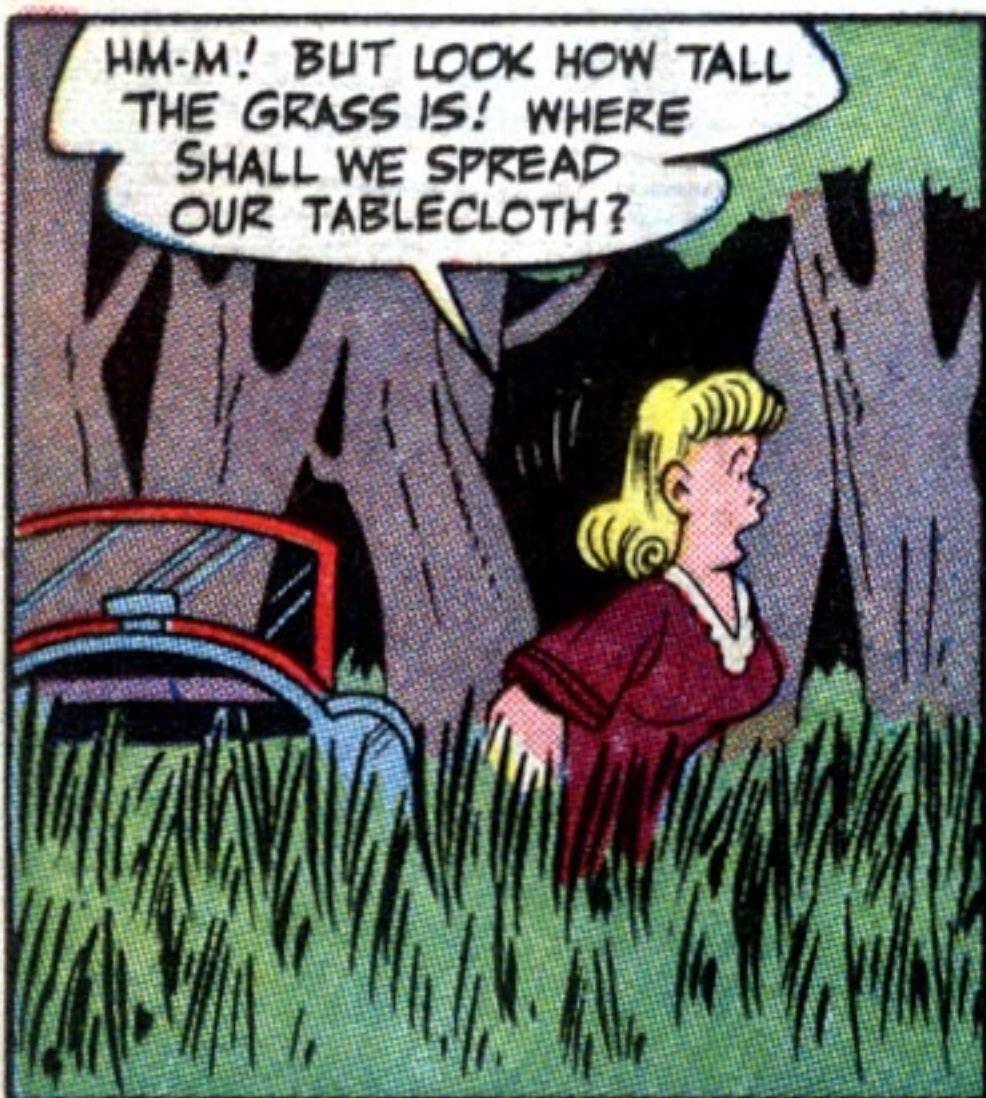
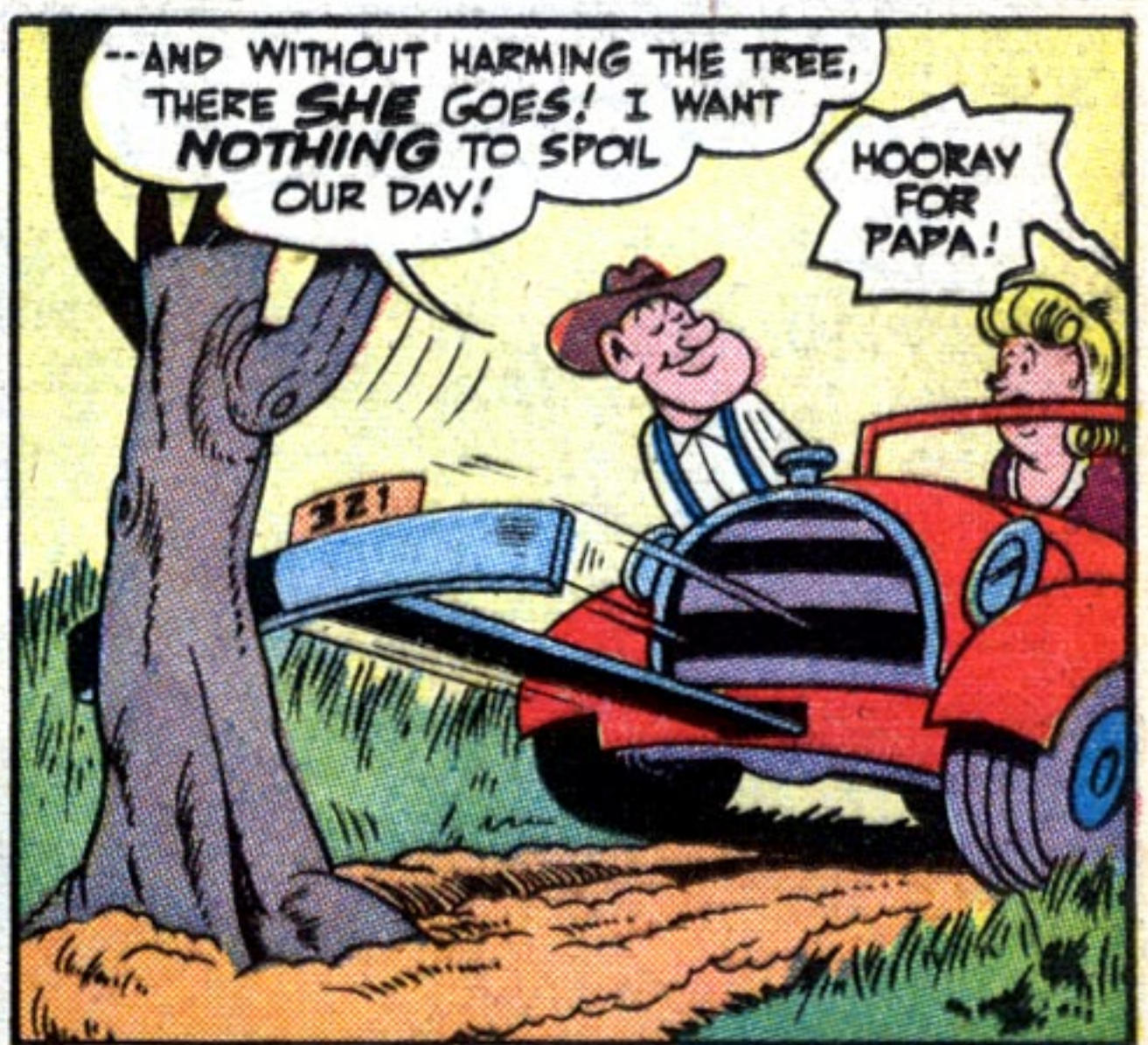
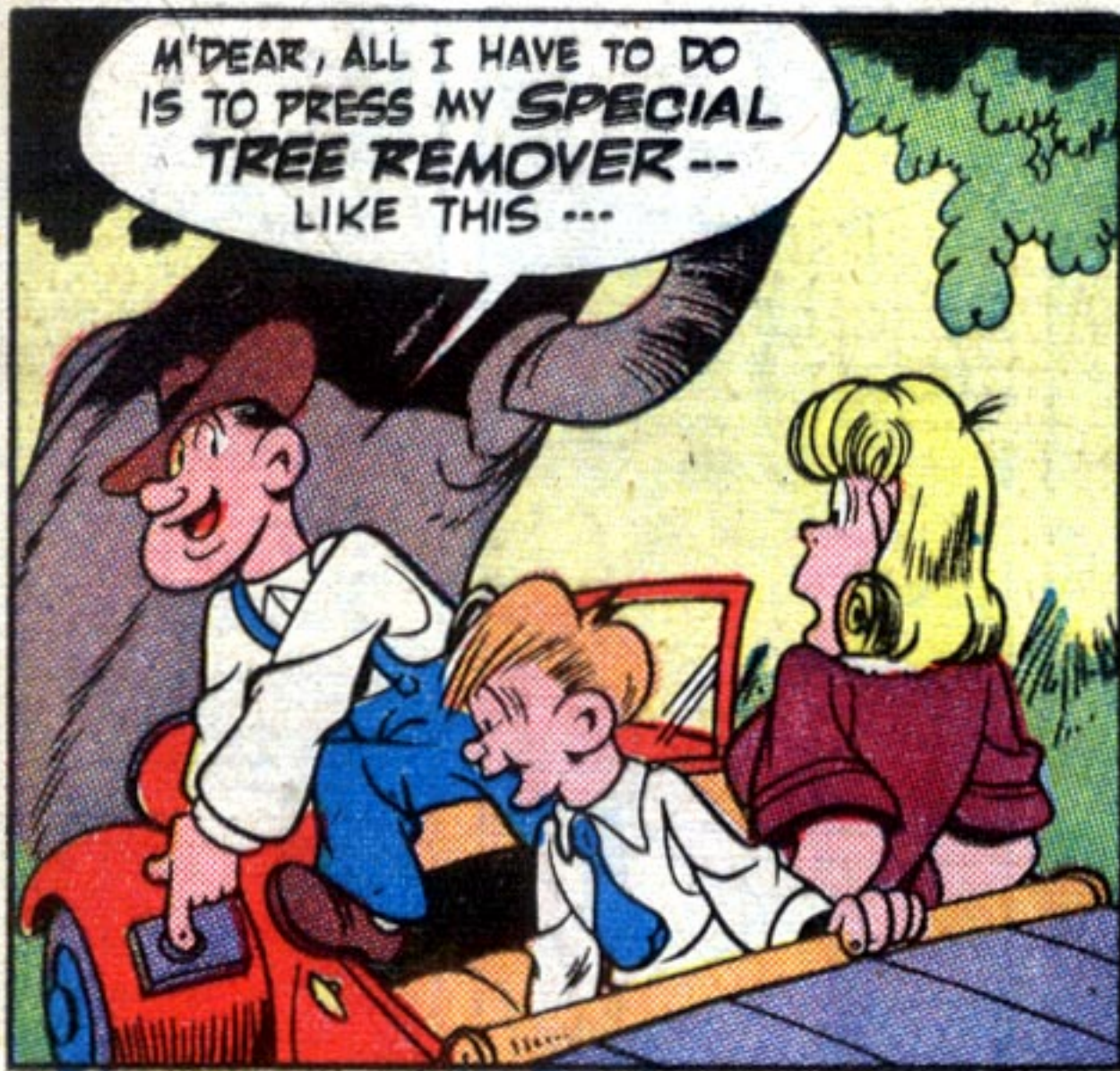


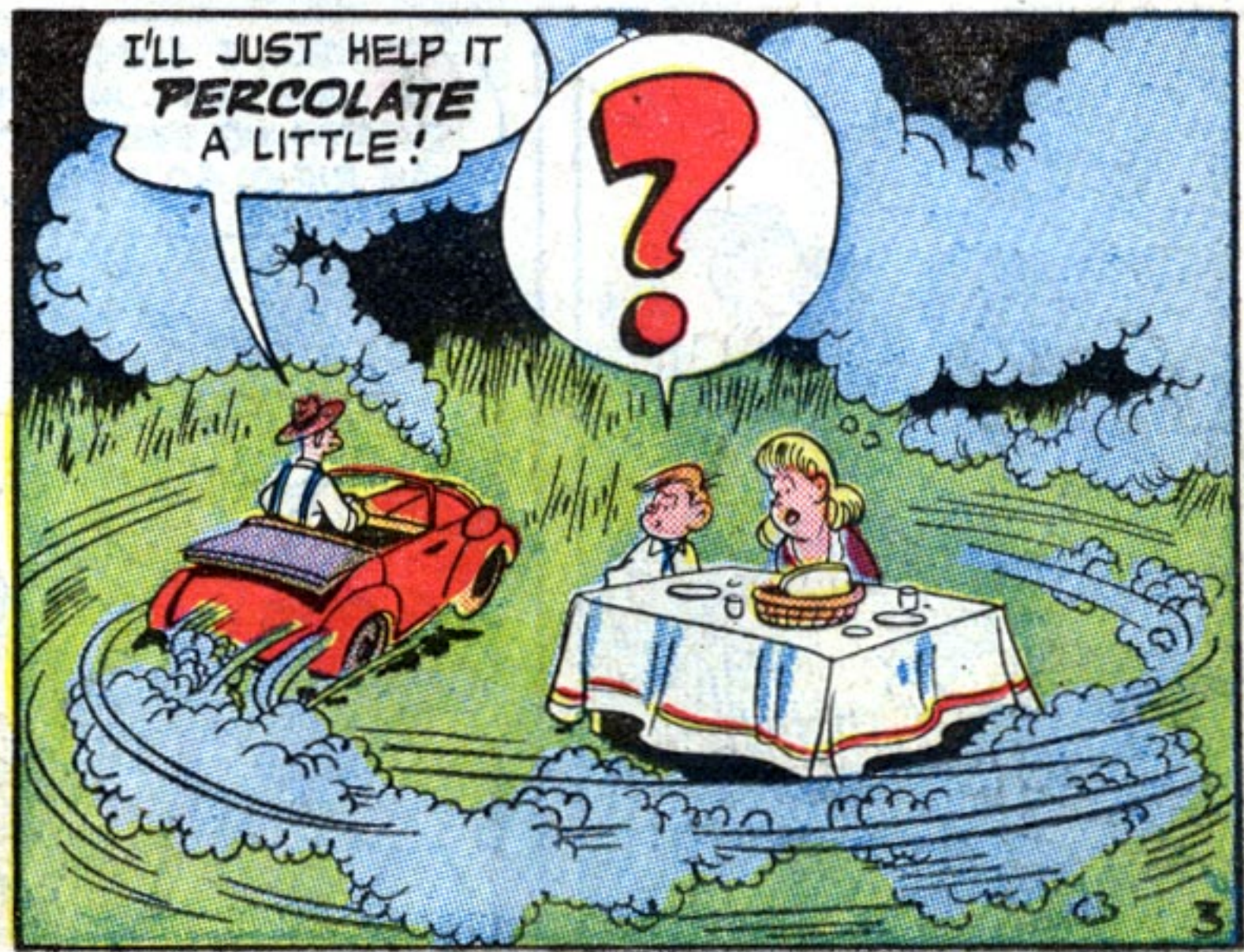
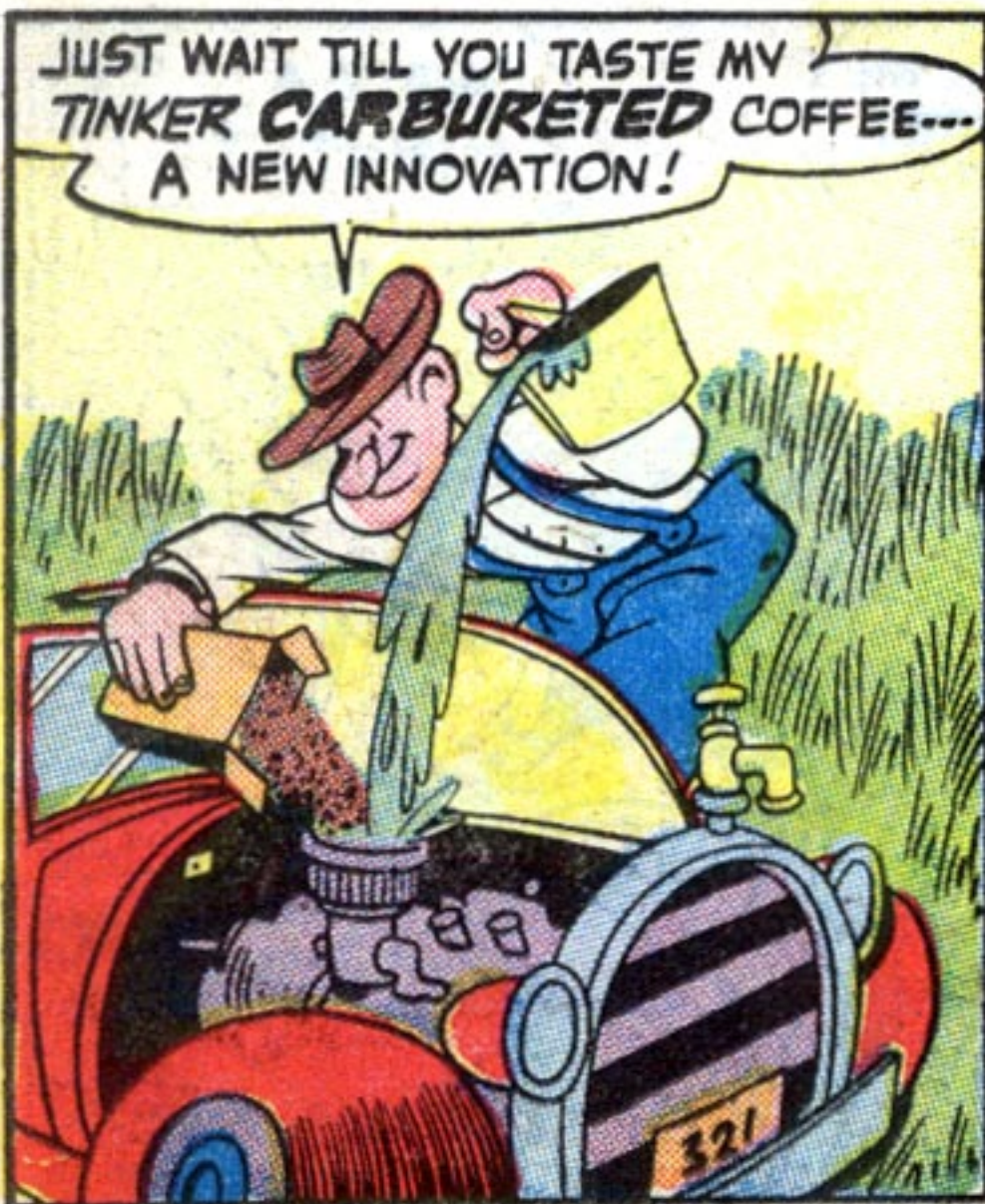
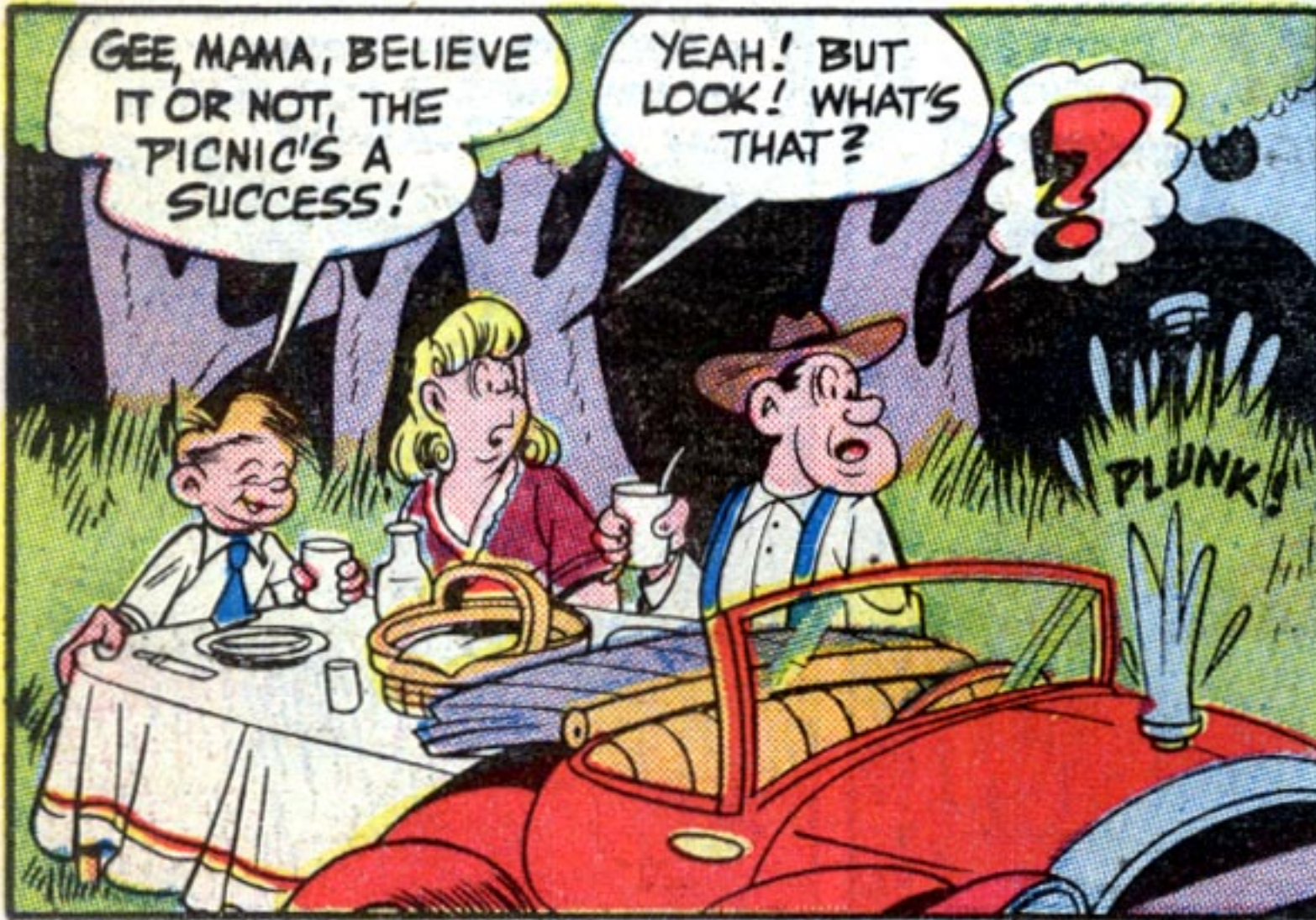
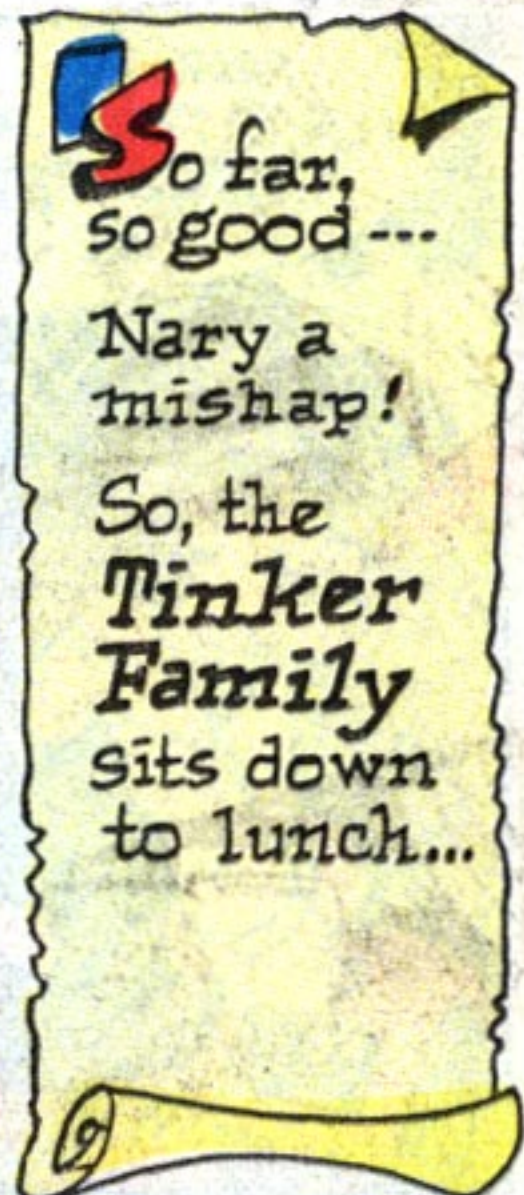
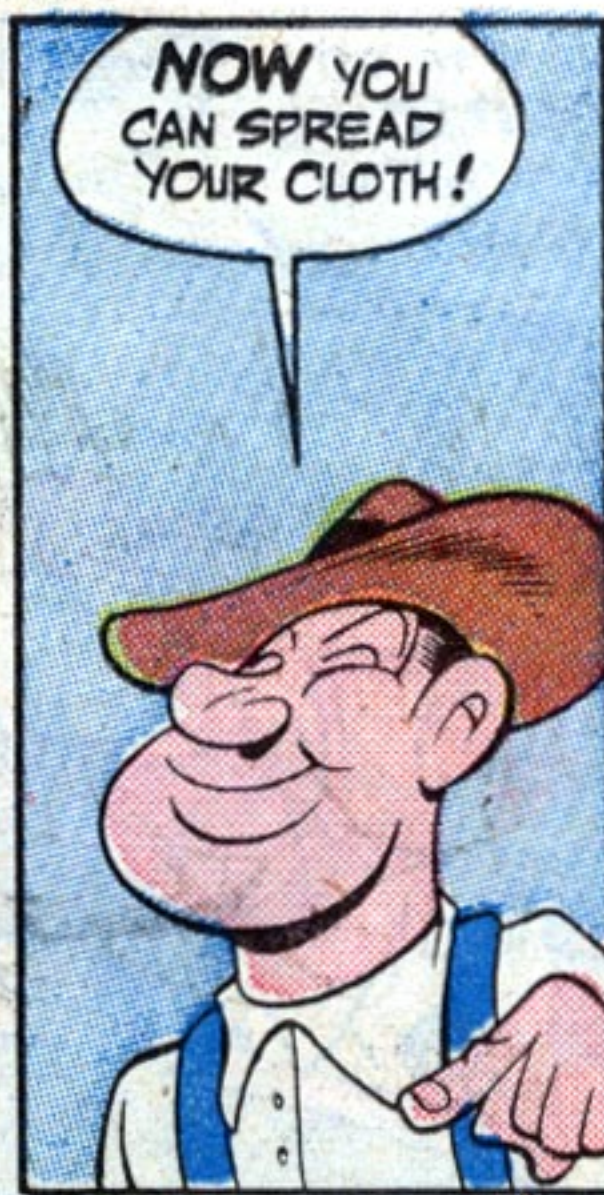
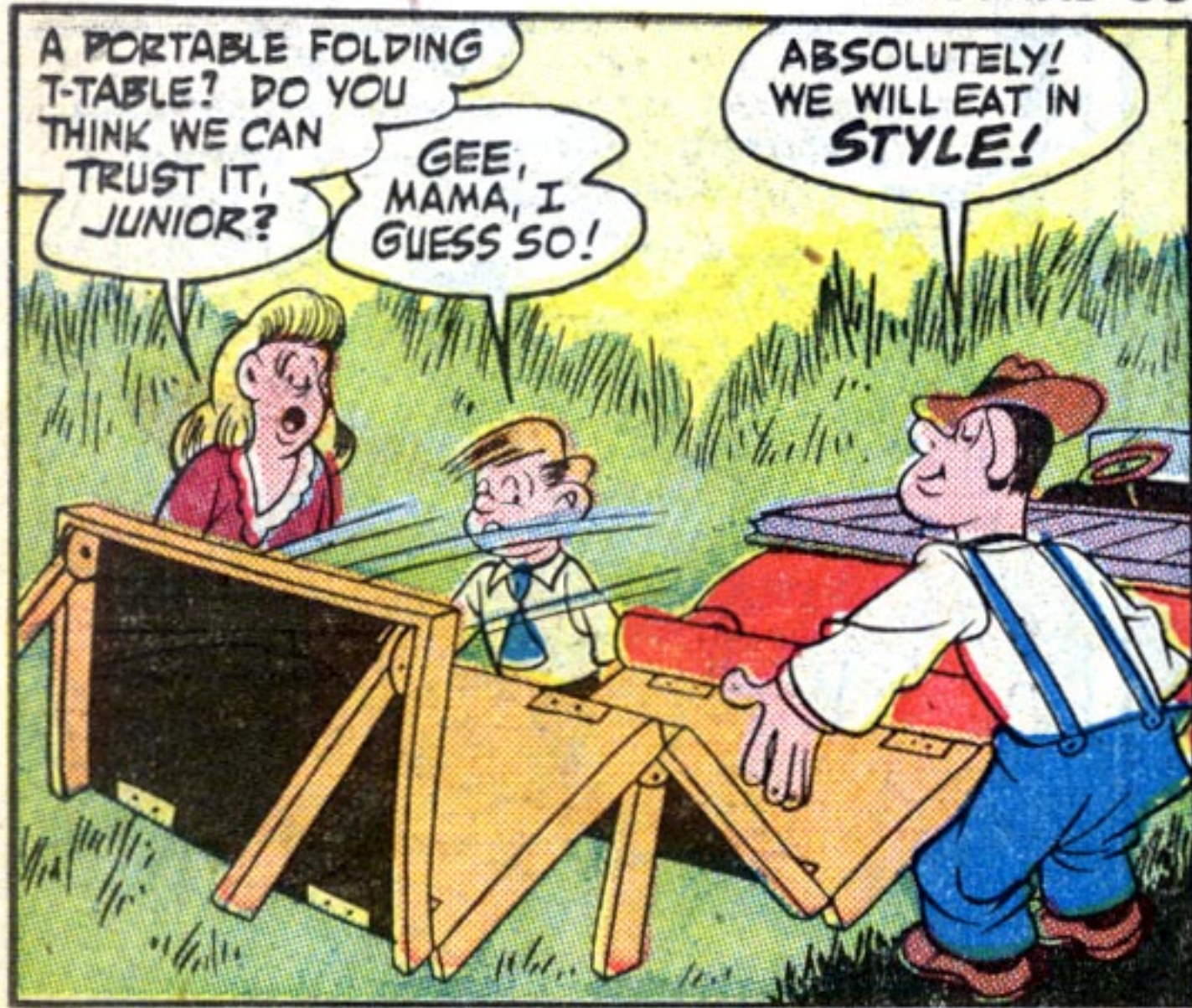


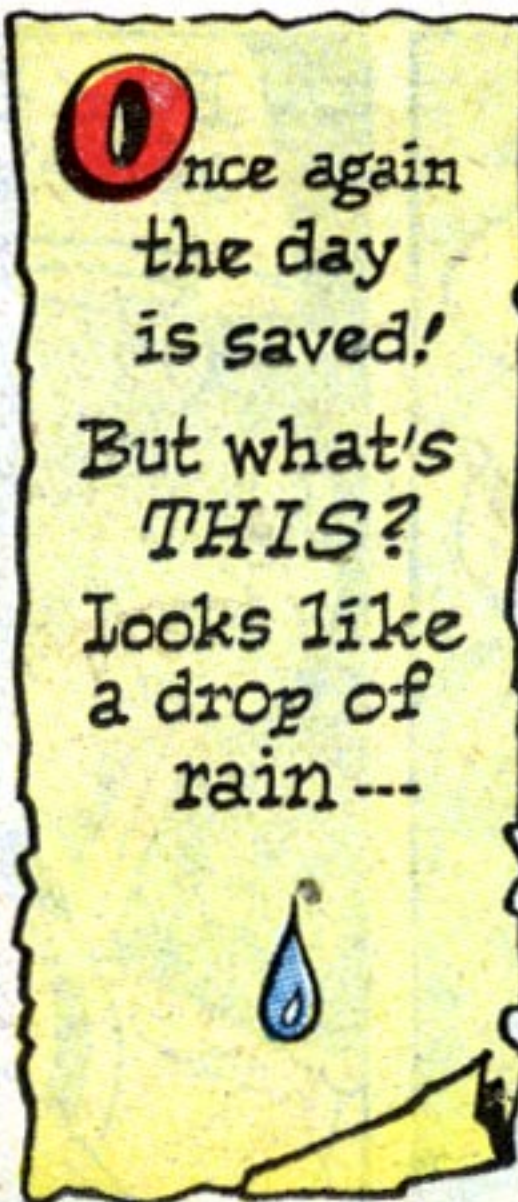
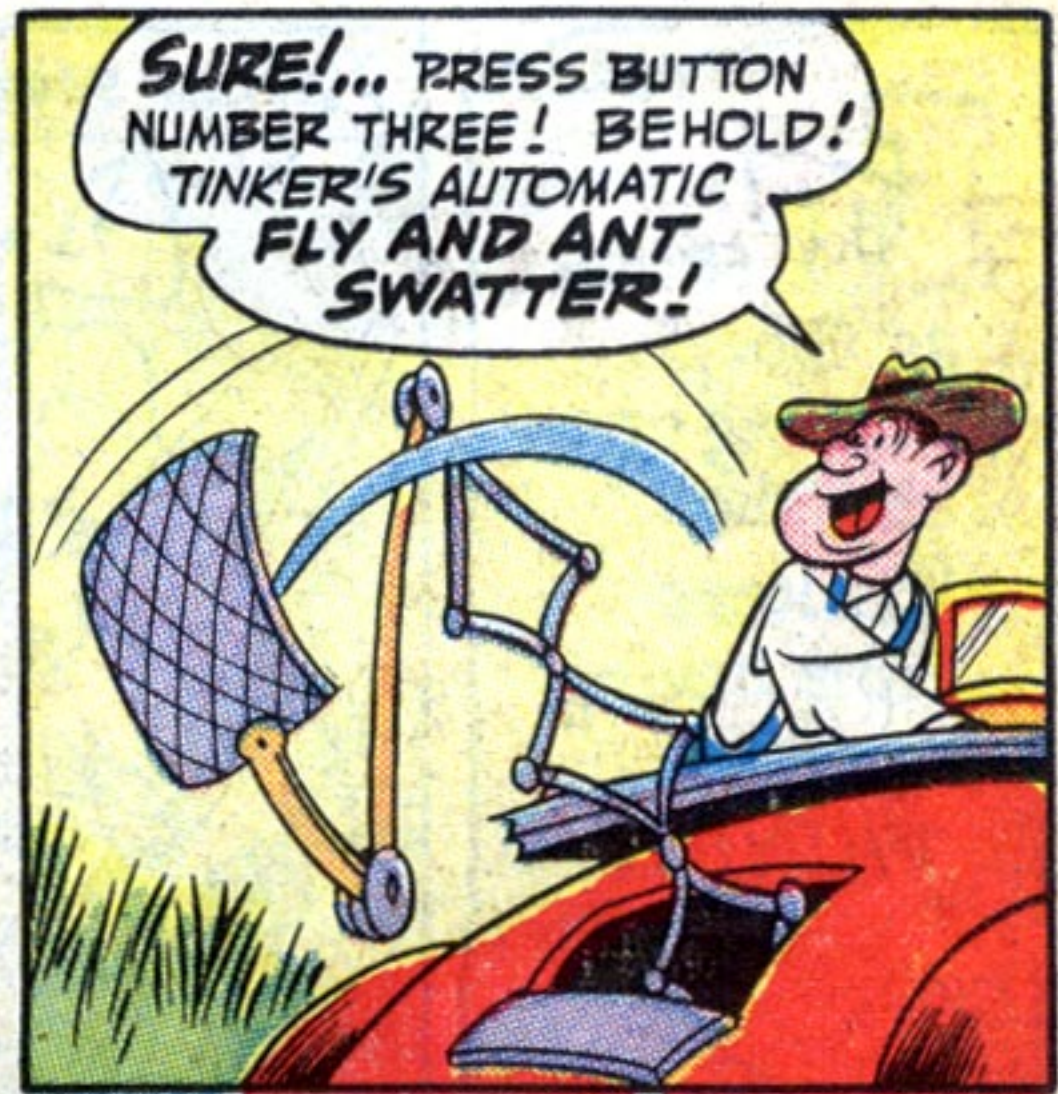
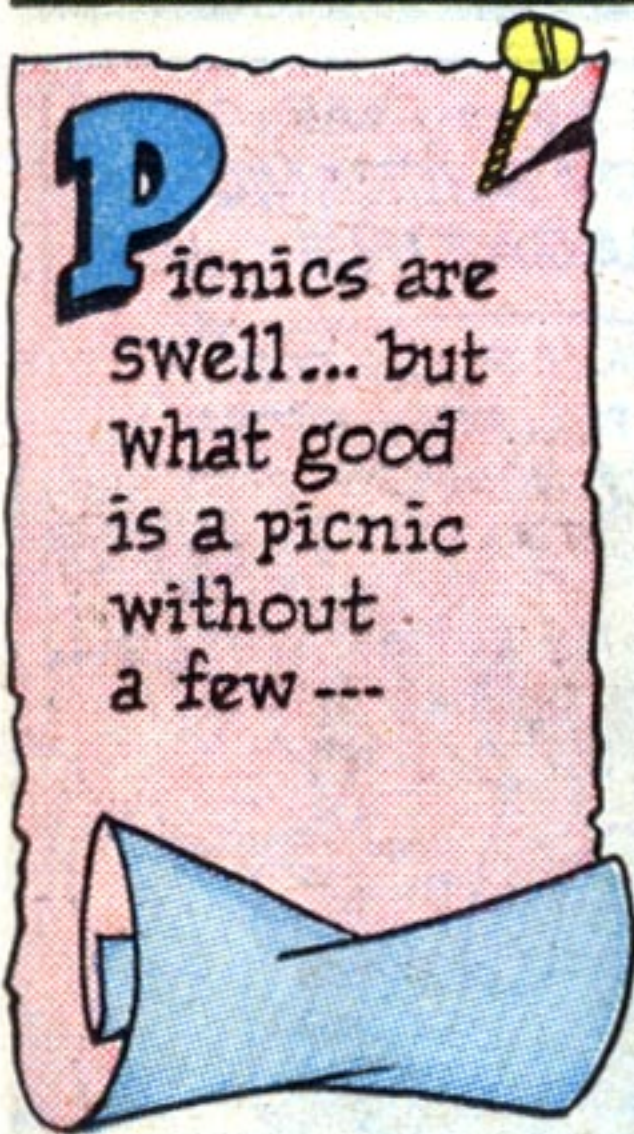
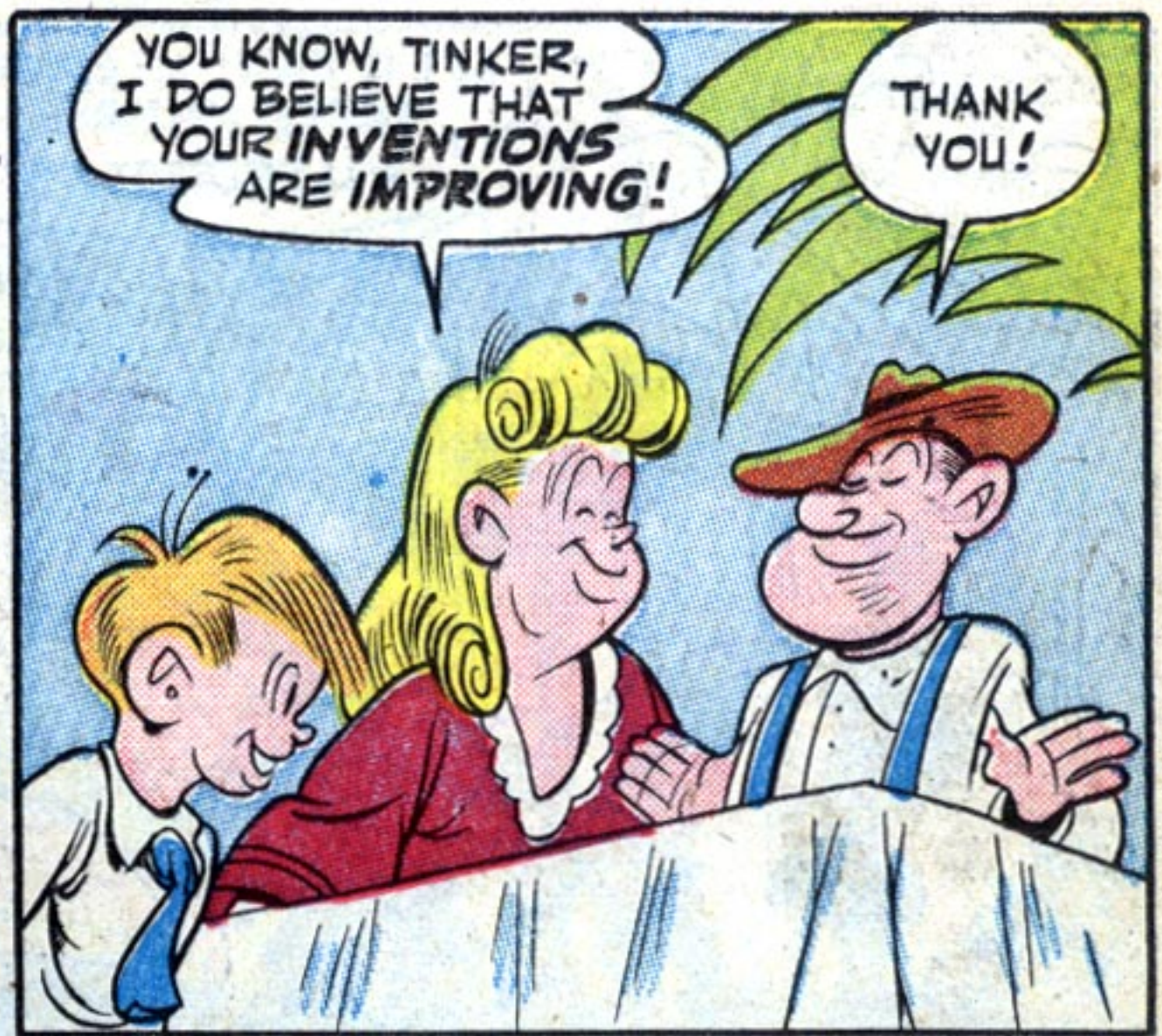
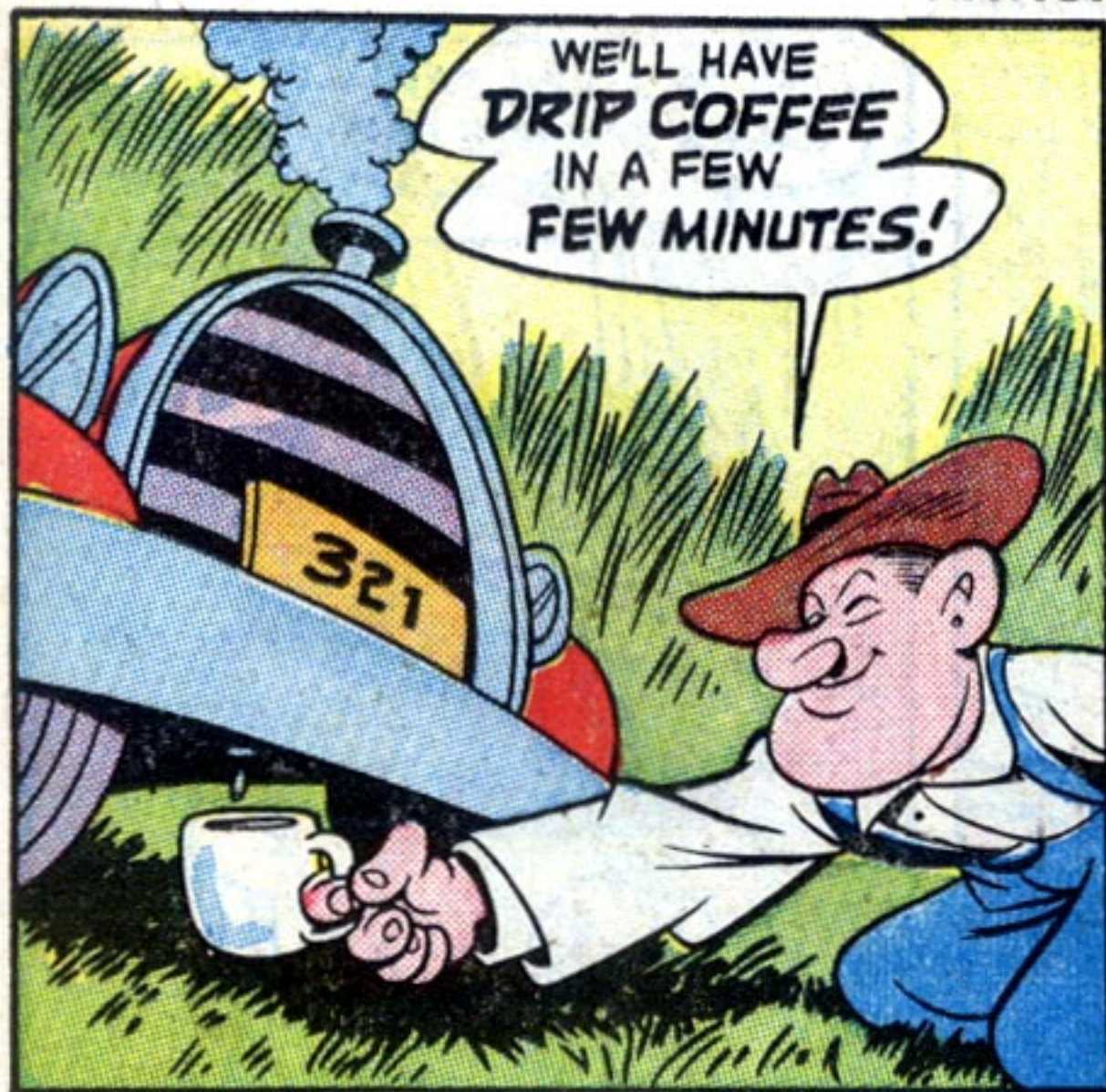
TINKER TOM

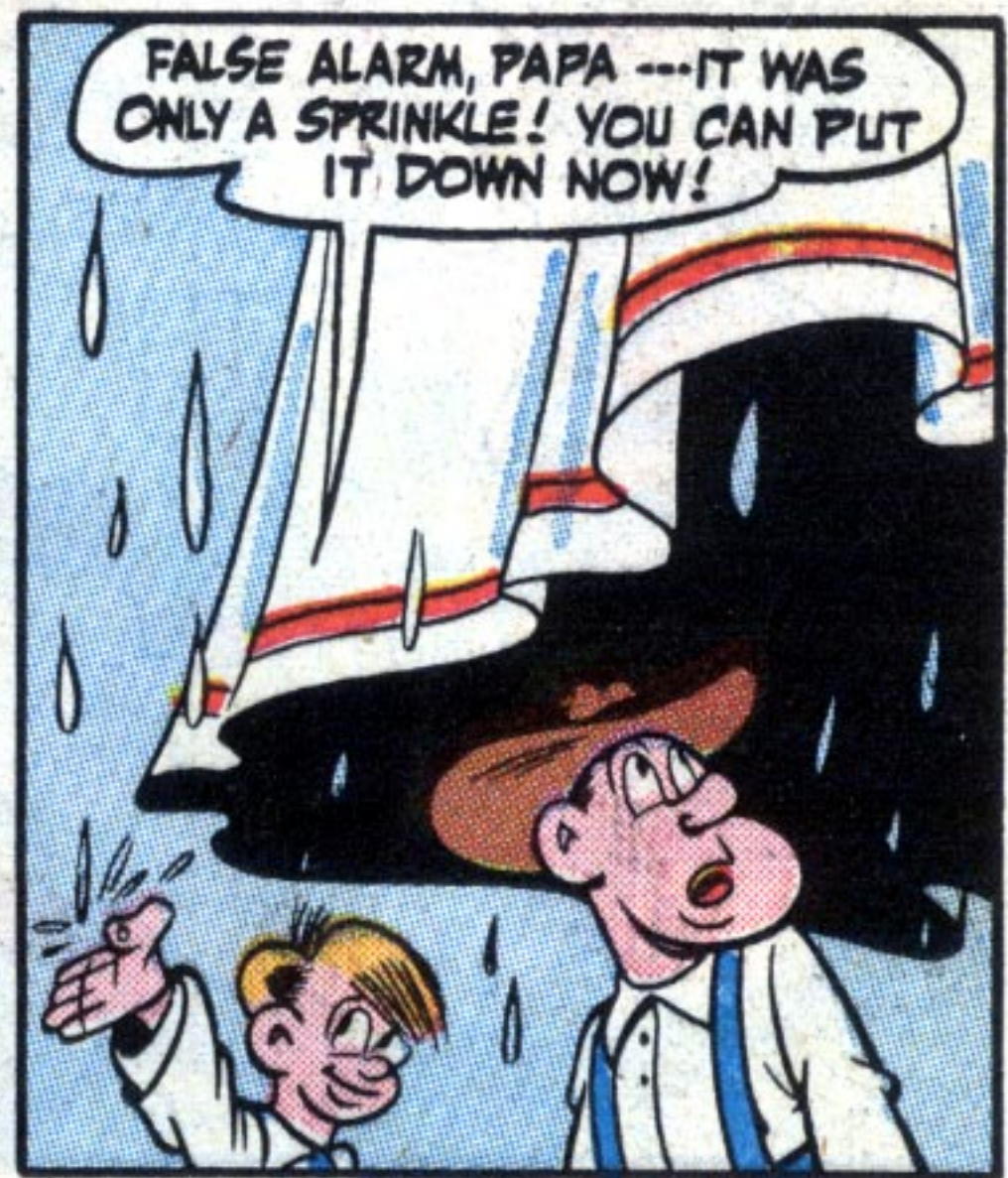
by AL STAHL



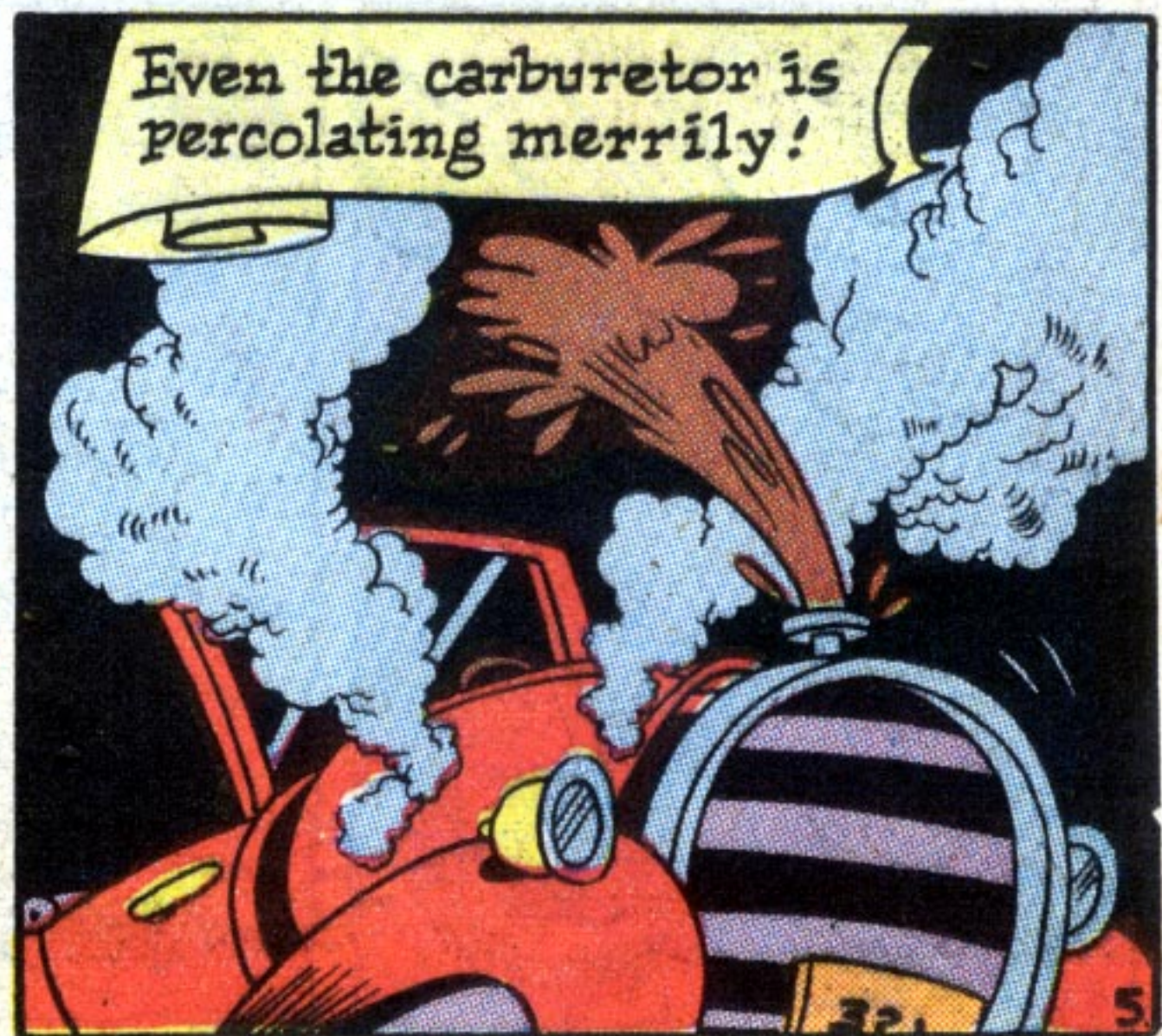
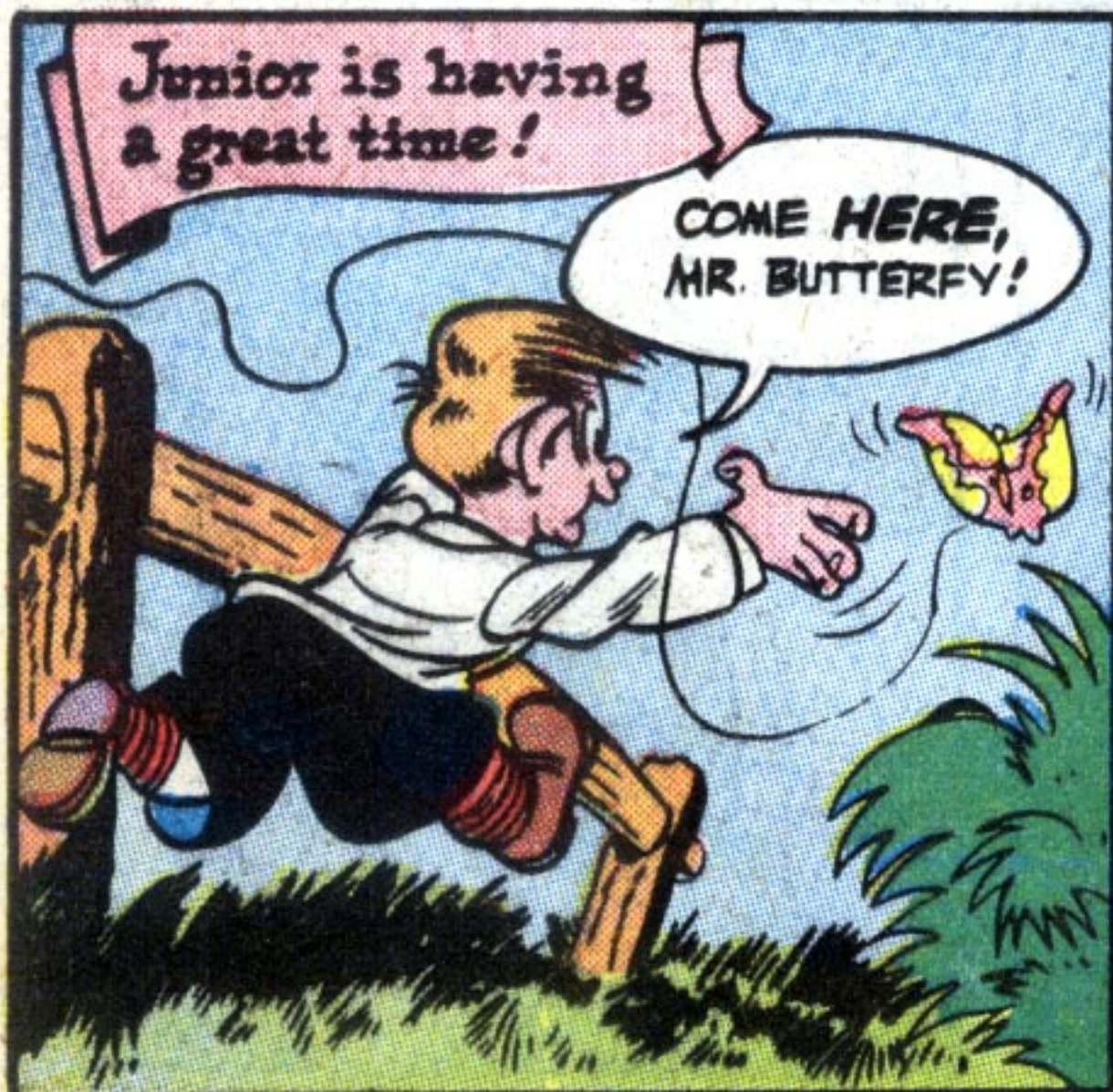
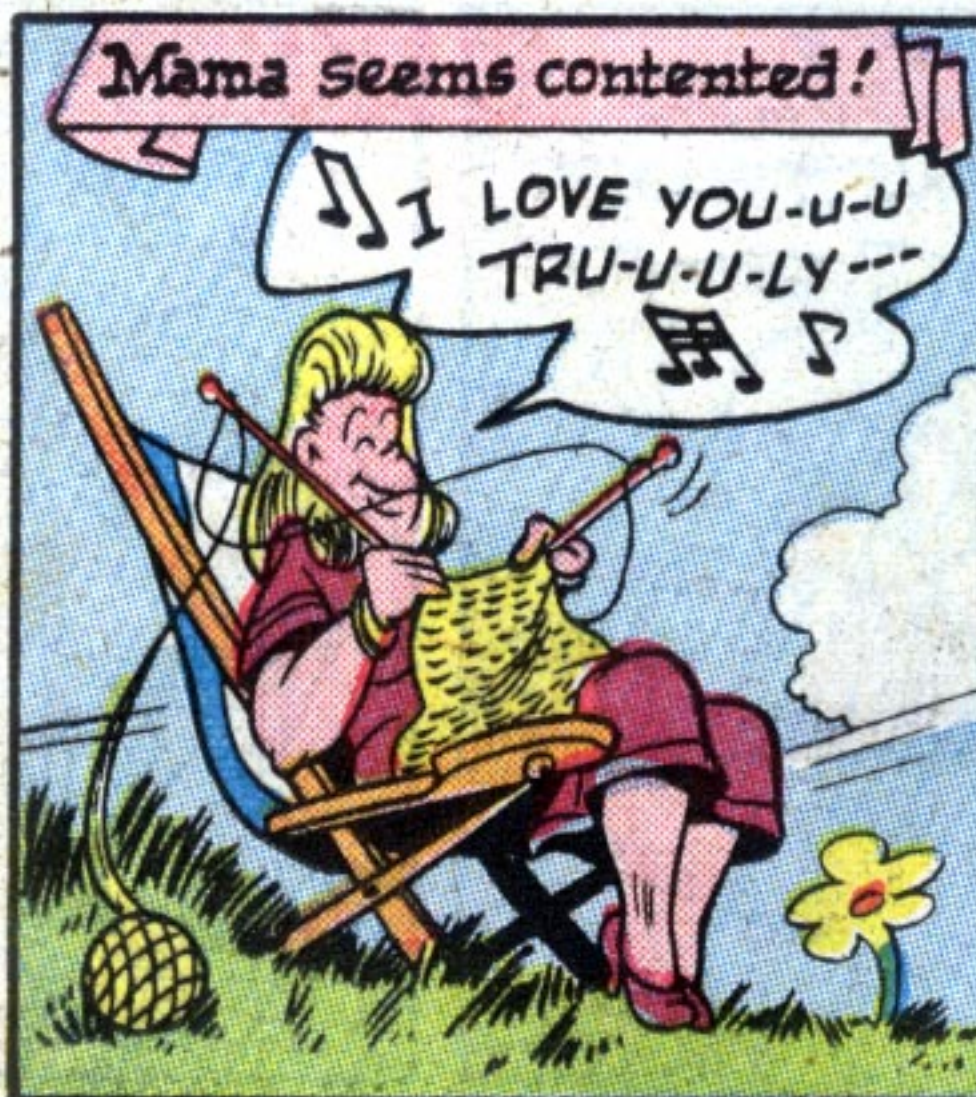


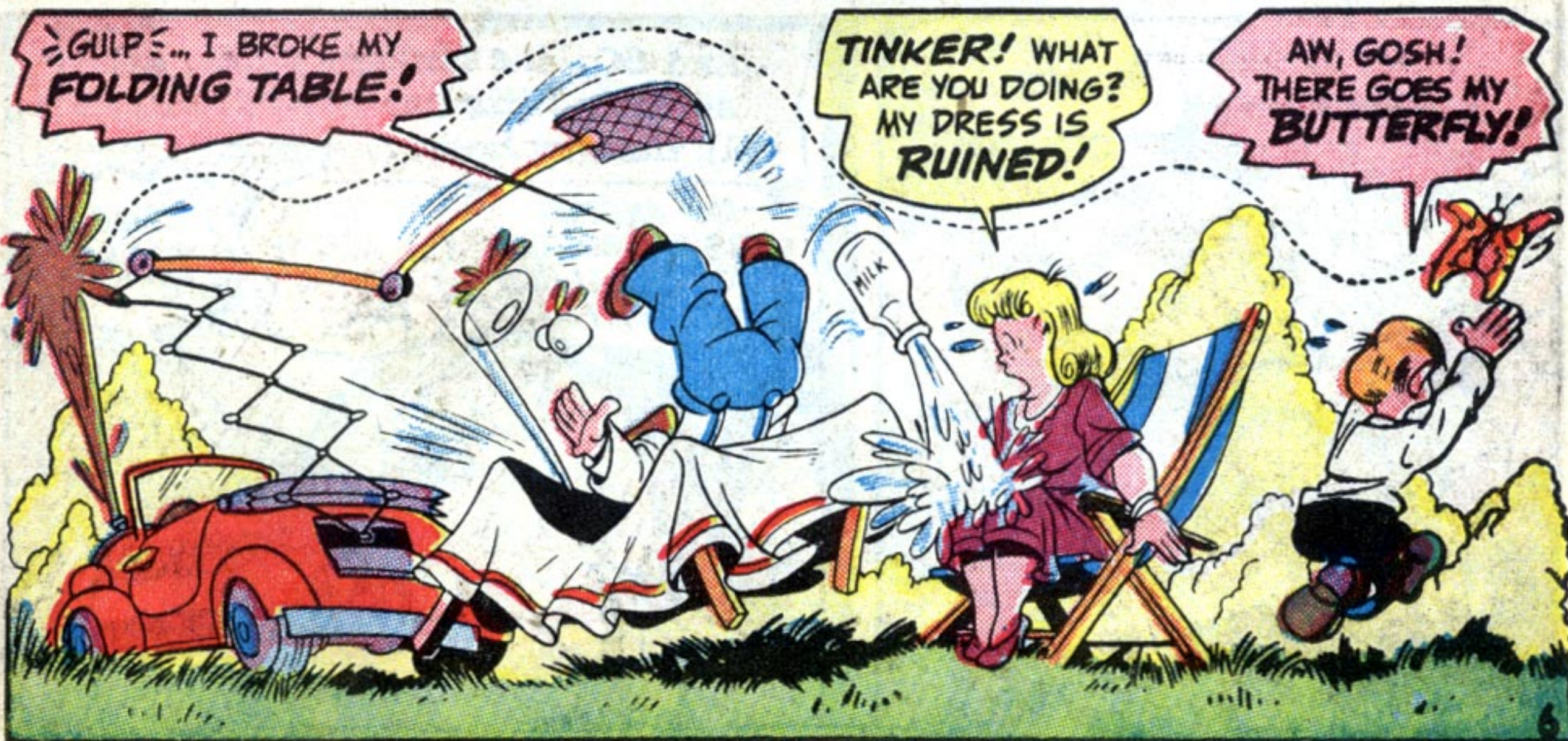
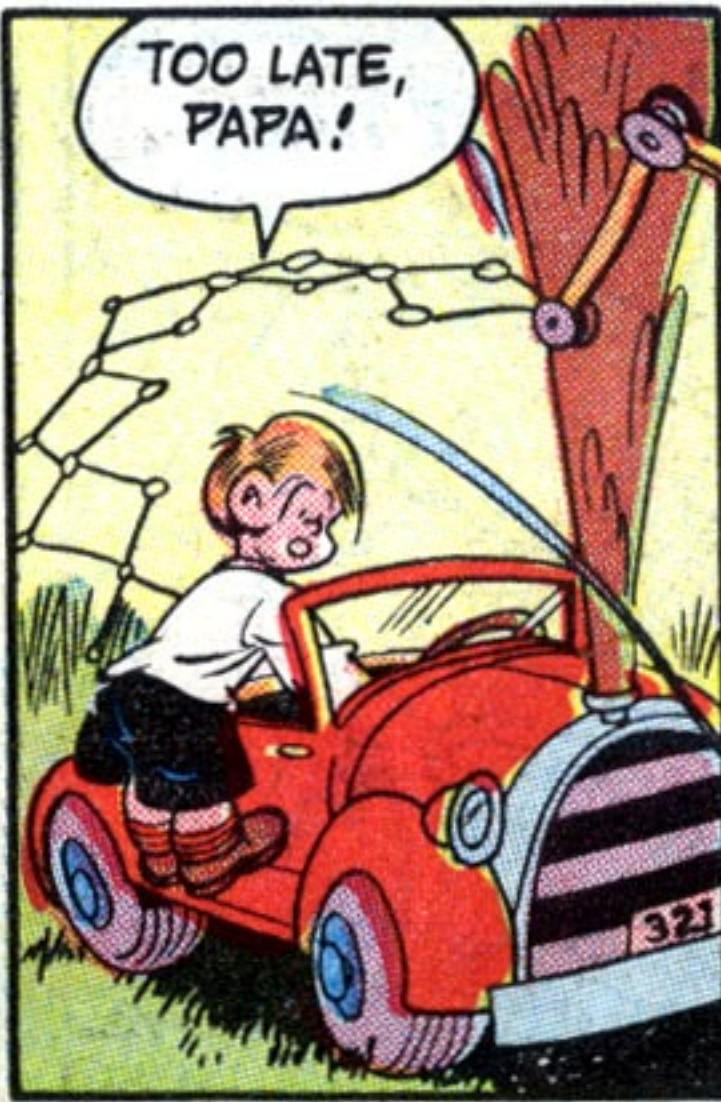
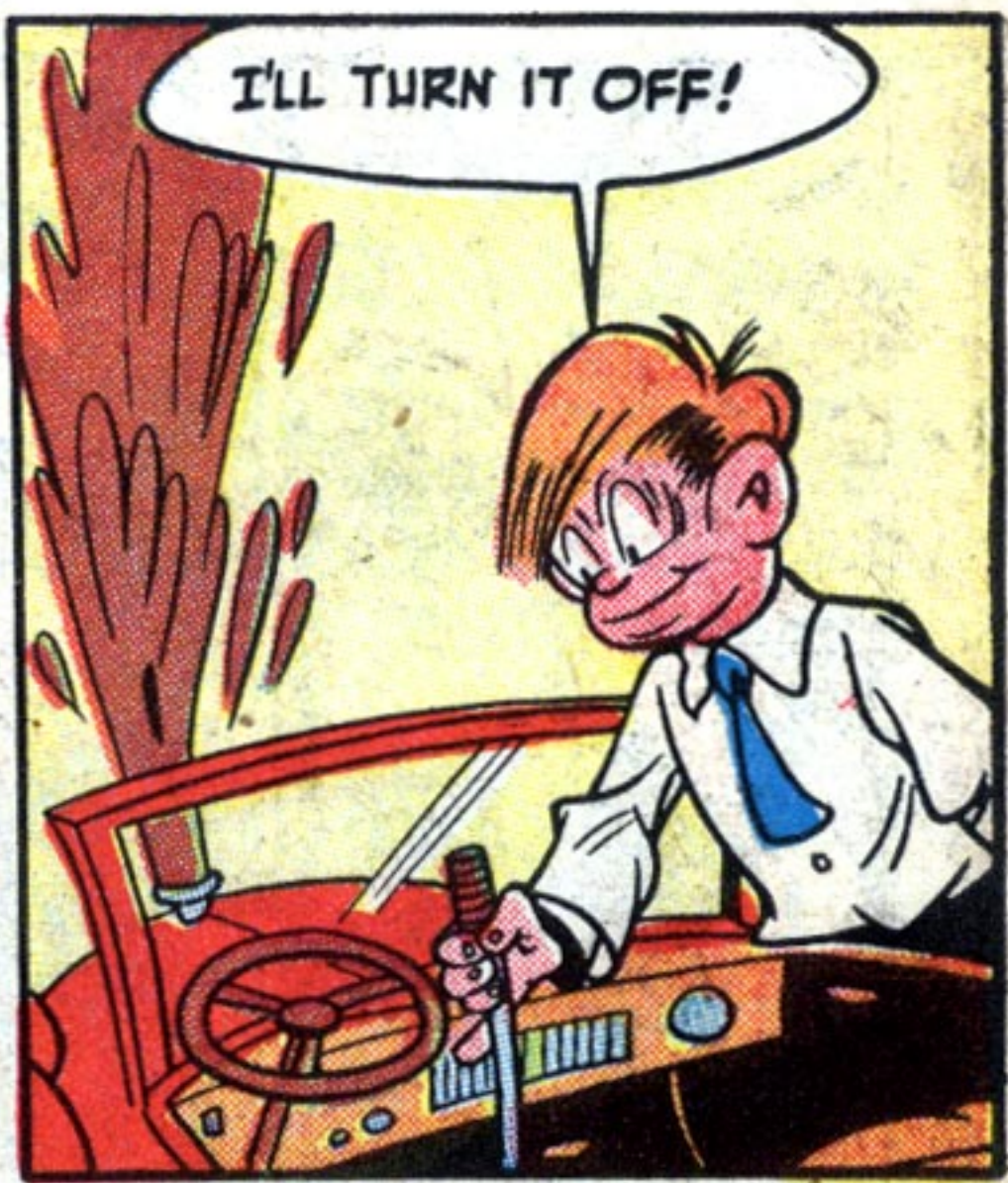
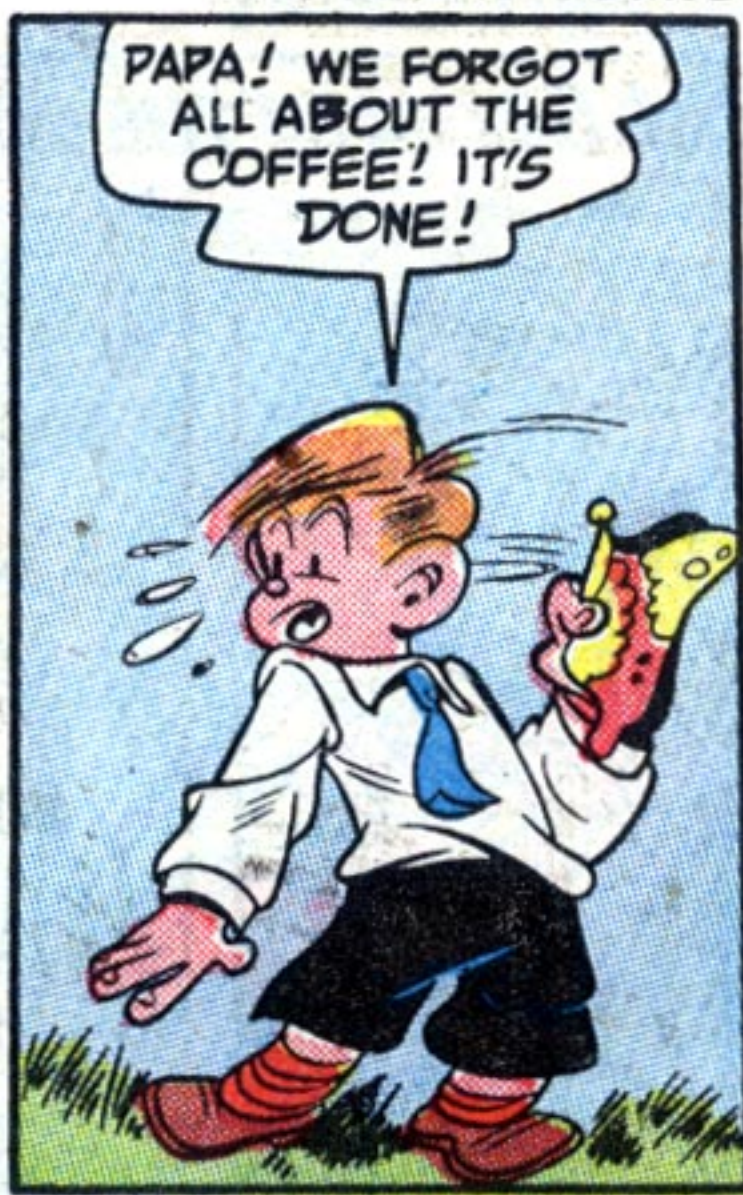
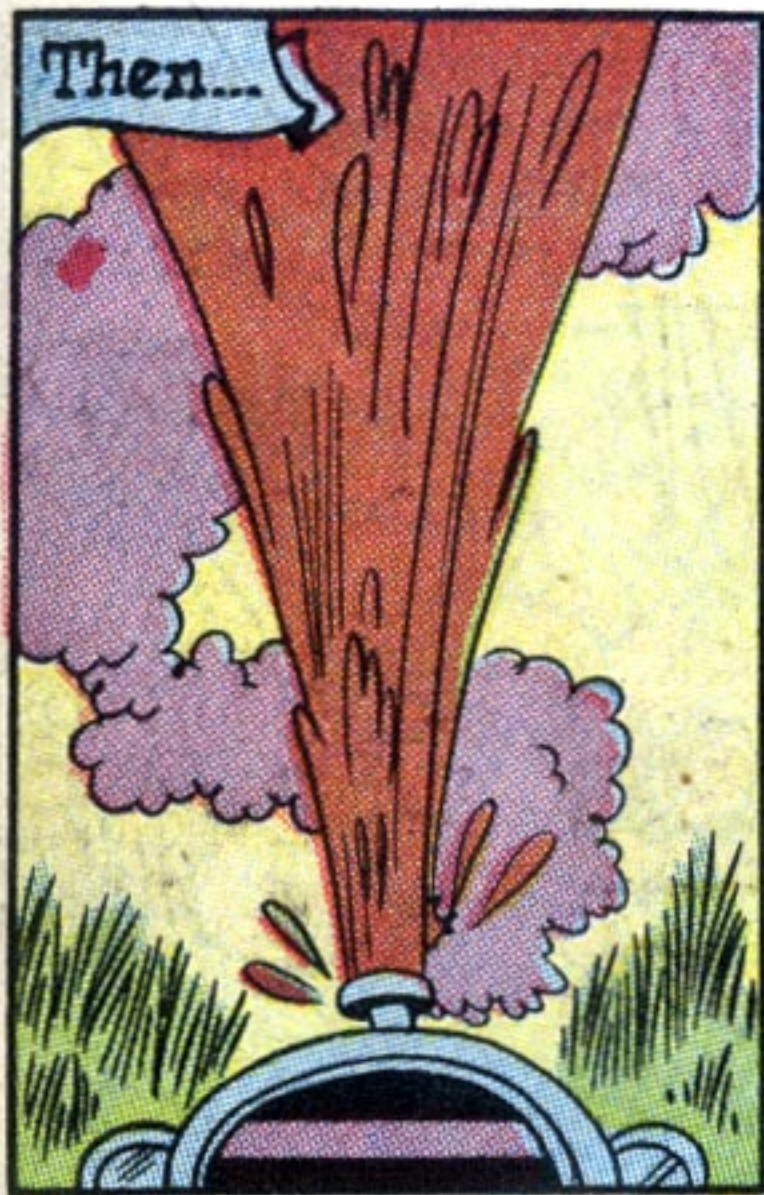




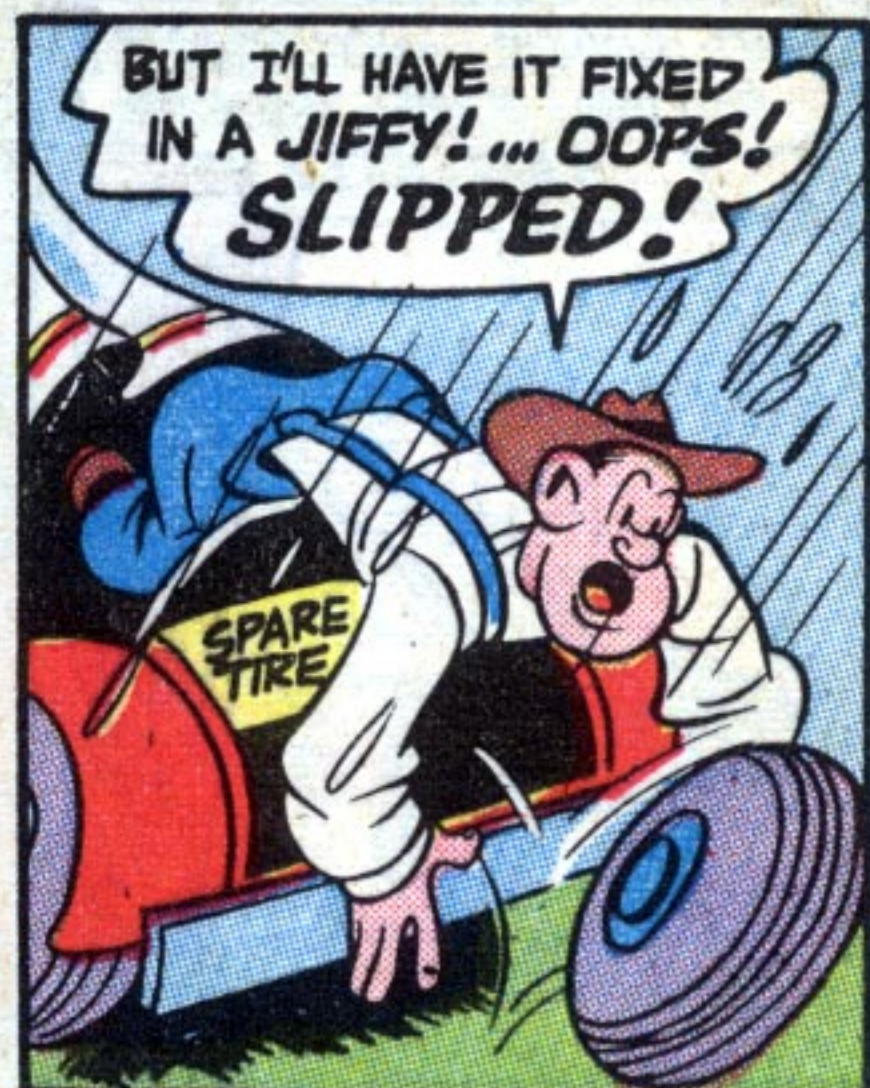
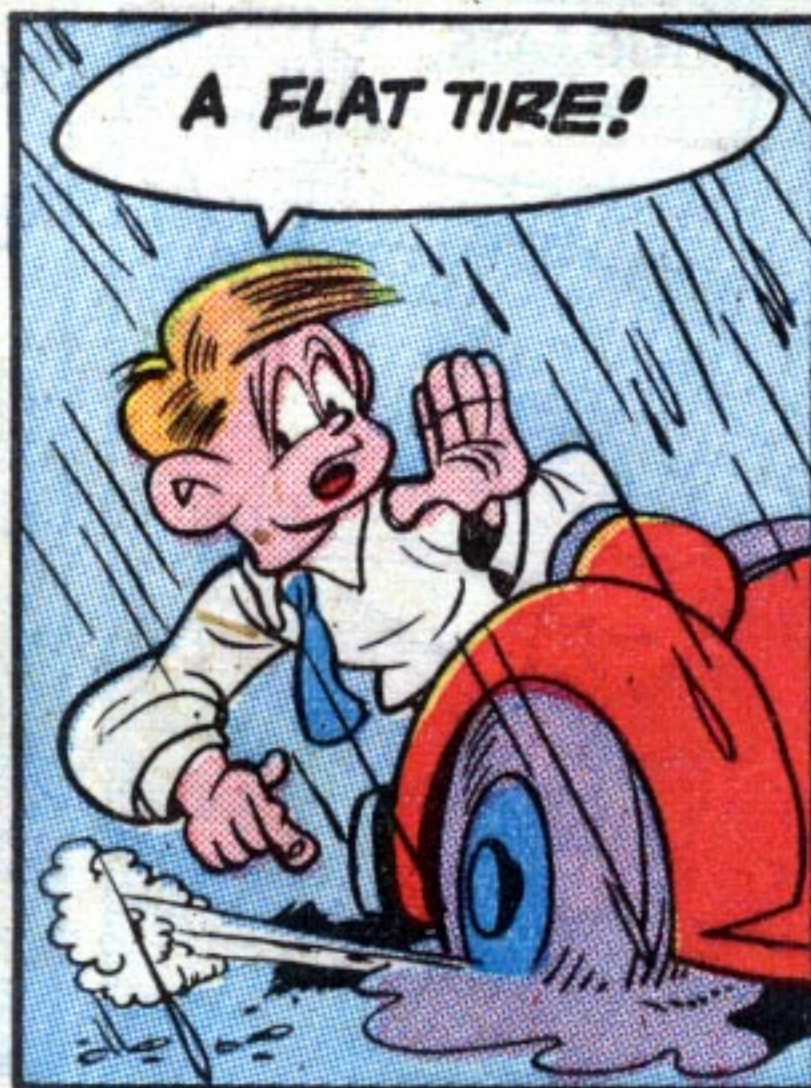
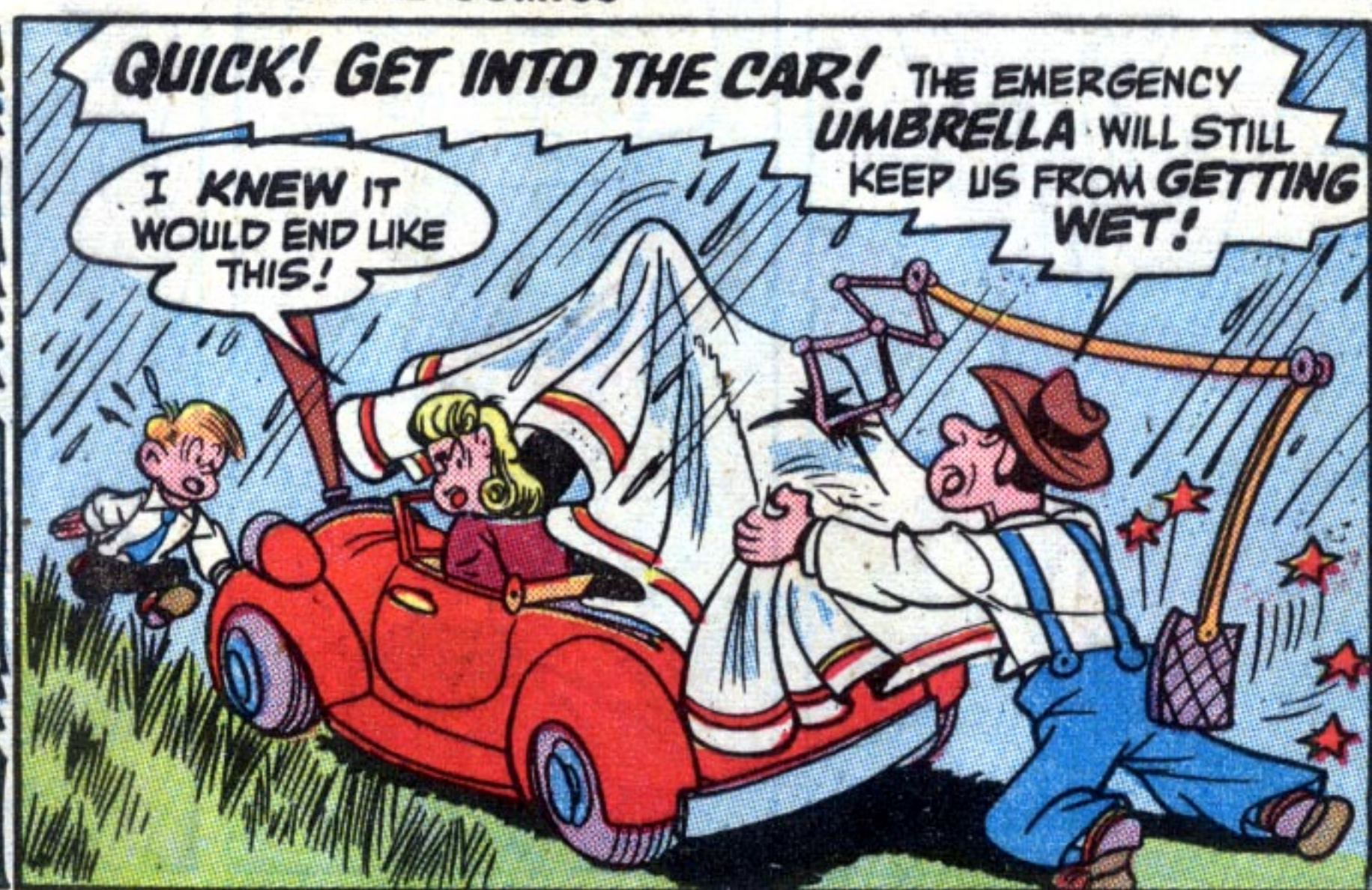


It seems as though nothing can stop the Tinkers from having a perfect **PICNIC!**





EVERYTHING
is going **WRONG**
--and to make
matters worse,
out of the sky
comes a **BOLT**
OF
LIGHTNING!



LASSIE

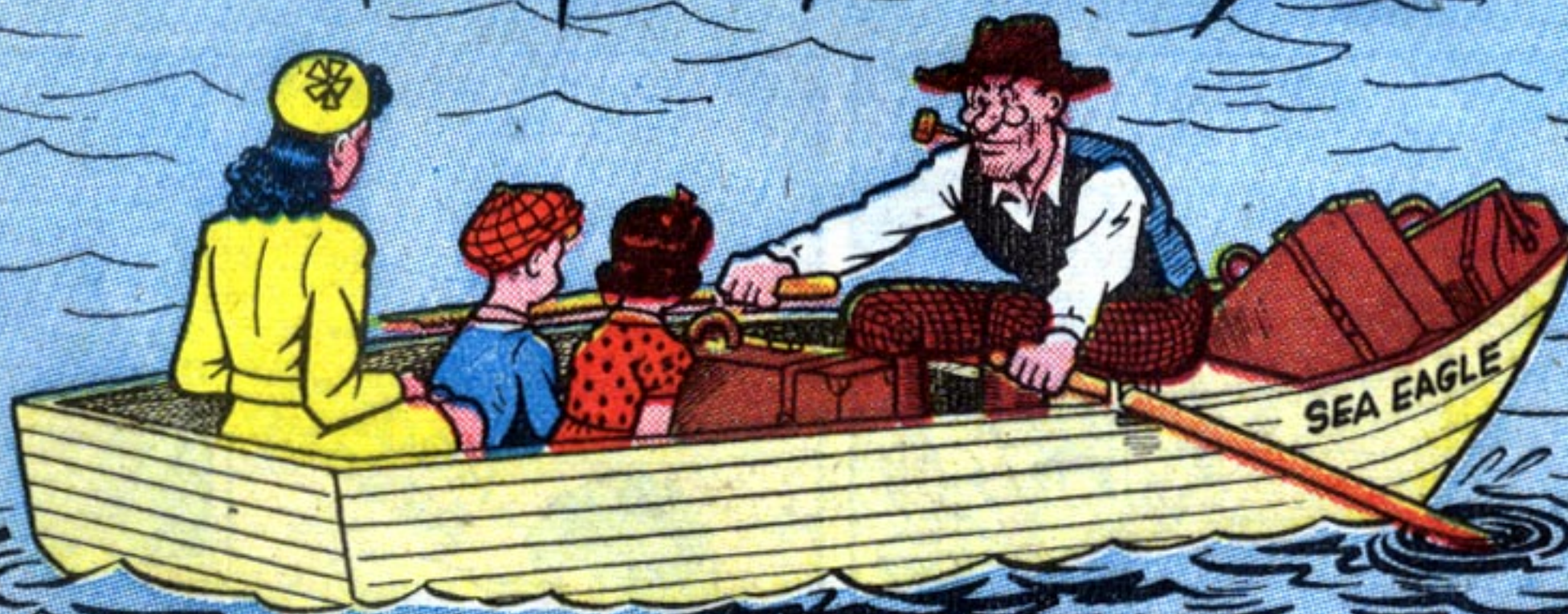
Roberta, Lassie and Laddie are en route to their uncle's mountain lodge, which they intend occupying alone for a short stay until the old gentleman himself takes it over for the Summer!

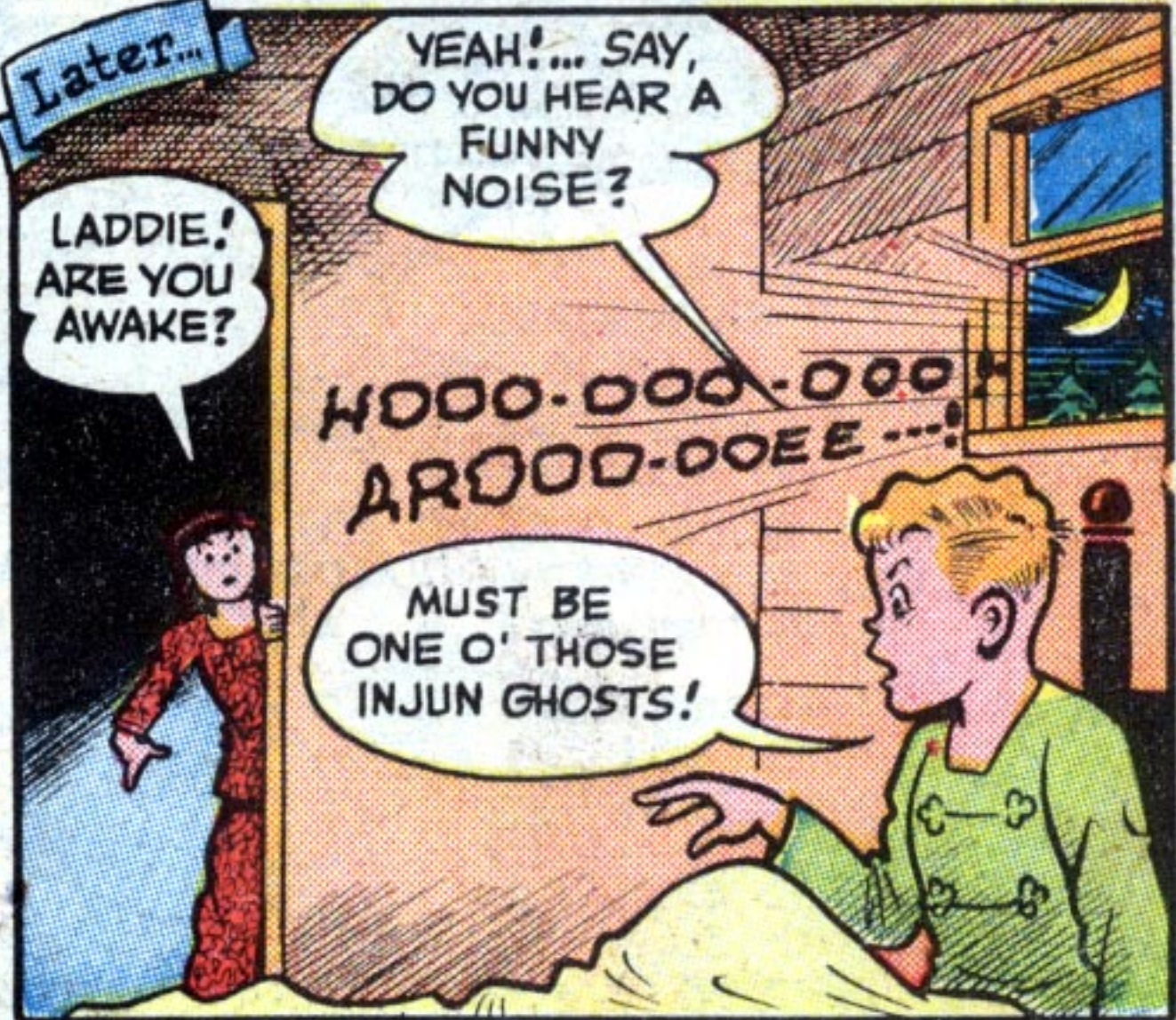
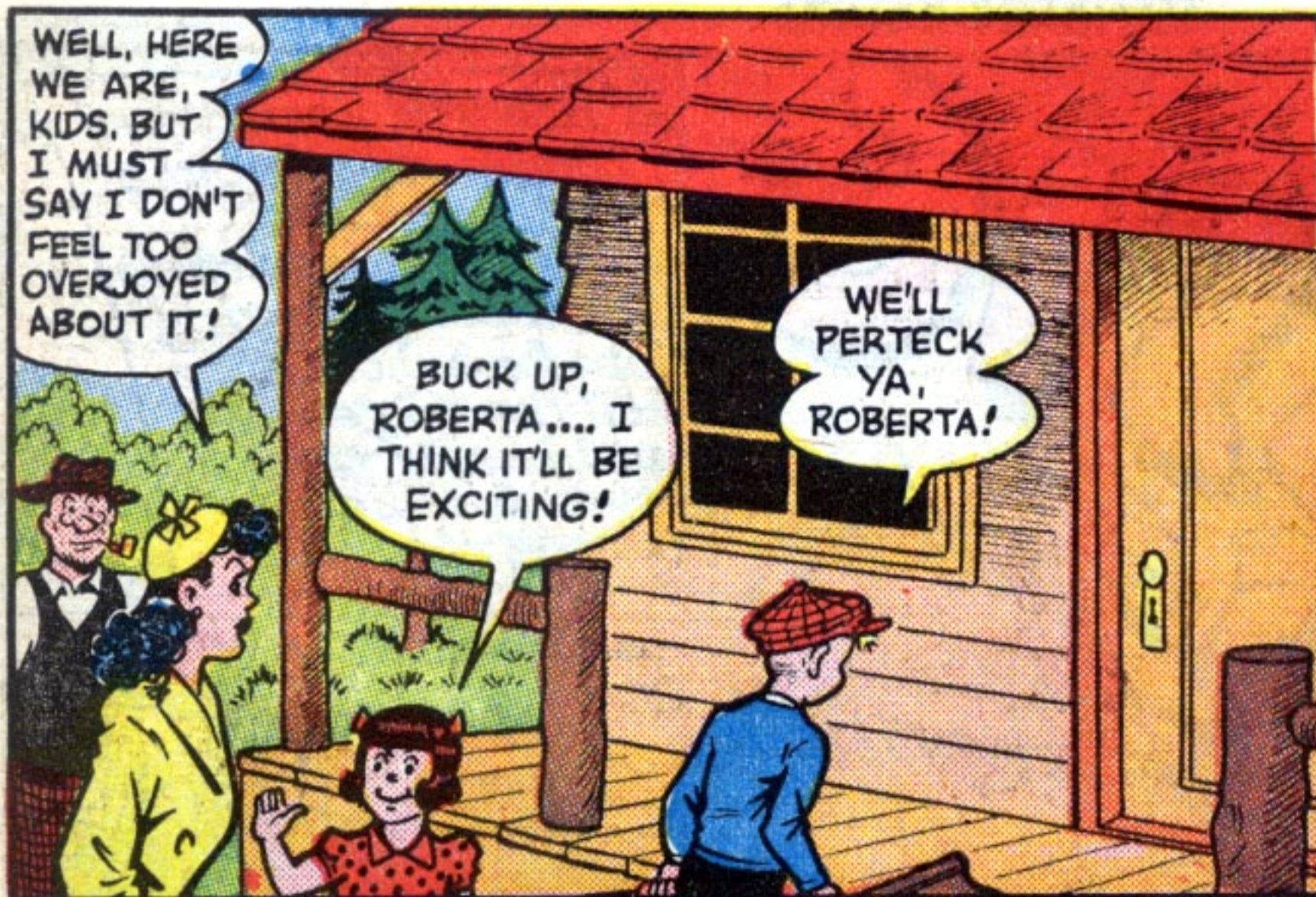
IT WAS NICE OF UNCLE BALTHAZAR, INVITING US TO OCCUPY HIS LODGE! BUT, MY GOODNESS, THAT ISLAND LOOKS WILD AND CREEPY IN THE TWILIGHT!

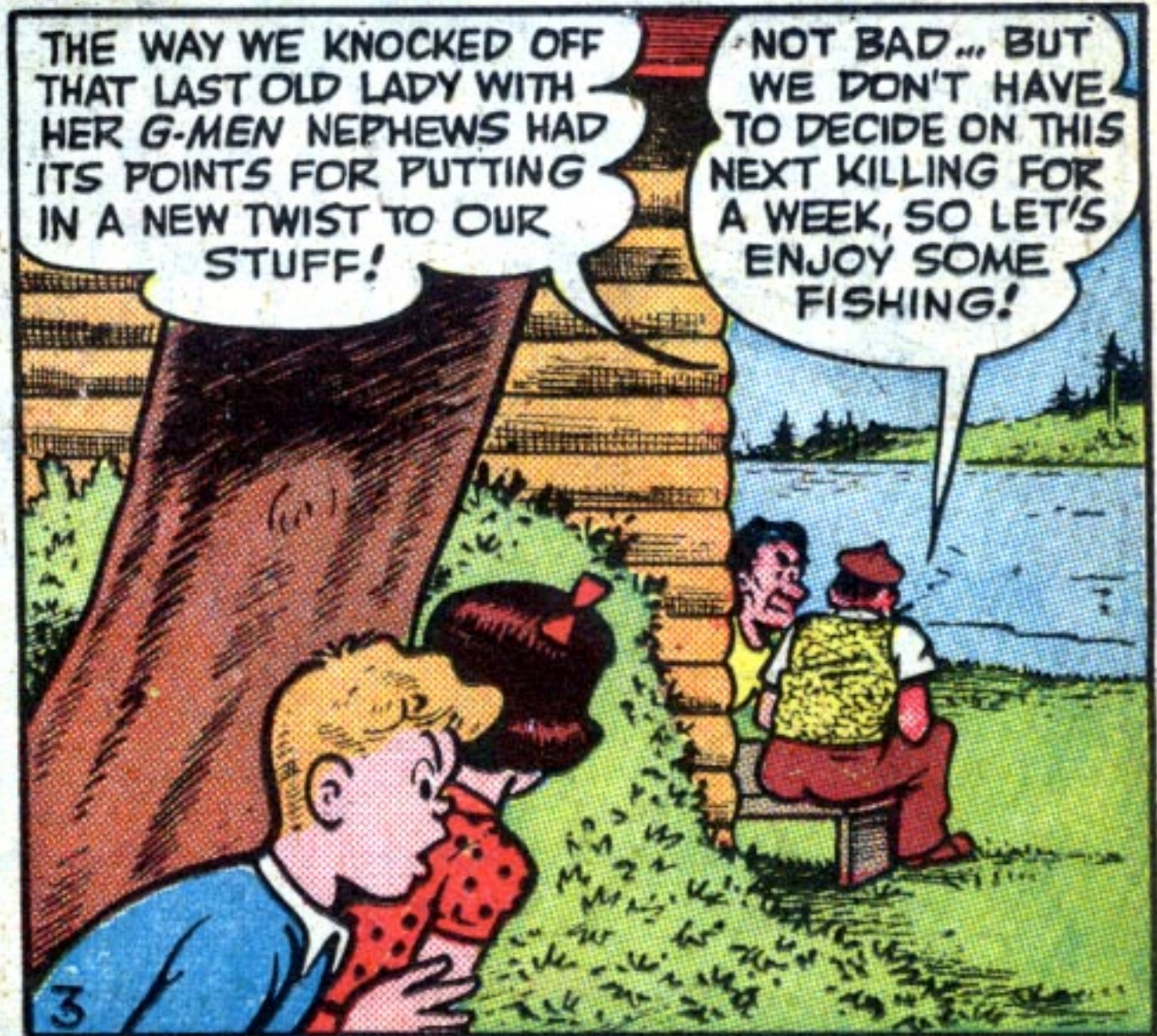
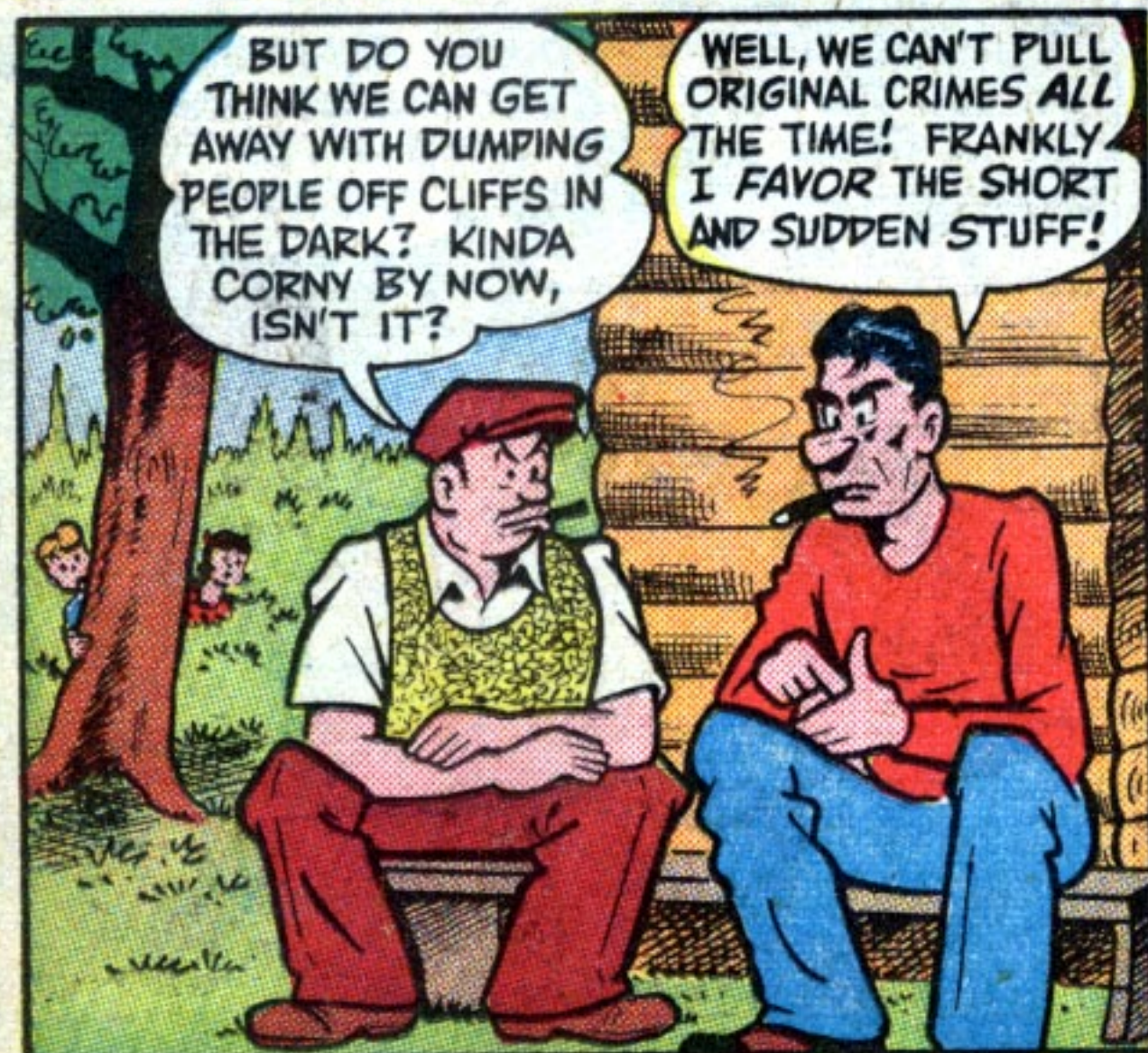
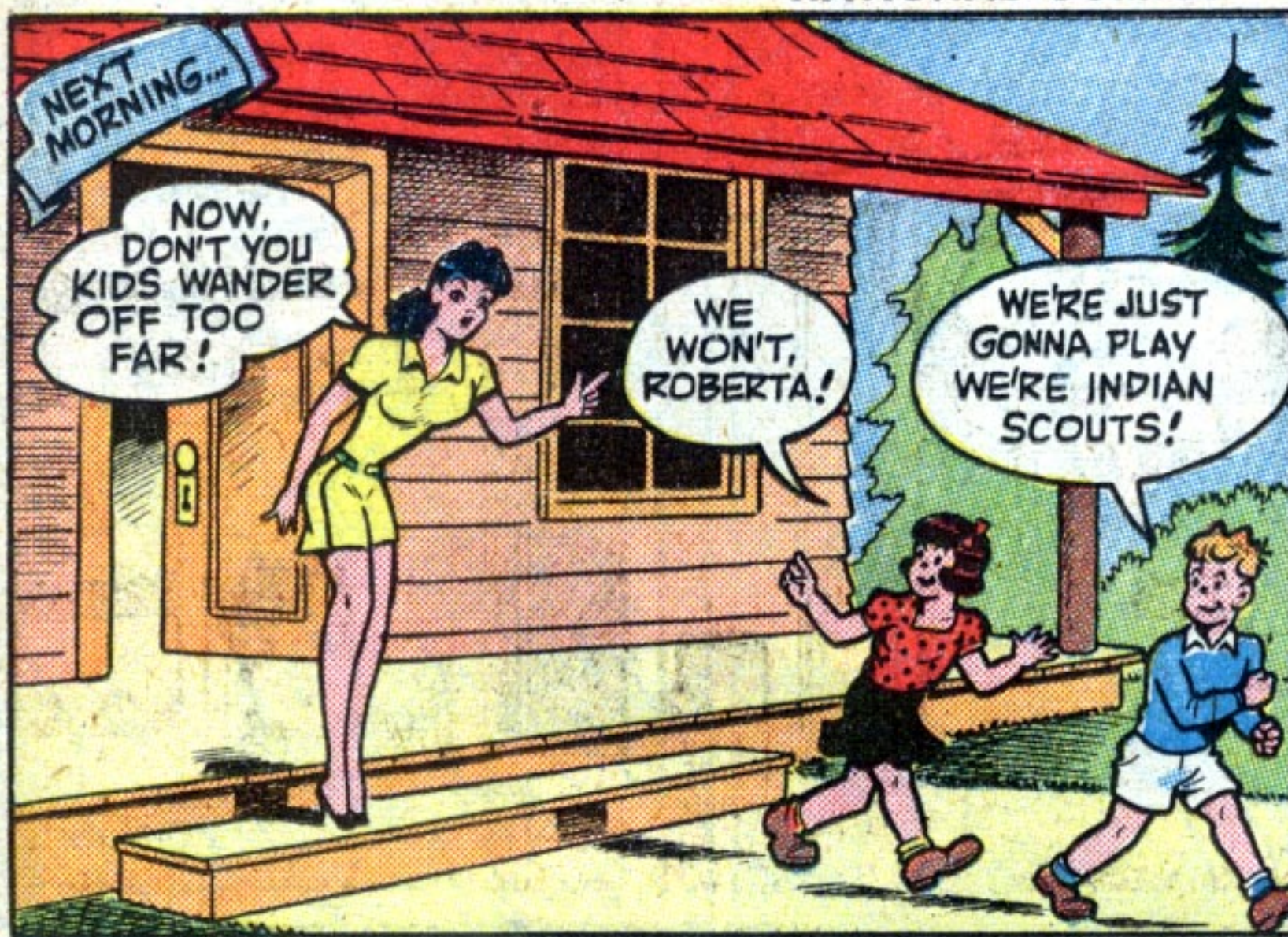
YEAH, IT DOES LOOK KINDA SPOOKY!

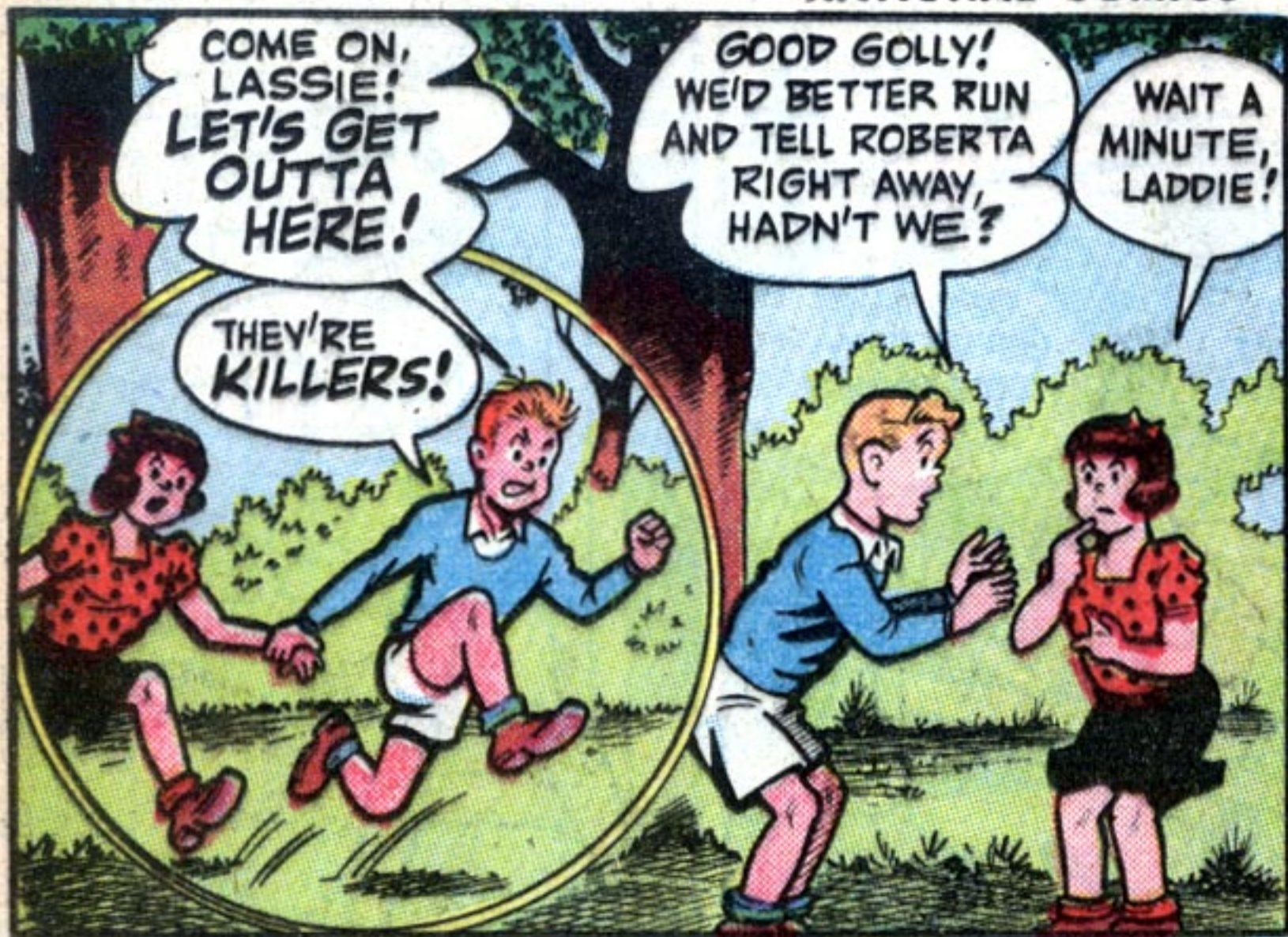
ARE THERE ANY WILD ANIMALS OVER THERE, MISTER?

MAYBE A FEW FOX AND SKUNK AND A B'AR OR TWO, BUT IT AIN'T THEM CRITTERS I'D BE A-FEARED OF! THAT ISLAND USED TO BE A BATTLEGROUND FOR IROQUOIS AND HURON INJUN TRIBES - AND THEY SAY GHOSTS OF SLAIN WARRIORS RAISE QUITE A RUMPUS THAR AT NIGHTS, ONCE THEY GITS STARTED! A BODY'S LIFE AIN'T SAFE THAR AFTER DARK, IF Y' ASK ME... NOT THAT I MEAN T' WORRY Y' NONE, MUM!







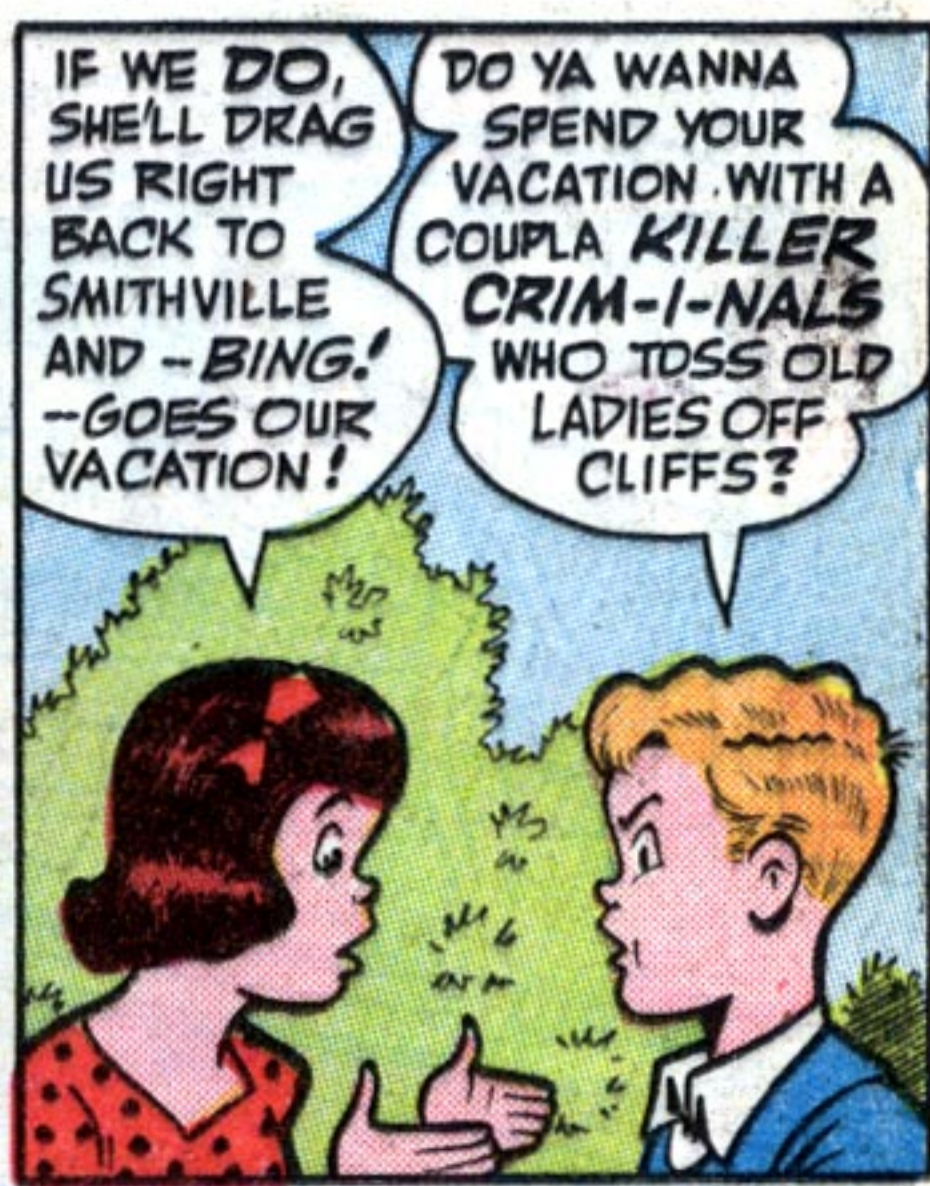


COME ON, LASSIE! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

THEY'RE KILLERS!

GOOD GOLLY! WE'D BETTER RUN AND TELL ROBERTA RIGHT AWAY, HADN'T WE?

WAIT A MINUTE, LADDIE!



IF WE DO, SHE'LL DRAG US RIGHT BACK TO SMITHVILLE AND - BING! - GOES OUR VACATION!

DO YA WANNA SPEND YOUR VACATION WITH A COUPLA KILLER CRIM-I-NALS WHO TOSS OLD LADIES OFF CLIFFS?



NO-O-O-O, BUT WE'RE JUNIOR G-MEN, AIN'T WE? AND JUST THINK HOW FAMOUS IT'D MAKE US IF WE COULD TAIL 'EM AND GET EVIDENCE ON 'EM FOR THE POLICE!

THERE MIGHT BE A BIG REWARD, TOO, BUT... WELL-L-L-L-L, IT KINDA SCARES ME TO THINK OF IT!

BUCK UP! REMEMBER, THEY SAID THEY WOULDN'T DO THEIR NEXT KILLIN' FOR A WEEK, ANYWAY!

OKAY, BUT I CAN'T FIGGER WHY I ALWAYS LET YOU TALK ME INTO THESE THINGS!

BUT, SAY... WE GOT NO AUTHOR-RIETY! WE LEFT OUR BADGES BACK HOME!

MAYBE WE CAN BUY A COUPLE IN THE VILLAGE! WE CAN GET THAT OLD GUIDE TO ROW US OVER!

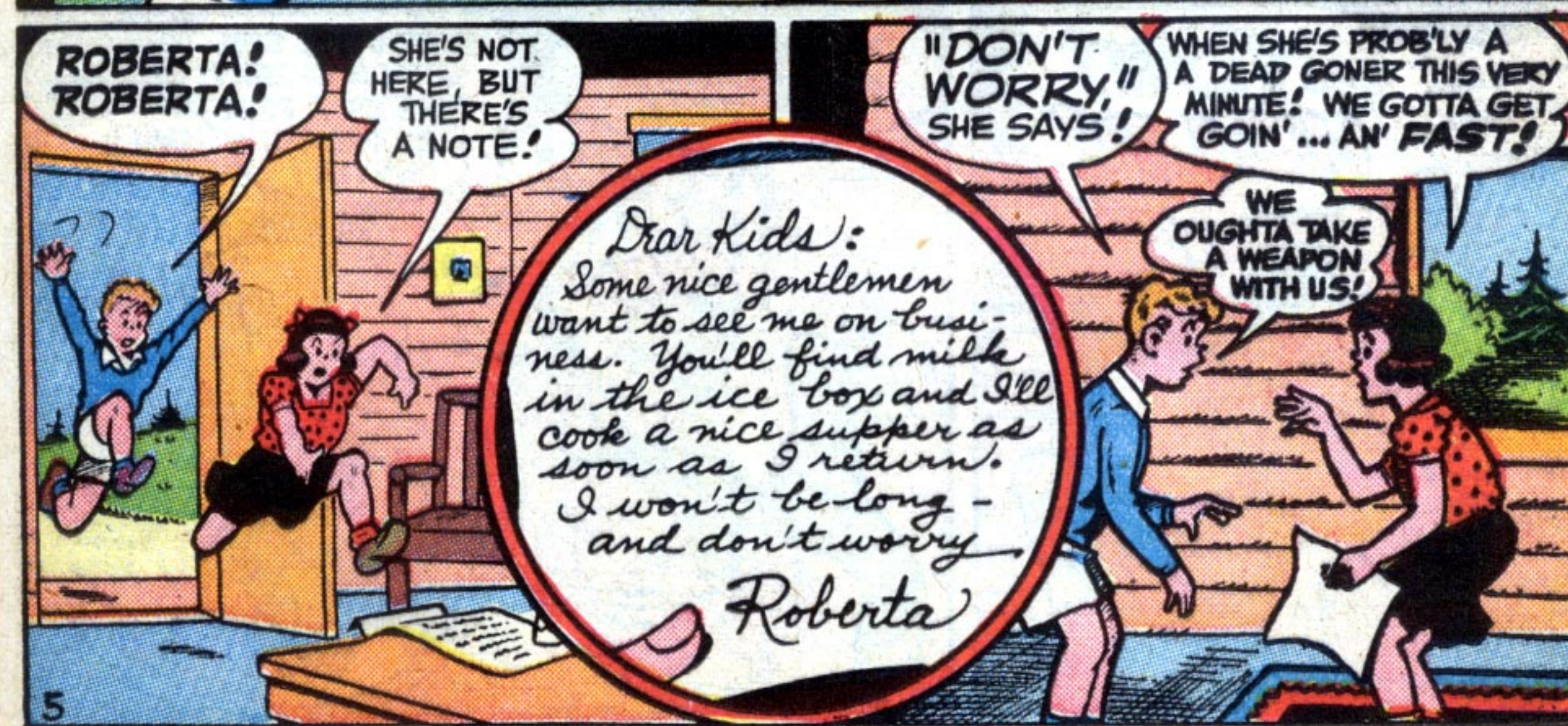
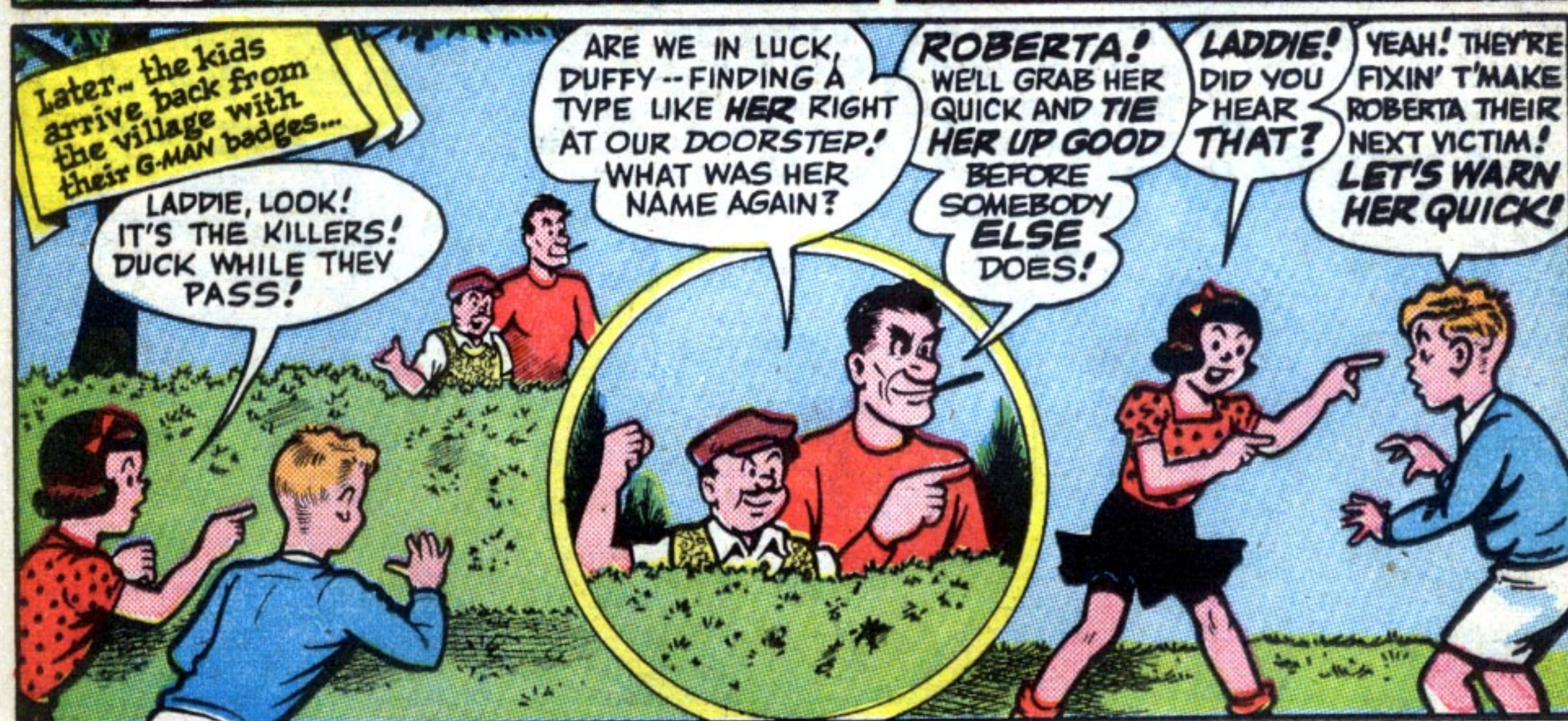


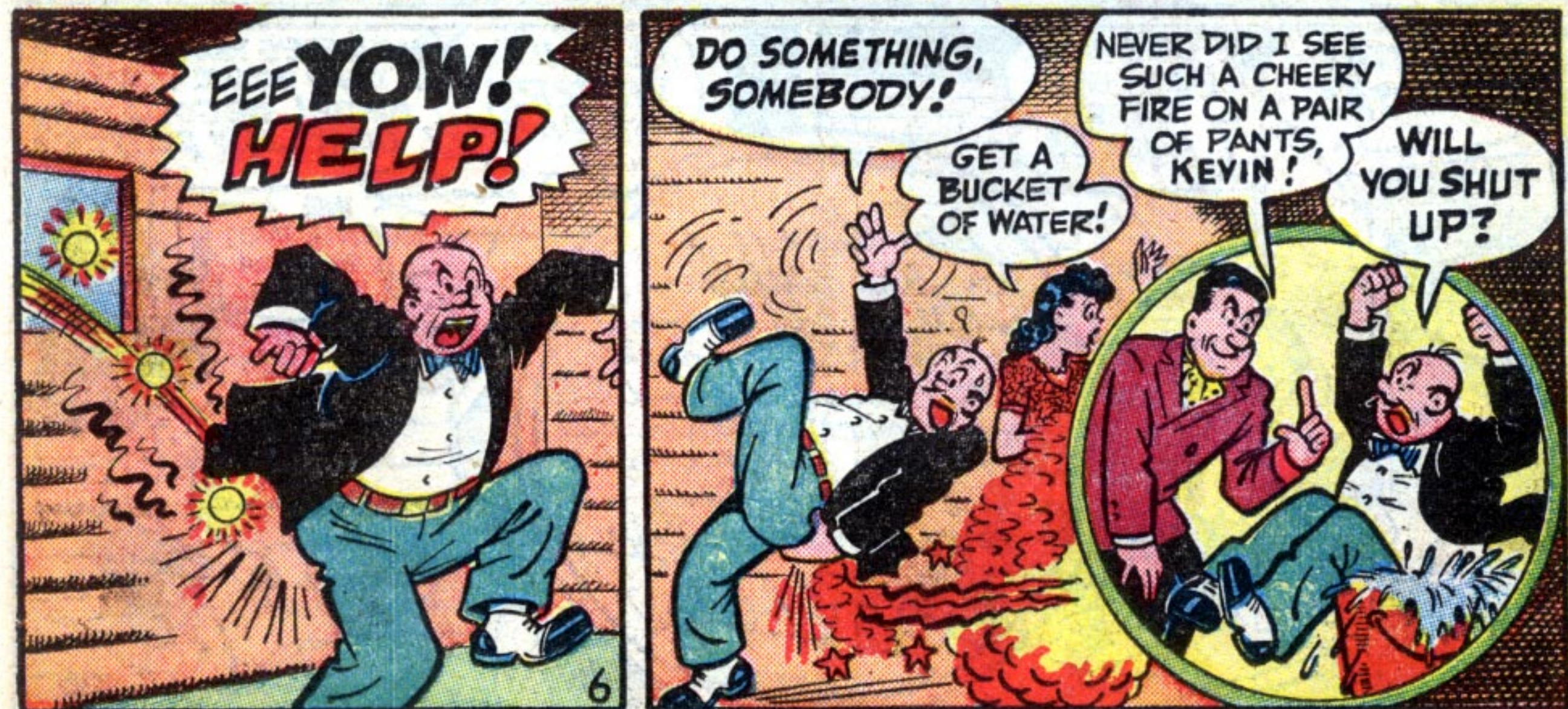
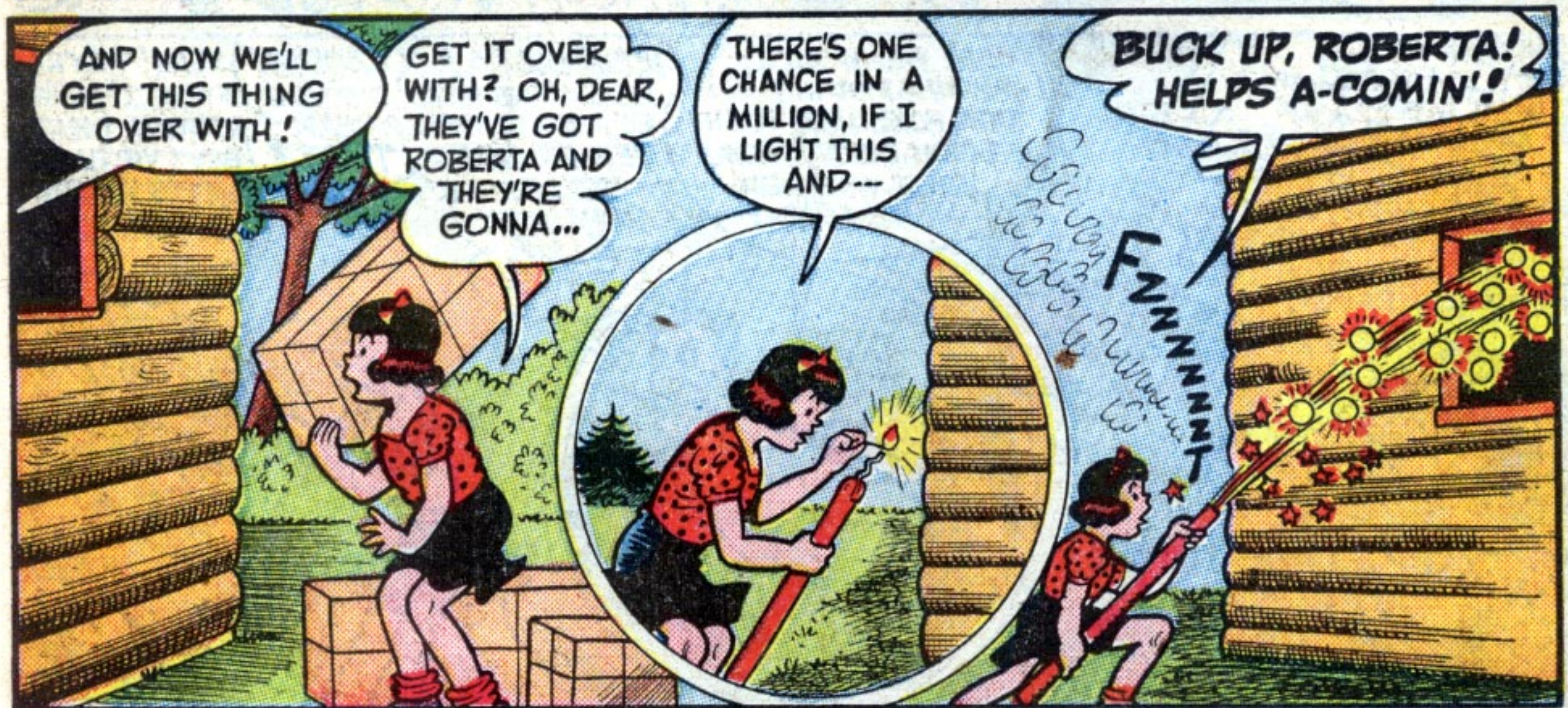
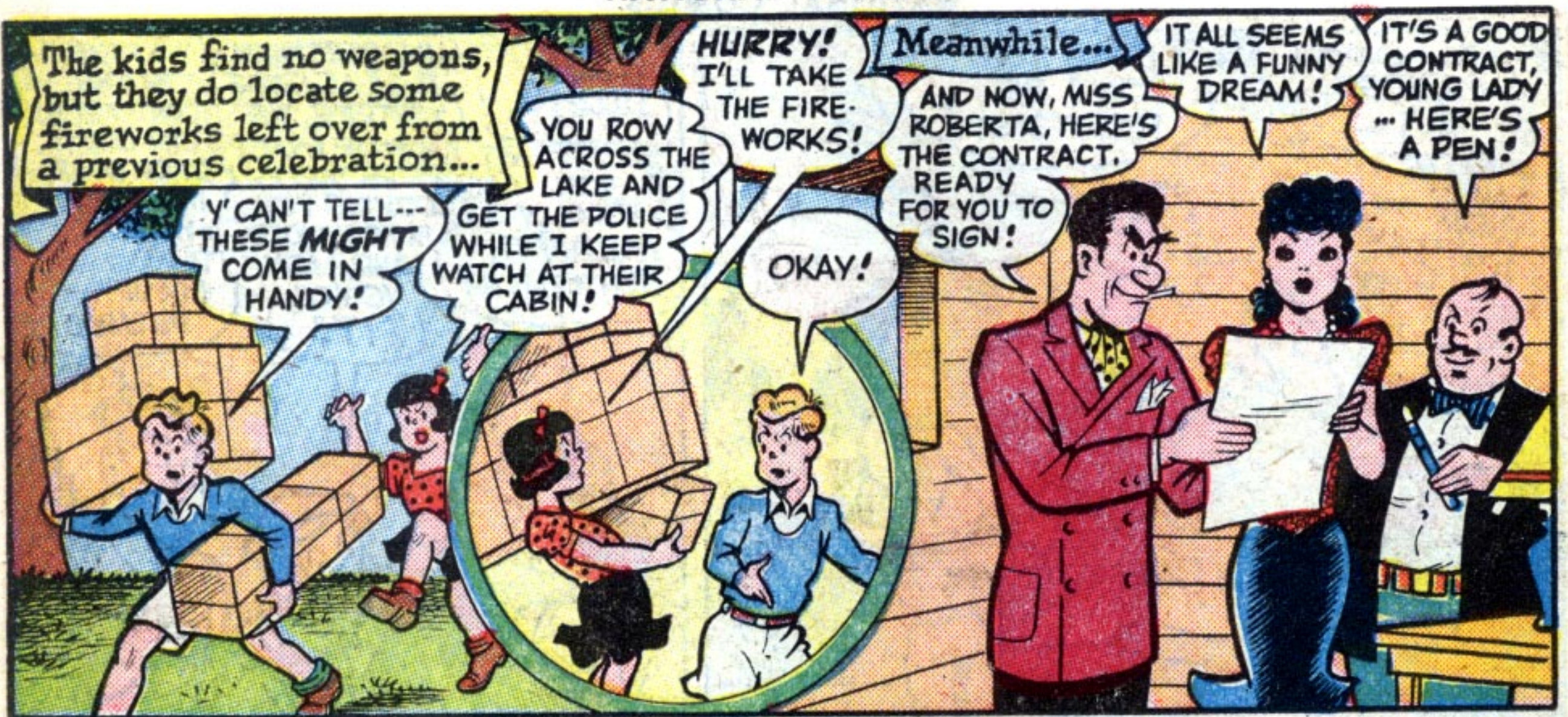
While the kids are in the village buying badges, Roberta is blissfully ignorant of the events taking place....

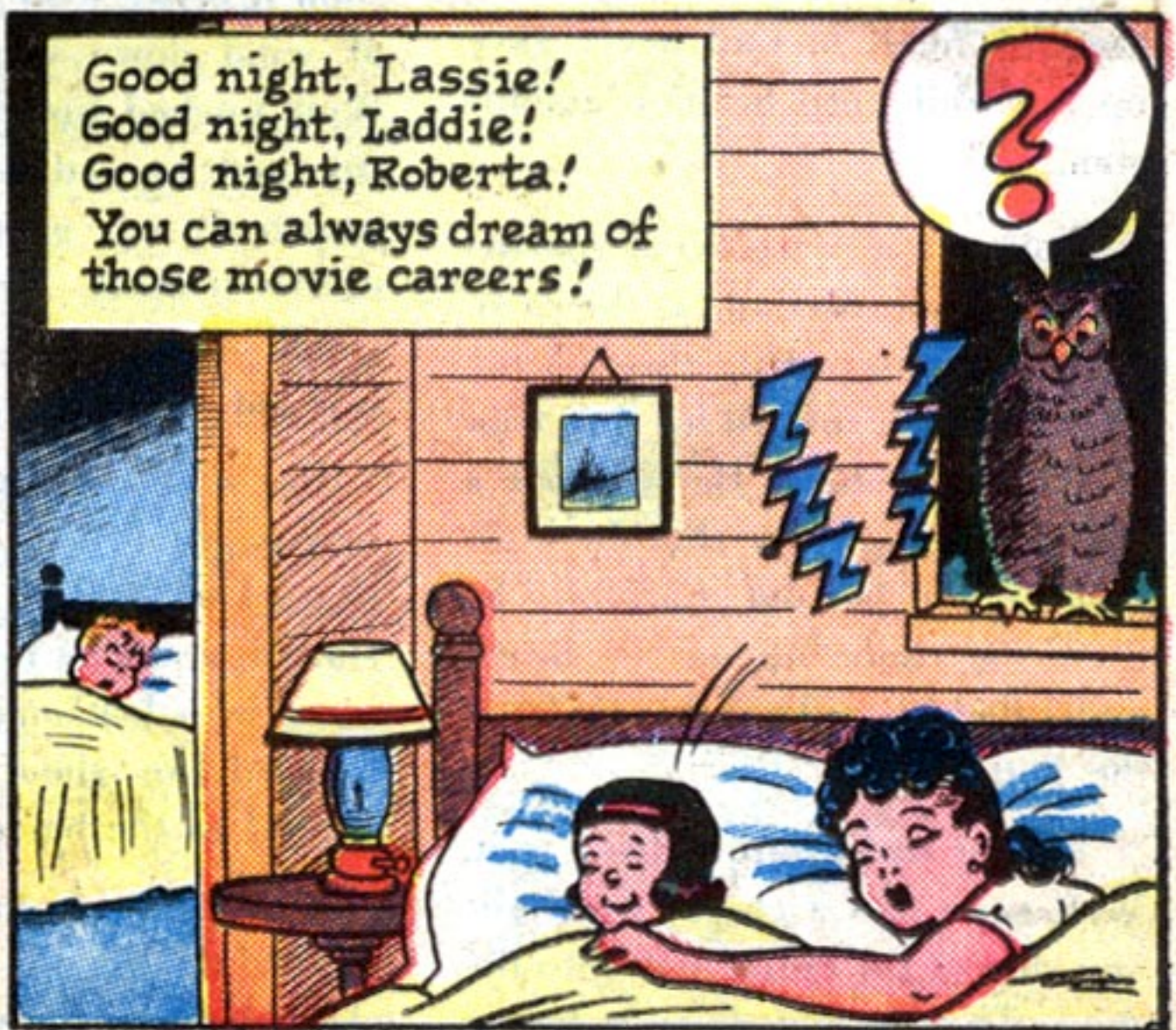
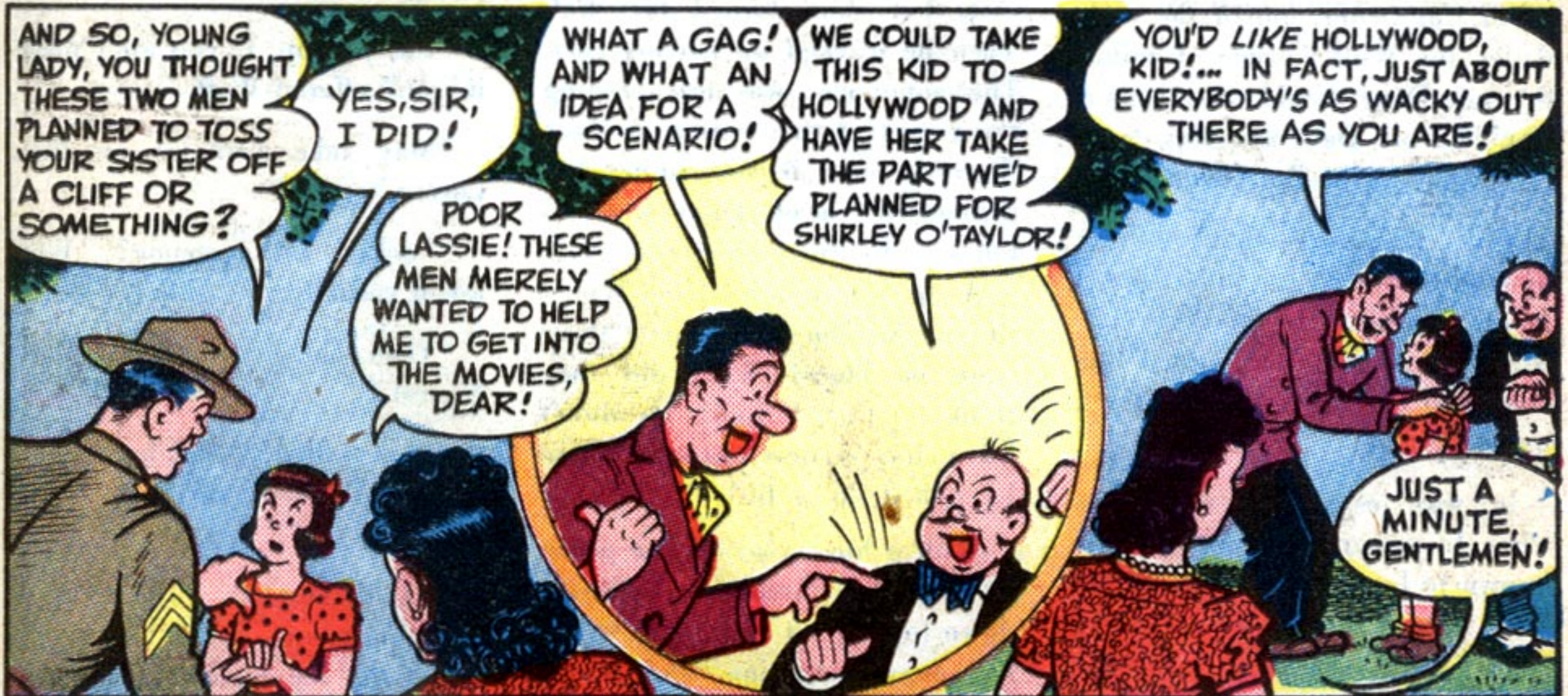
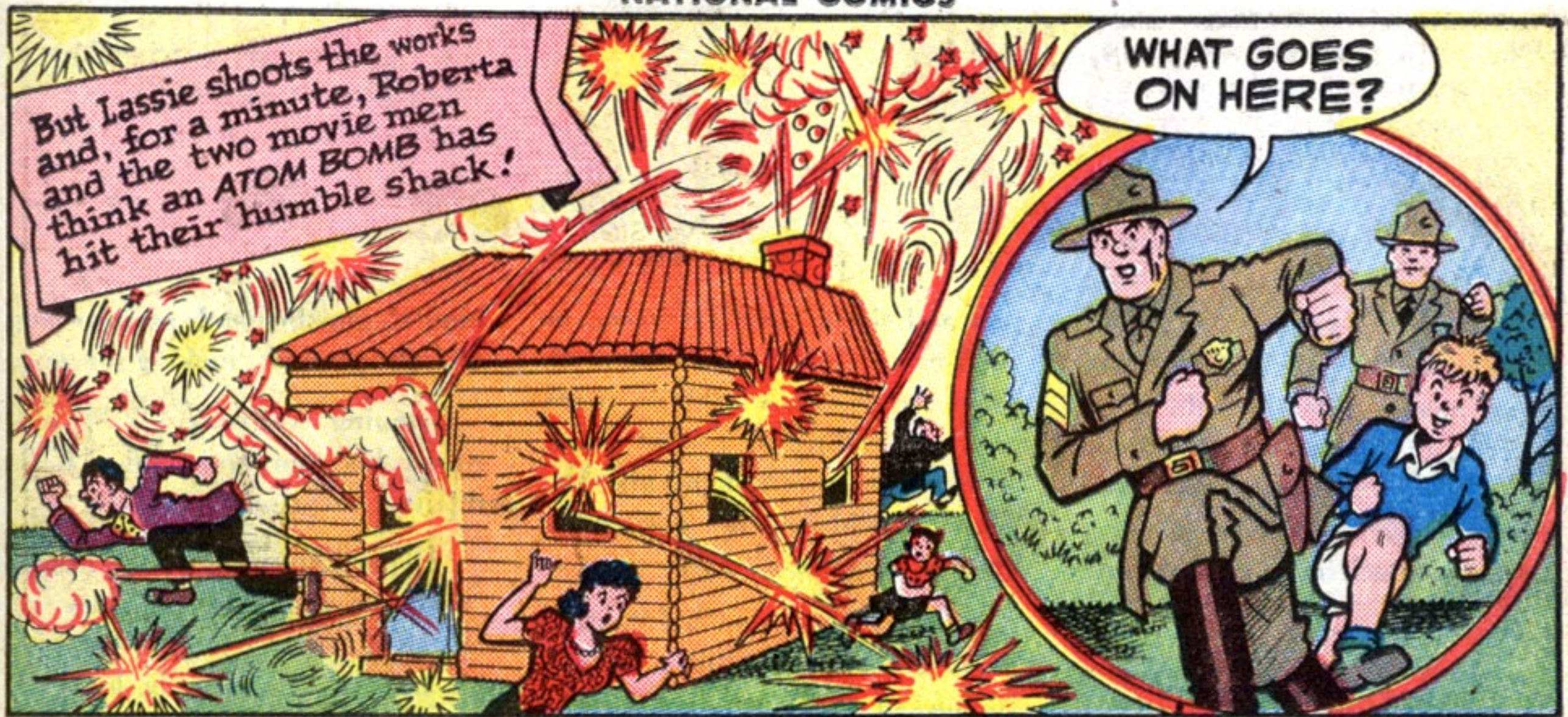
IT'S SUCH A BRIGHT, WARM DAY, I THINK I'LL TAKE A SUN-BATH!

KEVIN KLIEGWILLIE, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

DUFFY McWARNER, I CERTAINLY DO... AND WE'RE NABBING HER RIGHT NOW!







WOLF BREED

JIM LARSEN—known as 'Wolf'—kept the bow of the trim canoe headed into the wild white water. Jim was an expert canoe-man. He was an expert shot. And it may as well be known now that he was a murderer.

Not that being a murderer caused Wolf any pangs of remorse. The man he had shot was better, far better, out of the way. Better for Wolf's peace of mind. Because Dane would never again trouble Wolf. Dane was very dead, back there in his Rat River cabin.

Wolf was sure that nothing pointed to him as the killer. But a fellow couldn't be too careful, when the Northwest Mounted was known to be on the loose in these woods.

It was especially dangerous when Inspector Lance McCall was known to be in the woods. McCall knew the bush. He was a canny chap with a keen nose for clues. Fugitives seldom got away from him for long. McCall never gave up the trail until he had 'got his man.'

Wolf wasn't worrying particularly about McCall as he paddled his canoe swiftly through the river, heading toward his own cabin on the Nenana. He whistled a snatch of song as he shot the craft inshore and got out. Carefully he drew the canoe up on the beach and lifted his rifle and pack from the bottom.

The air had a nip of frost in it. Wolf soon had a cheery fire built and shoved the coffee pot onto the stove. Then he got down a frying

pan and sliced some fat bacon in it. A can of baked beans followed. Then while these things were cooking, sending off a sweet smell, Wolf made sourdough biscuits. These he slid into the oven on a hickery shingle.

Wolf snapped on his battery radio before he sat down to eat. He picked up a Montreal broadcast, but soon turned the dial. Then he pricked up his big ears. The announcer was broadcasting the report of the finding of Dane Sigrest's body in his cabin, shot through the head. There were no clues as to his murderer.

A chuckle rumbled from Wolf's throat. No clues. Of course there were no clues! What did they think he was, a fool? He didn't leave clues scattered around where he pulled off a little job.

With a huge roaring fire going in the stone fireplace, Wolf sat down for a quiet evening. A storm had been gathering, and pretty soon it broke with a wild snarling of wind down over the tundras. Wolf hitched his chair closer the fire and toasted his feet on the hearth. It was good to be in out of the tempest. He pitied, in his small, crass way, anyone who was out in this blizzard.

He was reading a month-old newspaper when there came a sharp knocking at his door. Wolf started, reaching for the pistol that hung in a belt on the mantel. He buckled this about him, then advanced to the barred door.

With a quick movement, Wolf slipped the bar out and let the door shove inward. He was standing be-

hind it, gun in hand, as Inspector McCall entered, looking around.

Grinning wolfishly, Wolf holstered his gun and said, "Well, this is a surprise, McCall!"

"Hello, Larsen," said the officer. "Cold out to-night." He removed his vivid red coat and stood with his back to it, warming his blue hands.

"Put you up, if you ain't pushin' on," offered Wolf.

"May take you up on that, Larsen."

"Lookin' for someone?" Wolf asked casually.

"Yeah. The guy that killed Dane Sigrest."

"Dane killed!" exclaimed Wolf in well-feigned surprise. "You don't say so!"

McCall nodded. "Don't know anything about it, do you?" he asked the big man.

"Me? Heck no. Not that I'm gonna shed any tears over Dane. Never liked the man."

"I know. A lot of people know that, Larsen. You and Dane weren't good friends."

Wolf narrowed his eyes. "You ain't meanin' anything by that, are you, McCall?"

"Oh, no, no, Larsen. Just thought I'd ask you. I found your snowshoe tracks in the vicinity of his cabin, is all."

A flicker of annoyance crossed Wolf's face. "My tracks? How do you know they was mine?"

McCall indicated the long, racy snowshoes standing near the door. "Know 'em by the webbing. Yours are different than anybody's around here."

Wolf's hand wasn't far from his gun butt. "I don't like your insinuation, McCall. What if I was near Dane's cabin? Prob'ly a lot of people were. They's a lot of trappers around here. Indians mebbe."

McCall nodded, smiling. "I know your shoes are Indian-made," he said pointedly. "And they're just like the ones the Crees wear. Only there's a difference. Yours have a particular webbing, which you put in yourself, probably to make them stronger. Right?"

Wolf snarled, "So that makes me the killer, eh."

McCall held up a hand. "Take it easy, Larsen. I said nothing of the kind. I only wanted to be sure you had been near Dane's cabin recently. I'm not accusing you."

"You'd better not!" snapped Wolf.

Wolf set out another plate and heated what was left over. McCall sat down and ate quietly. There was a tenseness over the two men, a watchfulness. And the eyes of each never left the other's movements.

When he had finished drinking a steaming cup of coffee, McCall got up and strode to the corner where Wolf's rifle stood. Casually he picked it up, broke it and extracted a shell.

"Hm," he said musingly. "A 30-06. Not many of that calibre up here. Funny, it was a 30-06 slug they dug out of Dane's head."

McCall replaced the rifle and his right hand started toward his pocket. Wolf was jumpy. He mis-

judged the move. His revolver leaped into his hand and roared. McCall, clutching at his breast, reeled and tottered, then stumbled toward a chair. He slumped down with a groan.

"You shouldn't have done that, Larsen. Th-the slug wasn't a 30-06; it was a 45. I just said that so—" McCall toppled to the floor and lay still, a red foam on his lips.

Wolf cursed. So McCall had nothing on him, after all! Good heavens, what a mess he'd made of things now!

But then McCall had no business saying that. It had cost him his life. Wolf started. He was in for it now. You didn't pot a mountie without terrible results. He'd have to do something about McCall's body. But what?

A thought struck Wolf. He was about finished up here. He'd simply disappear. Go over the border. That would solve everything. The storm would obliterate the tracks McCall said he had seen near Dane's cabin. No one else knew about them. But the body...

Ah, yes he was finished with this cabin now. It would be an easy matter to burn it. Being a frugal man, Wolf went through the dead man's pockets, lifted out a sizeable roll and pocketed it. He didn't touch the valuable wrist watch; too incriminating. Nor anything else belonging to McCall. He left him lying just where he had fallen.

Hurriedly packing his things, Wolf scattered fire everywhere, lighted the bedclothes, and set fire to the shack roof. With the howling wind, it would make a fine blaze. Then Wolf left the cabin, closing the door.

When he was several miles away, he could still see the red

glow in the sky from the burning cabin. That fire would burn everything, even McCall!

One thing Wolf Larsen hadn't reckoned with was fate. A few days later he was trekking through heavy drifts when he chanced to glance over his shoulder to see a tiny bobbing speck black against the snow. He halted and lifted his glasses to his eyes. The dot leaped into view. It was a Mountie. He wore a long fur overcoat, and he was making fair time on his snowshoes.

Wolf cursed under his breath. Was the man following him? But no. Why should he be?

Wolf pulled off from the trail and squatted behind some bushes. Quickly the Mountie drew nearer. It was a member of the Force Wolf didn't recognize. There was a menacing set to the man's jaw. The Mountie came up even with the bushes and stopped. He called, "Come out with your hands up, Larsen. I'm arresting you for the murder of Officer McCall."

Wolf gasped. How—

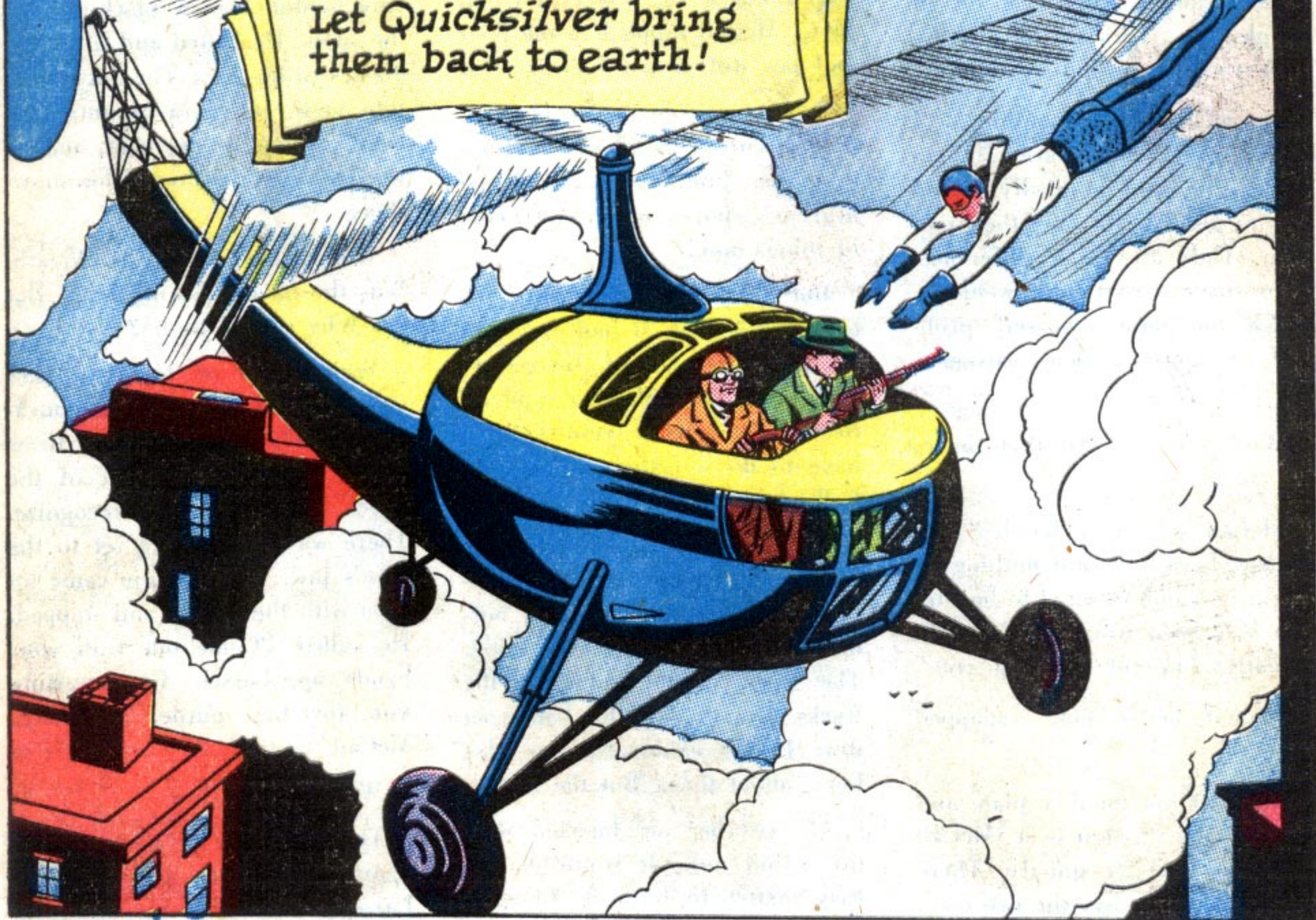
The Mountie's voice came again: "That fire was no good, Larsen. It burned everything except McCall's identification disk. Otherwise it would have been unrecognizable. Are you coming out peacefully?"

Wolf, his eyes slitted, lifted his rifle and trained it on the Mountie's breast. Was he coming out! What a laugh! He pulled the trigger. The rear knocked him backward several feet, one side of his face blown away.

Wolf Larsen had met his fate. His rifle had been stuck in the snow, which had frozen in the muzzle. The shot had backfired, blowing the breech out—and Wolf's brains.

QUICKSILVER

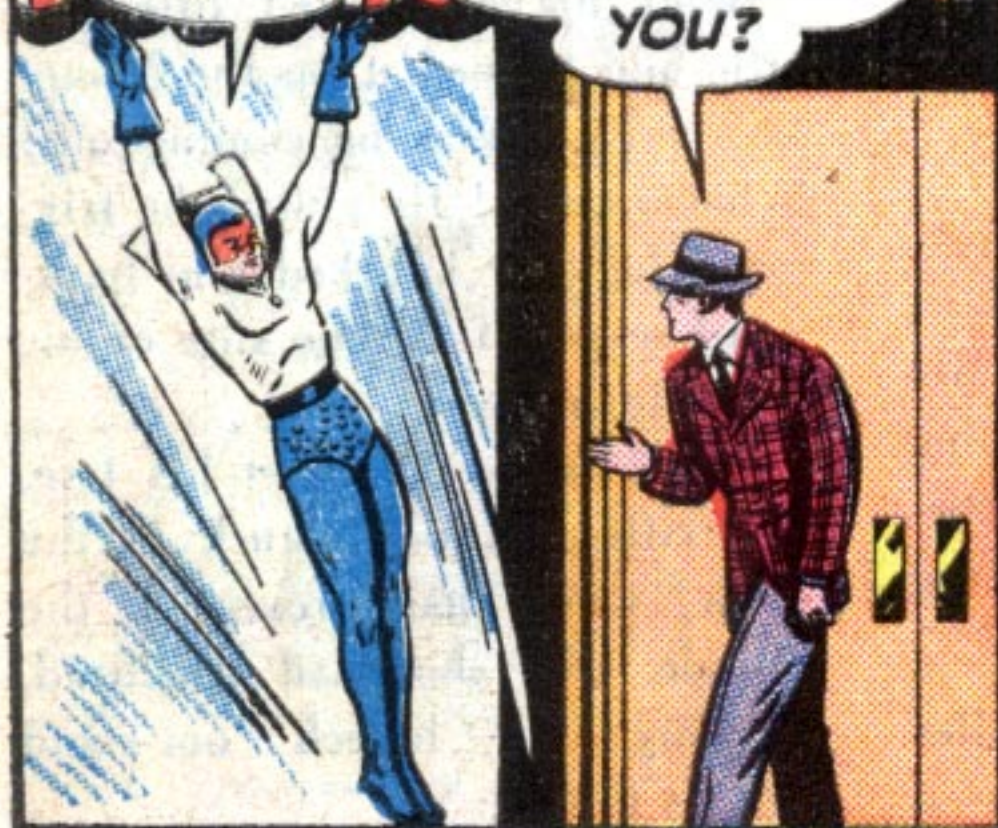
Crime takes to the air ---
Let Quicksilver bring
them back to earth!



Quicksilver has been trailing
a certain master hi-jacker....

GOT YOU,
RODSBY!

LOOKING FOR ME,
QUICKSILVER? I
WAS LOOKING FOR
YOU?



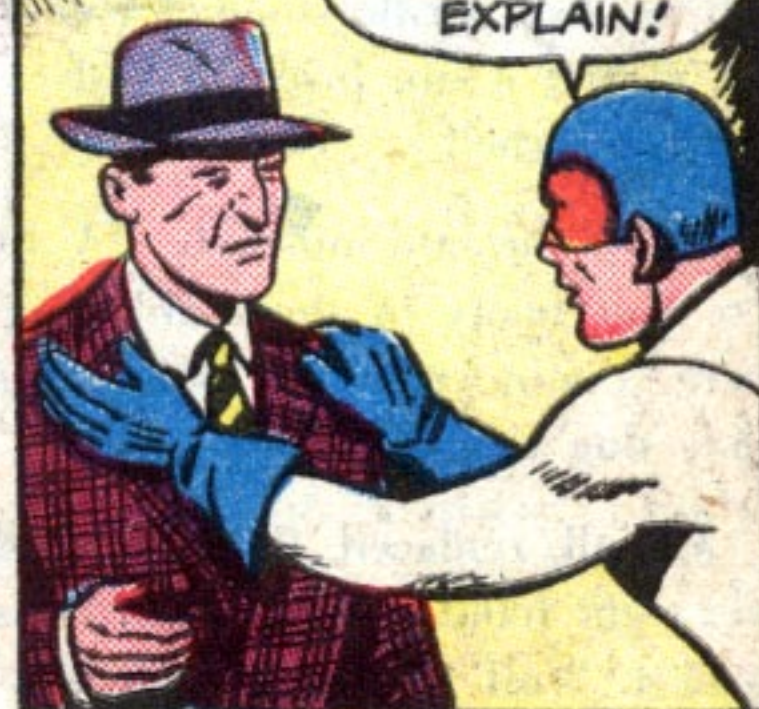
YOU'RE TOUGH ON US HEISTERS,
BUT YOU'RE SQUARE! TAKE ME
DOWN TO THE POKEY AND
LOCK ME UP!

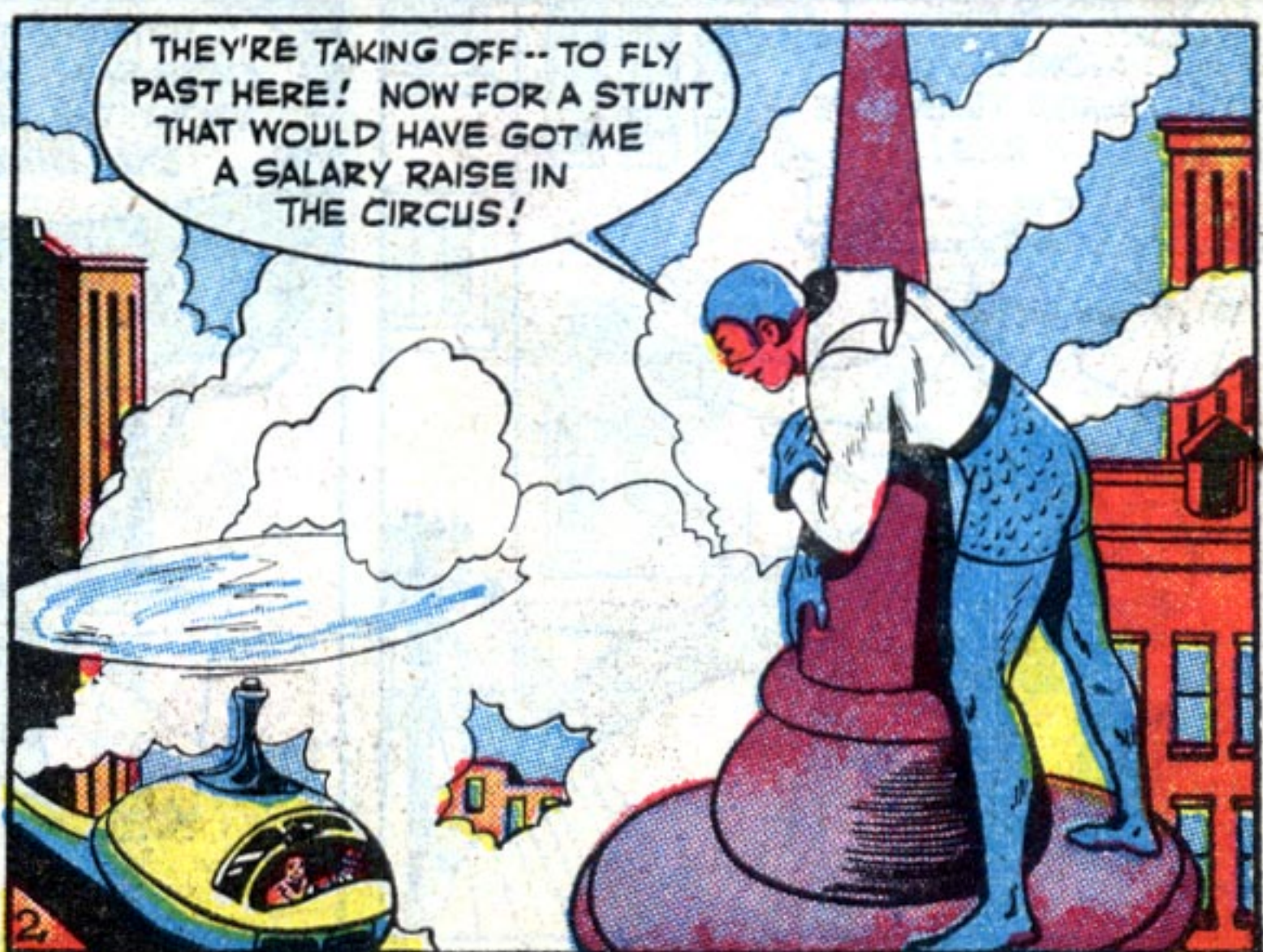
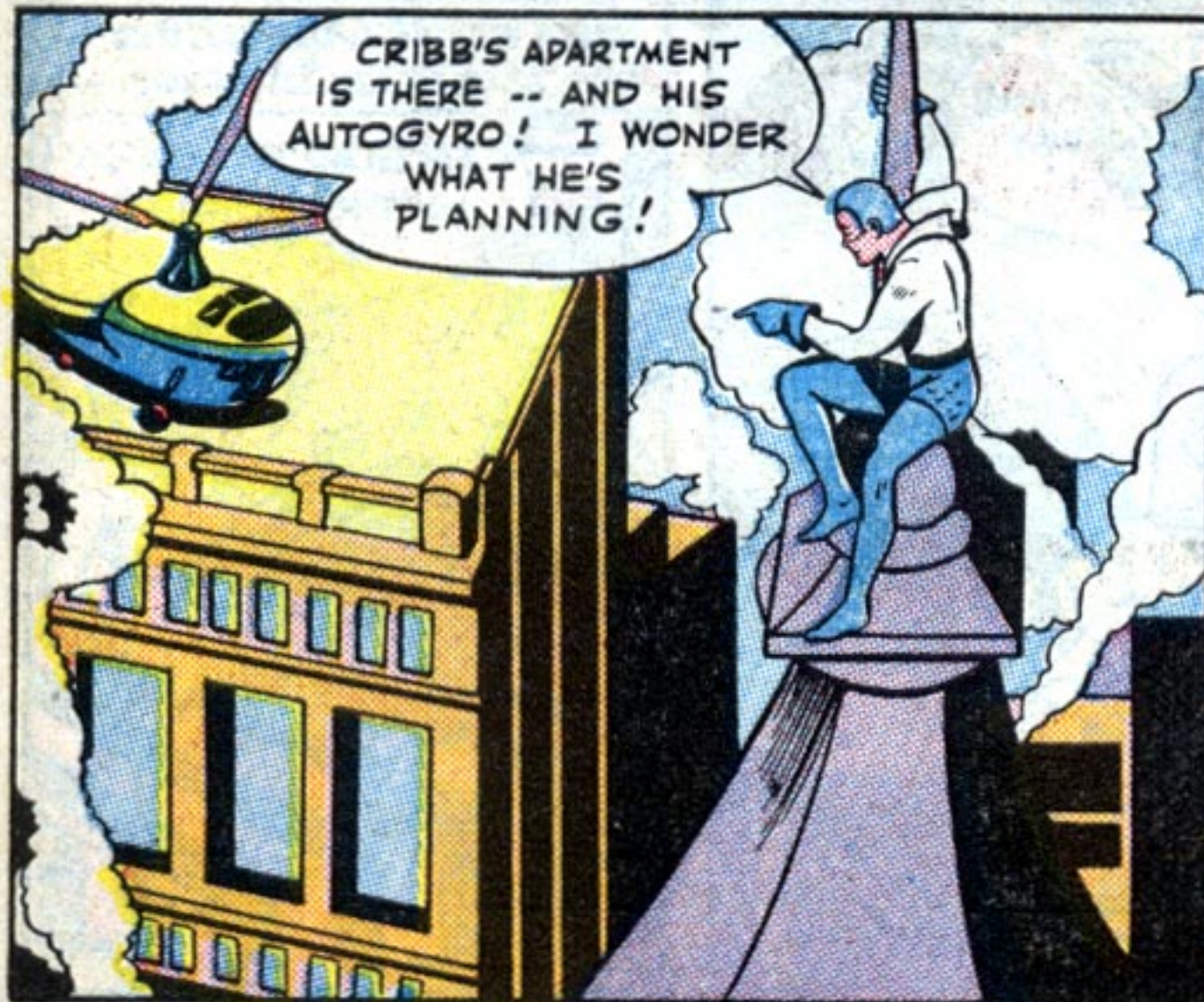
YOU WERE
ON THE WAY TO
SURRENDER?
WHY?

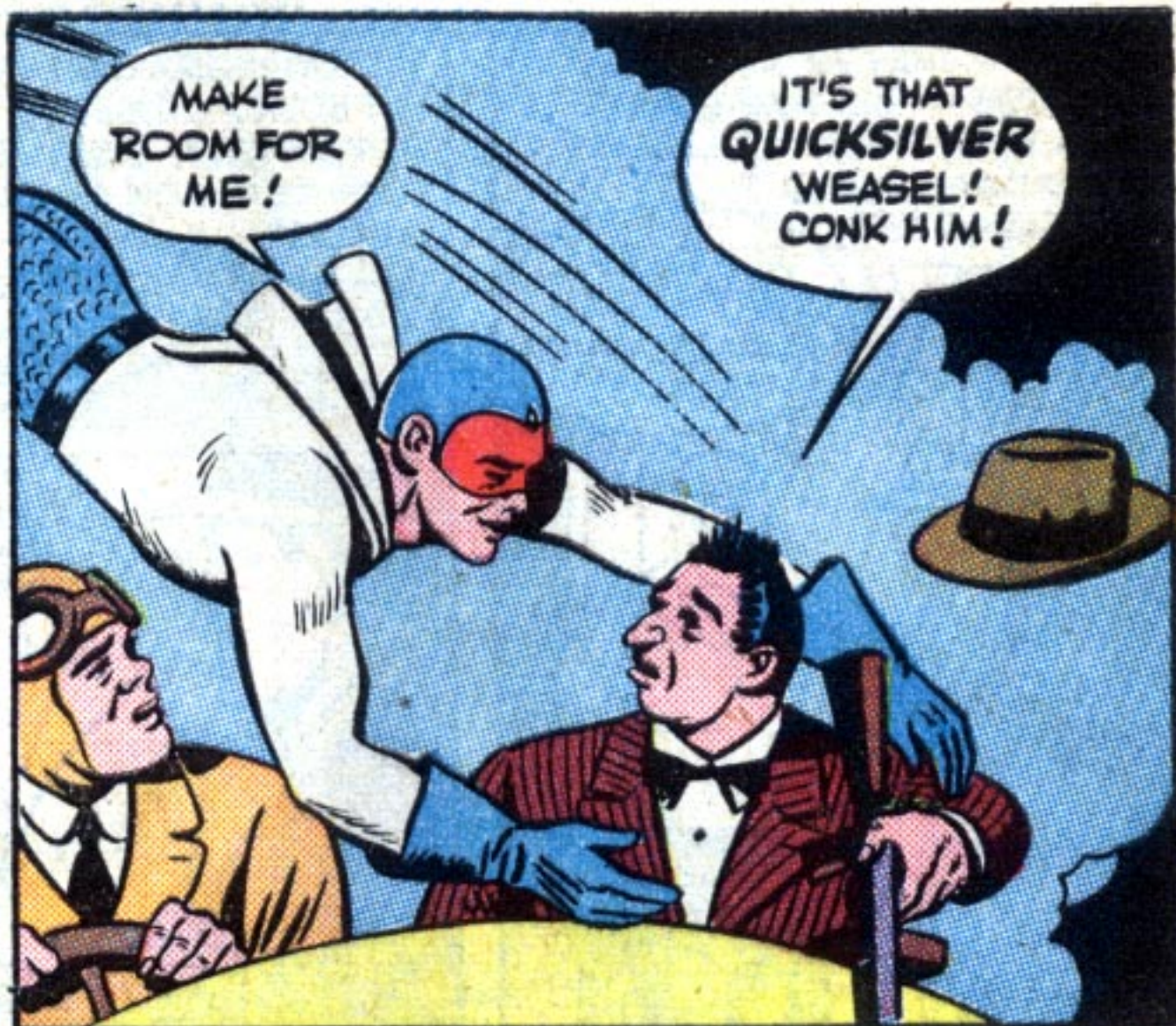
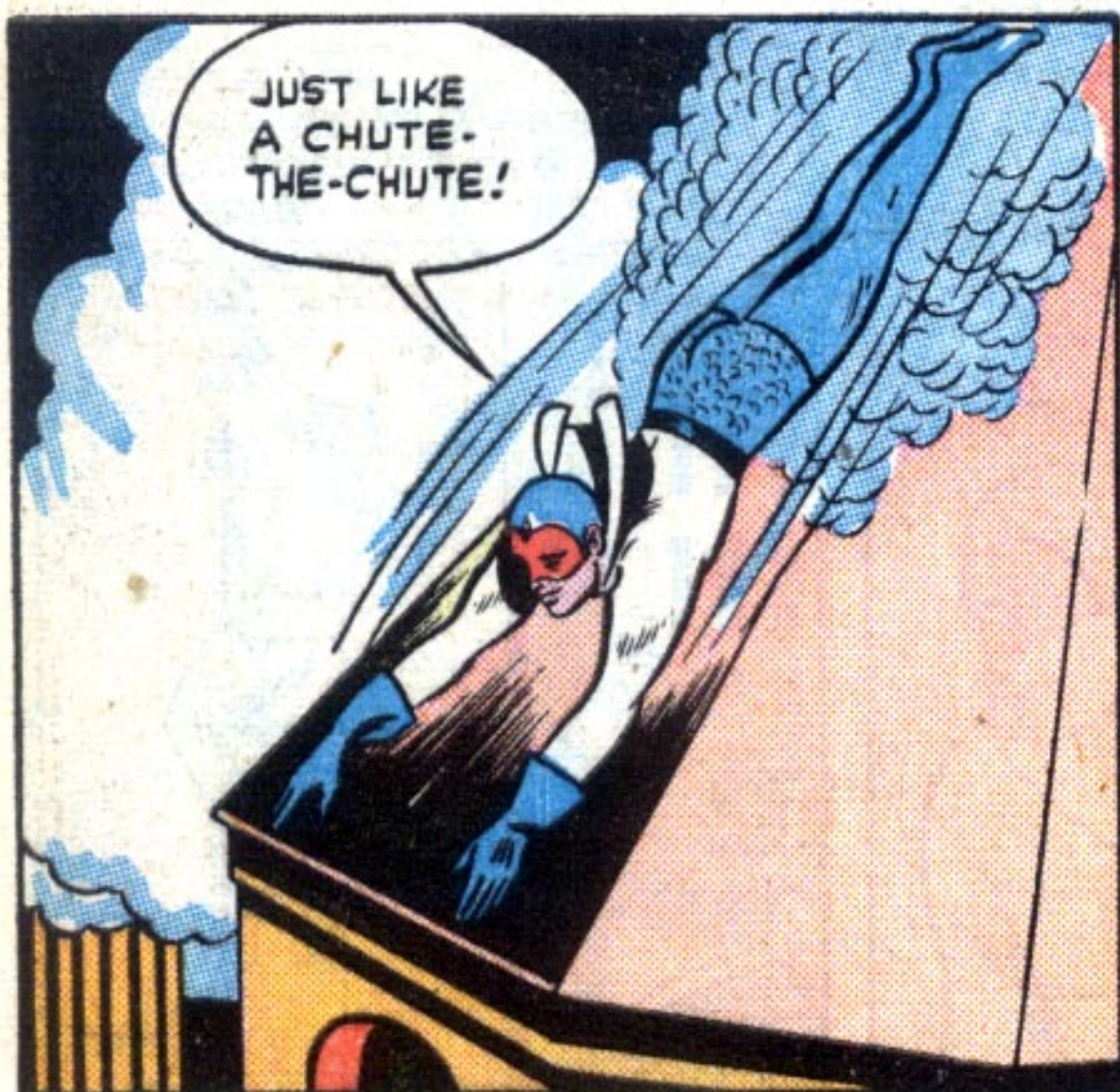


I'M A BACK NUMBER! OOOZED
OUT OF ALL MY RACKETS! AT
LEAST I CAN GET FOOD
AND A BED IN JAIL ---

YOU MEAN THAT
CRIME TODAY IS
TOO MODERN?
EXPLAIN!







An attempt to telephone ...

PLEASE
CENTRAL! IT'S
A MATTER
OF UTMOST
IMPORTANCE!

I AM SOR-REE!
MR. KICKSHAW HAS
A PRIVATE NUMBER!
WE ARE NOT ALLOWED
TO DI-VULGE IT!



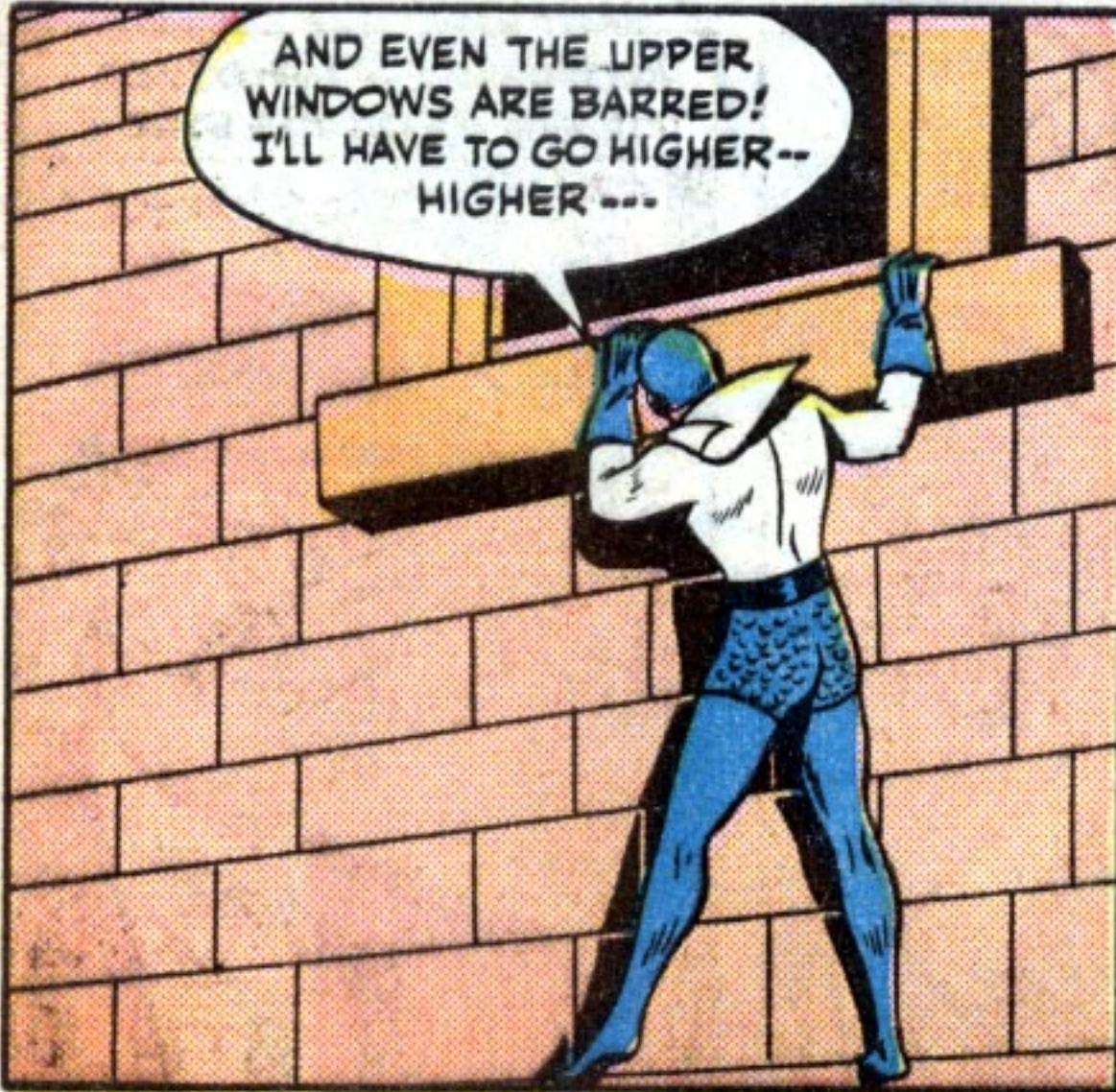
Next -- The Kickshaw Building ...

YOU
MUST LET
ME IN!

I DON'T HAVE
TO DO ANYTHING
EXCEPT OBEY MR. KICKSHAW'S
ORDERS -- WHICH ARE TO
KEEP THIS PLACE LOCKED!
SCRAM!



AND EVEN THE UPPER
WINDOWS ARE BARRED!
I'LL HAVE TO GO HIGHER--
HIGHER ---



-- CLEAR
TO THE
TOP!



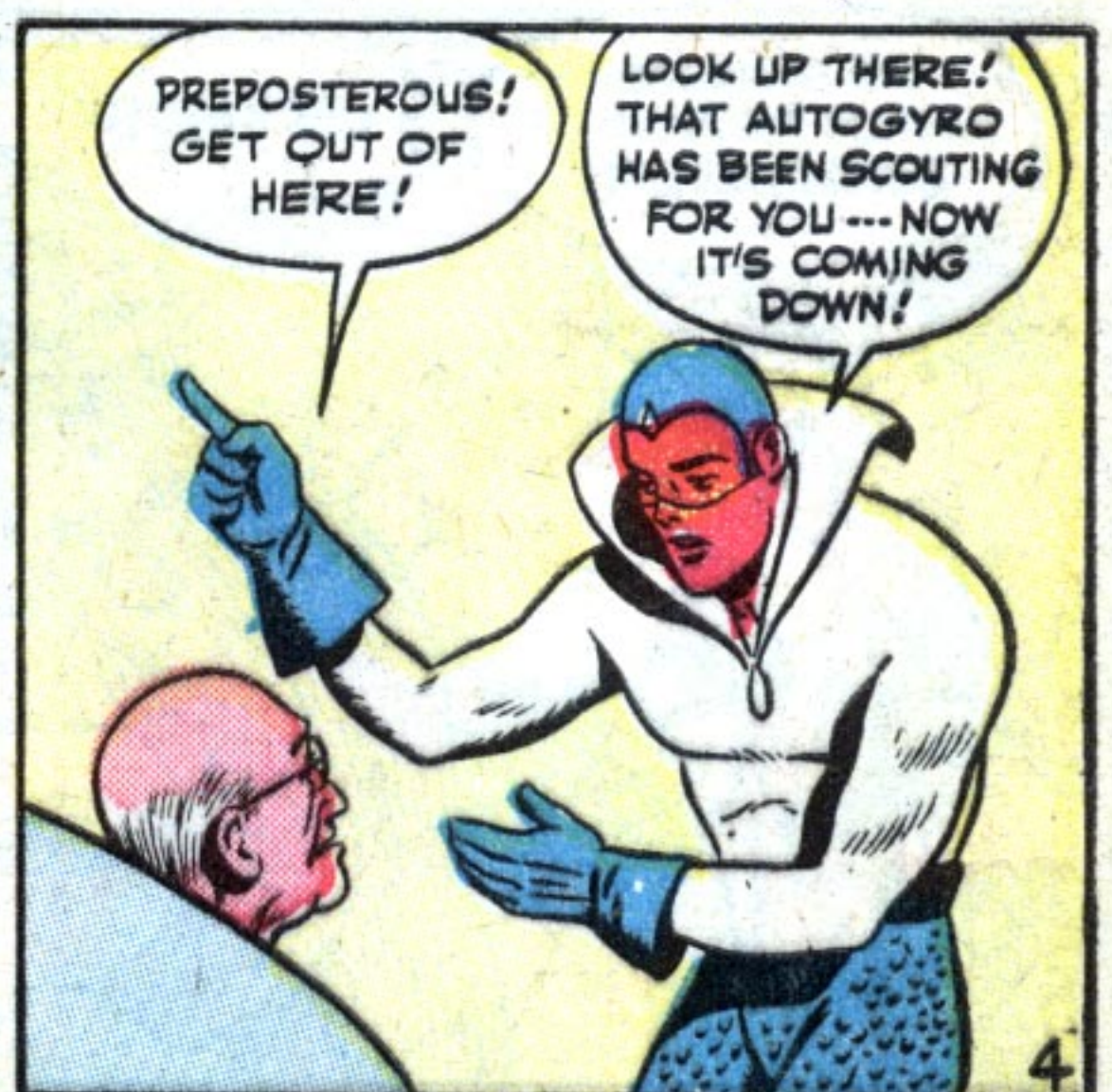
HOW DARE YOU,
YOUNG MAN? THIS
ROOF IS MY PRIVATE
PROPERTY!

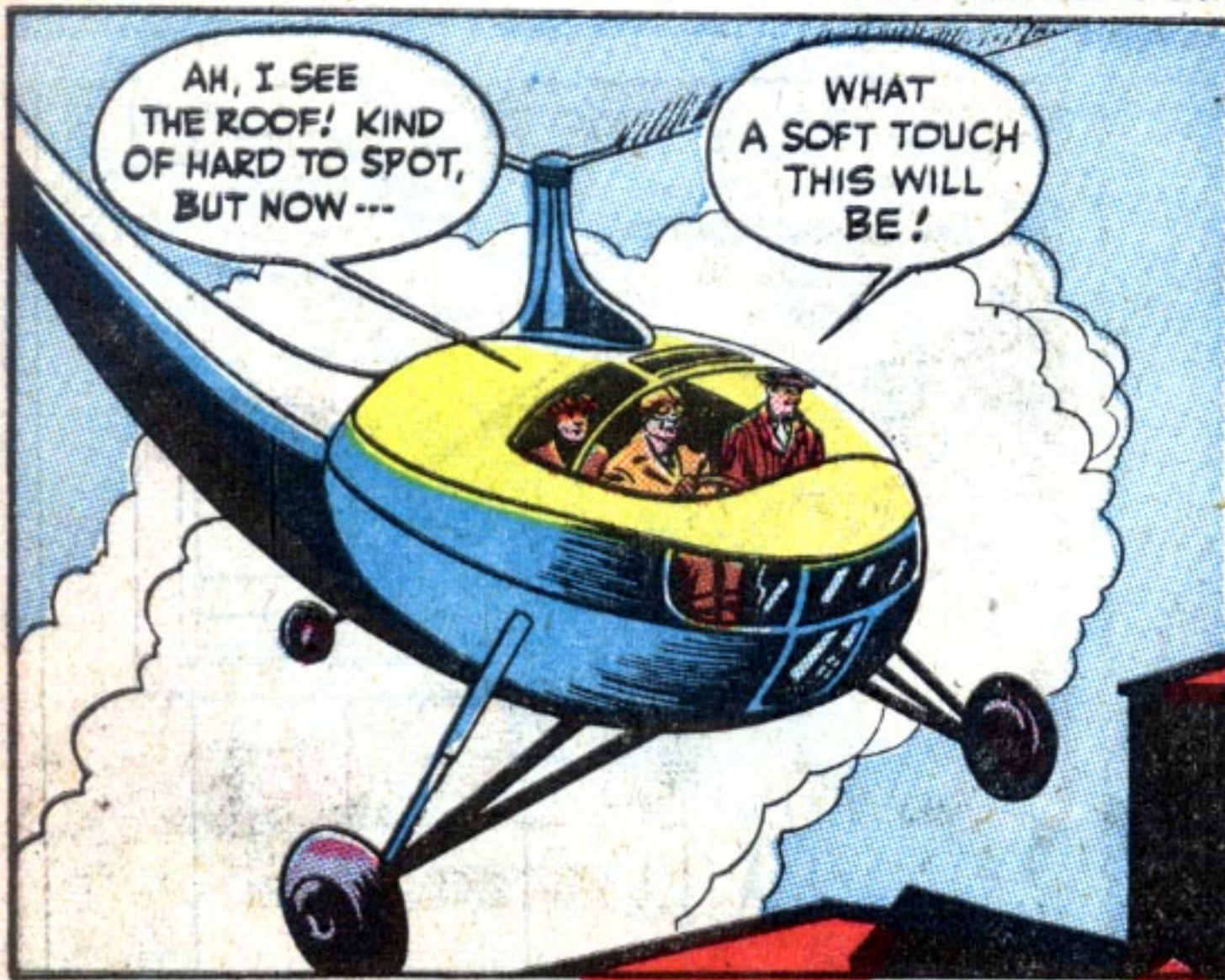
THEN YOU'RE KICKSHAW!
I'VE COME TO HELP YOU!
YOU'RE DUE TO BE ROBBED
ANY MOMENT!



PREPOSTEROUS!
GET OUT OF
HERE!

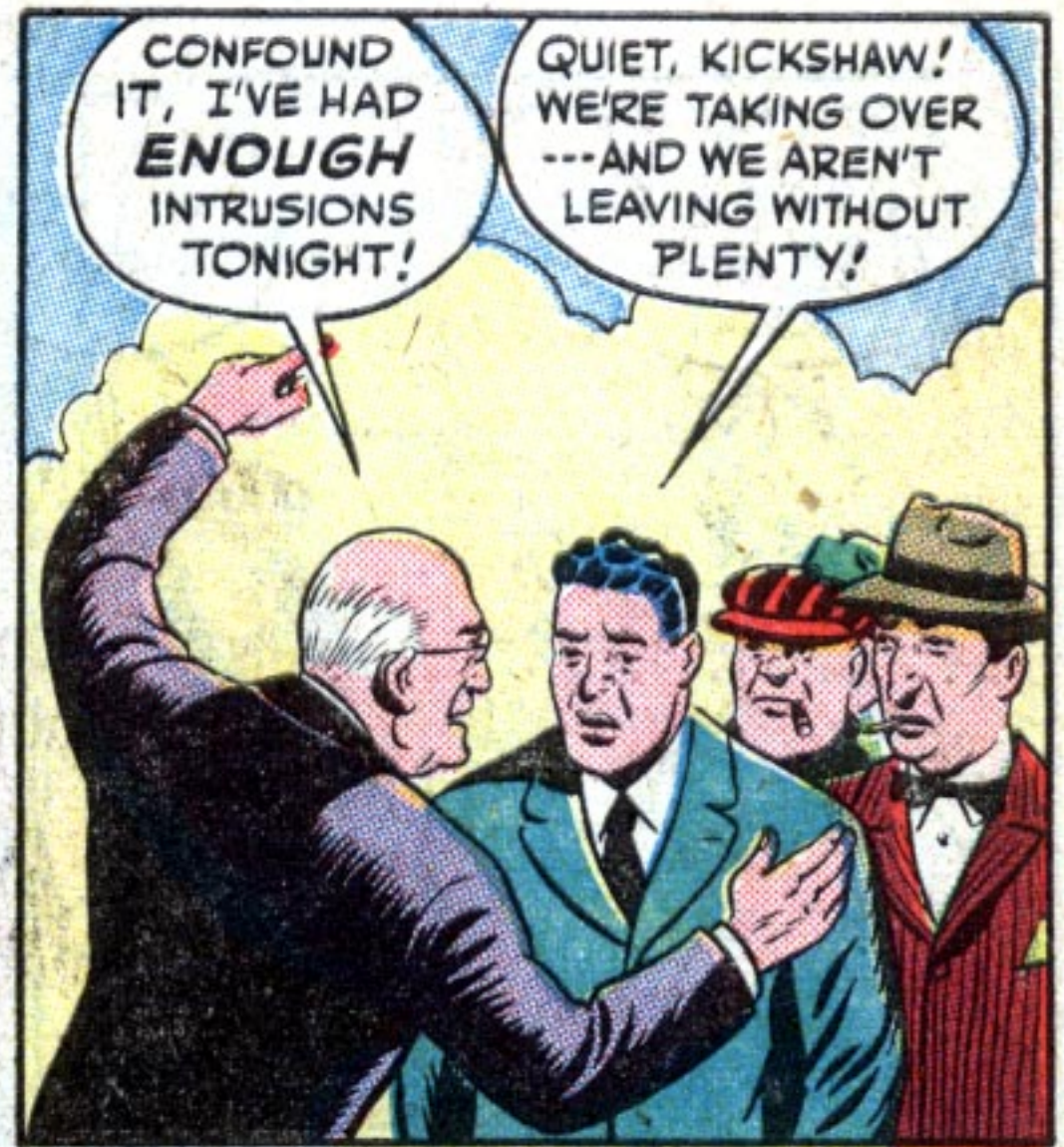
LOOK UP THERE!
THAT AUTOGYRO
HAS BEEN SCOUTING
FOR YOU --- NOW
IT'S COMING
DOWN!





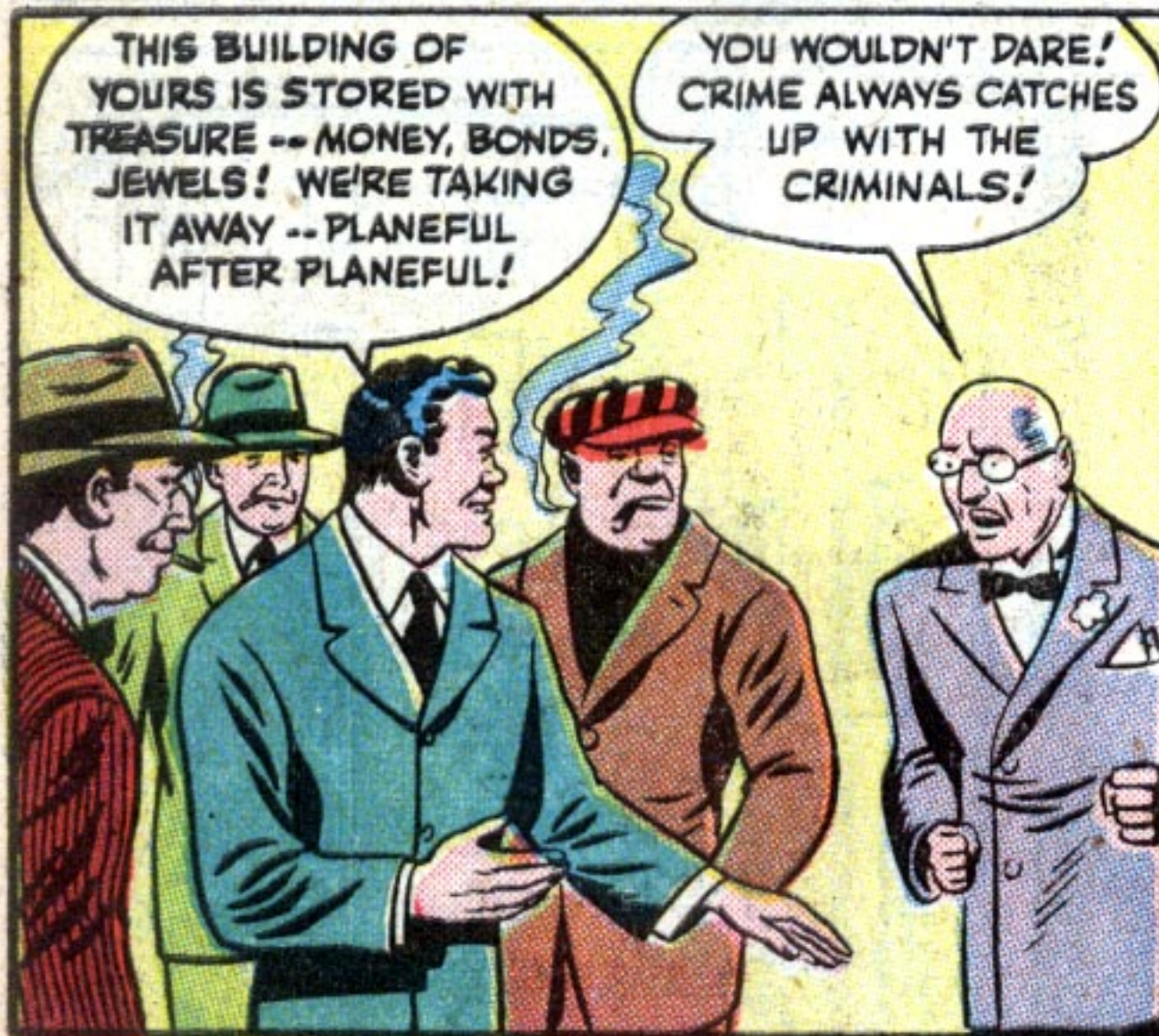
AH, I SEE THE ROOF! KIND OF HARD TO SPOT, BUT NOW ---

WHAT A SOFT TOUCH THIS WILL BE!



CONFOUND IT, I'VE HAD **ENOUGH** INTRUSIONS TONIGHT!

QUIET, KICKSHAW! WE'RE TAKING OVER ---AND WE AREN'T LEAVING WITHOUT PLENTY!



THIS BUILDING OF YOURS IS STORED WITH TREASURE -- MONEY, BONDS, JEWELS! WE'RE TAKING IT AWAY -- PLANEFUL AFTER PLANEFUL!

YOU WOULDN'T DARE! CRIME ALWAYS CATCHES UP WITH THE CRIMINALS!



WHAT A QUANT SUPERSTITION!

HAW! HAW! LIKE BELIEVING IN GHOSTS! MAYBE HE THINKS **QUICKSILVER'S SPOOK** WILL HAUNT US!



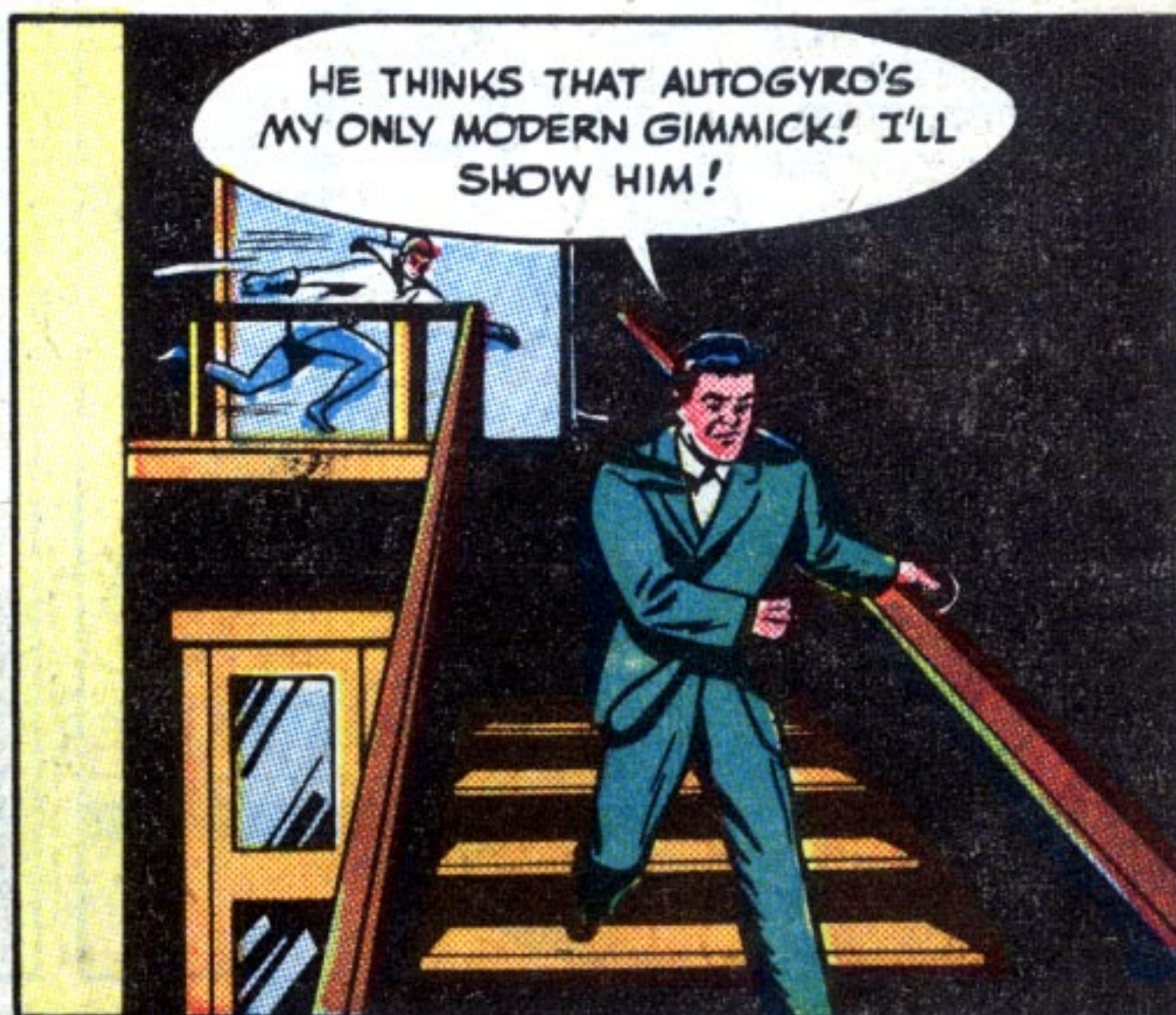
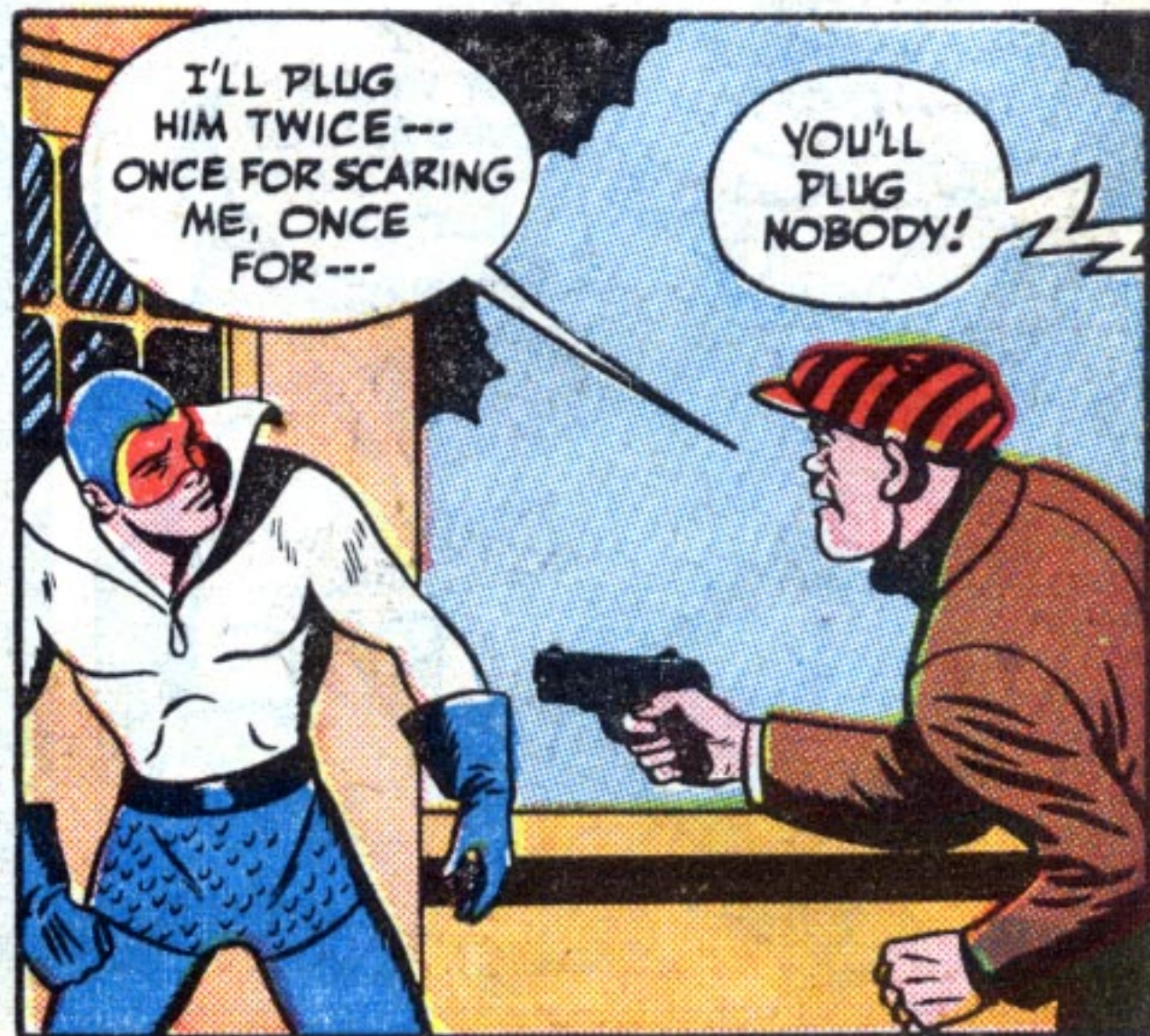
DID SOMEONE MENTION THE NAME OF **QUICKSILVER**?

YEEEEEEIKE!



IT IS A GHOST... **HELP!**

LET'S SEE HOW MUCH LEAD A GHOST CAN CARRY!



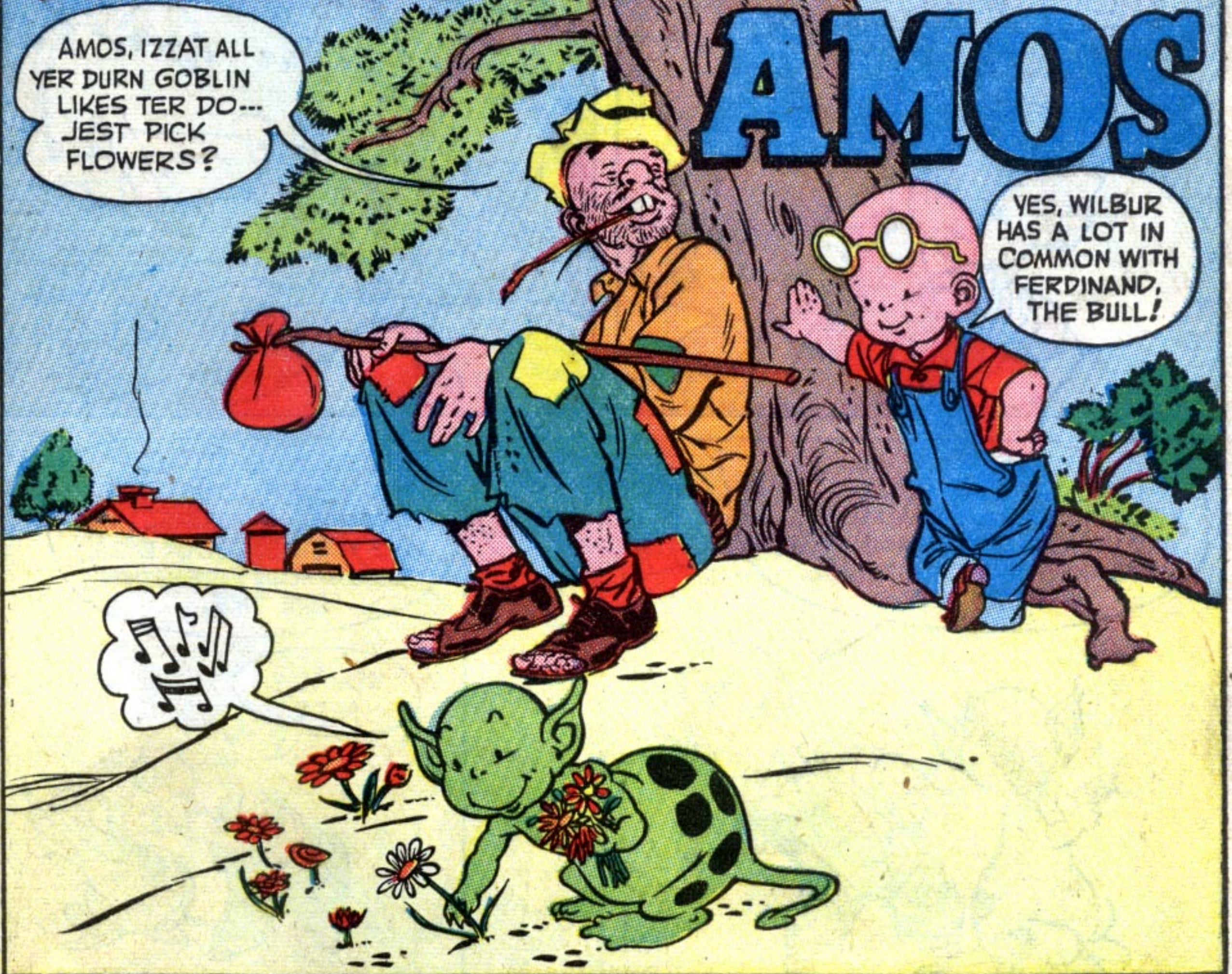


INTELLECTUAL AMOS

by
André
Le Blanc

AMOS, IZZAT ALL
YER DURN GOBLIN
LIKES TER DO...
JEST PICK
FLOWERS?

YES, WILBUR
HAS A LOT IN
COMMON WITH
FERDINAND,
THE BULL!

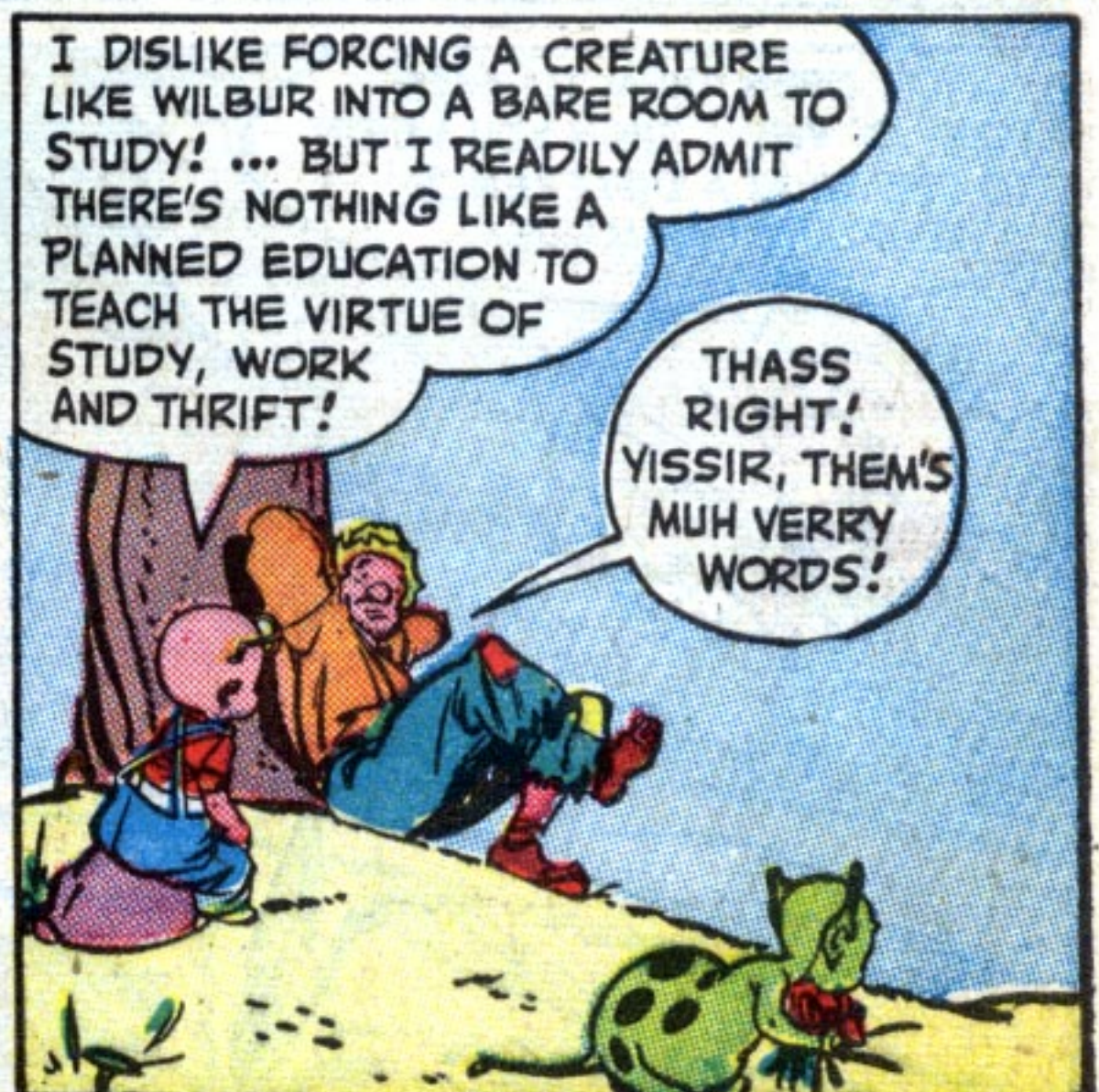
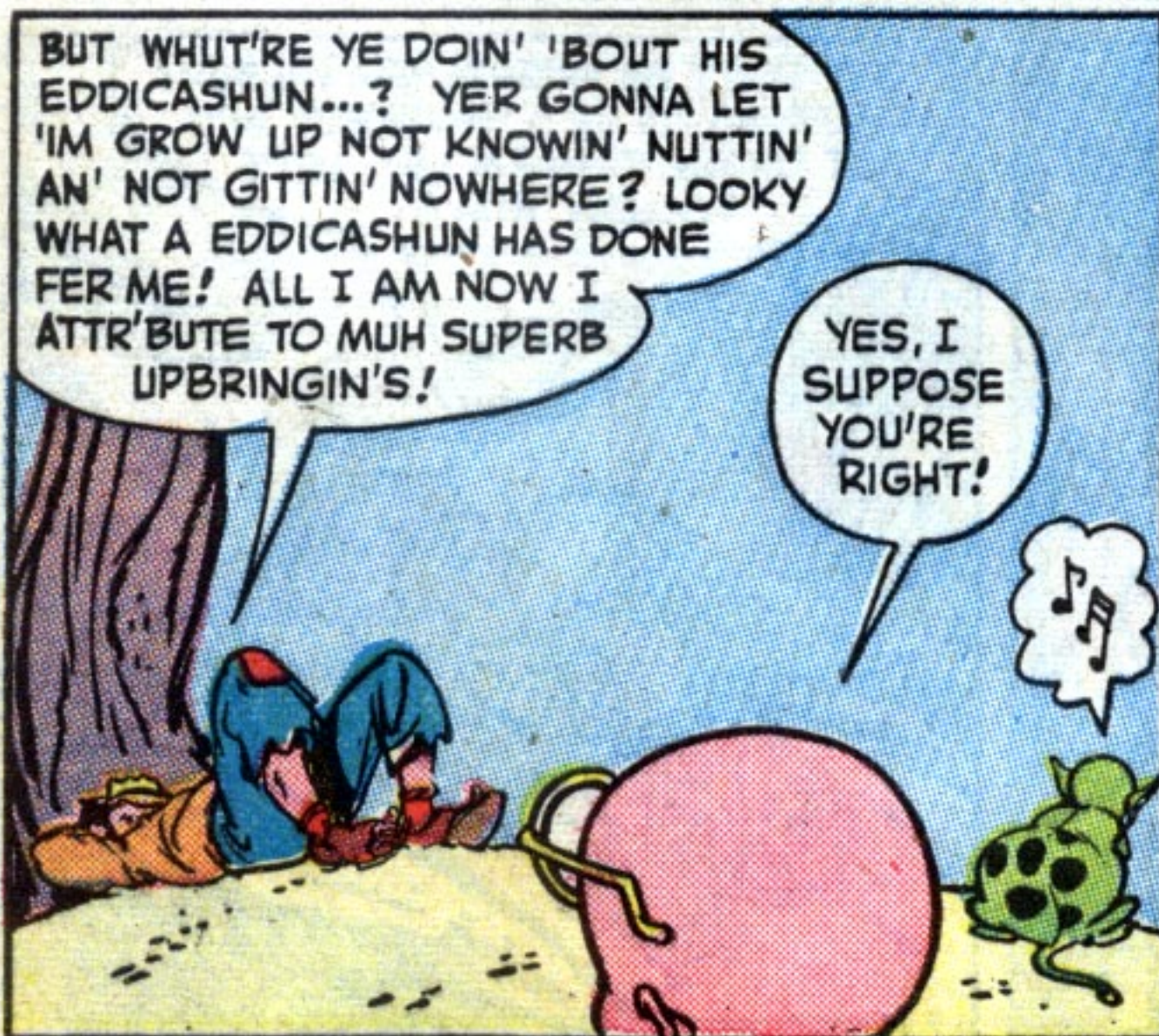


BUT WHUT'RE YE DOIN' 'BOUT HIS
EDDICASHUN...? YER GONNA LET
'IM GROW UP NOT KNOWIN' NUTTIN'
AN' NOT GITTIN' NOWHERE? LOOKY
WHAT A EDDICASHUN HAS DONE
FER ME! ALL I AM NOW I
ATTR'BUTE TO MUH SUPERB
UPBRINGIN'S!

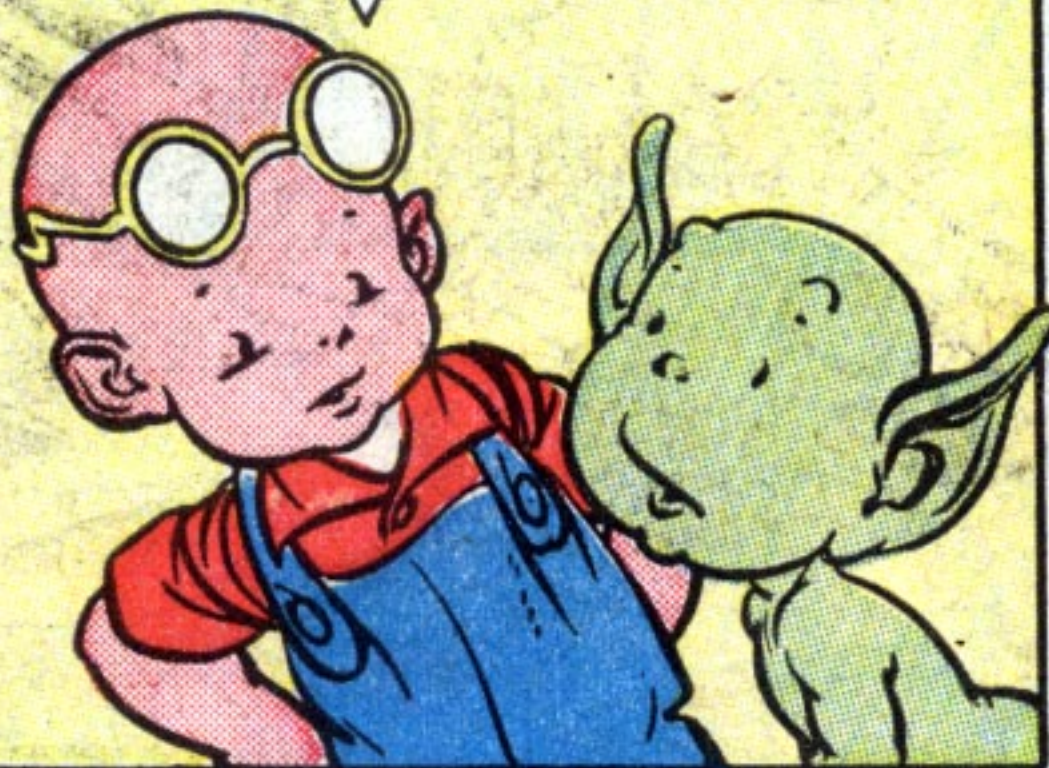
YES, I
SUPPOSE
YOU'RE
RIGHT!

I DISLIKE FORCING A CREATURE
LIKE WILBUR INTO A BARE ROOM TO
STUDY! ... BUT I READILY ADMIT
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A
PLANNED EDUCATION TO
TEACH THE VIRTUE OF
STUDY, WORK
AND THRIFT!

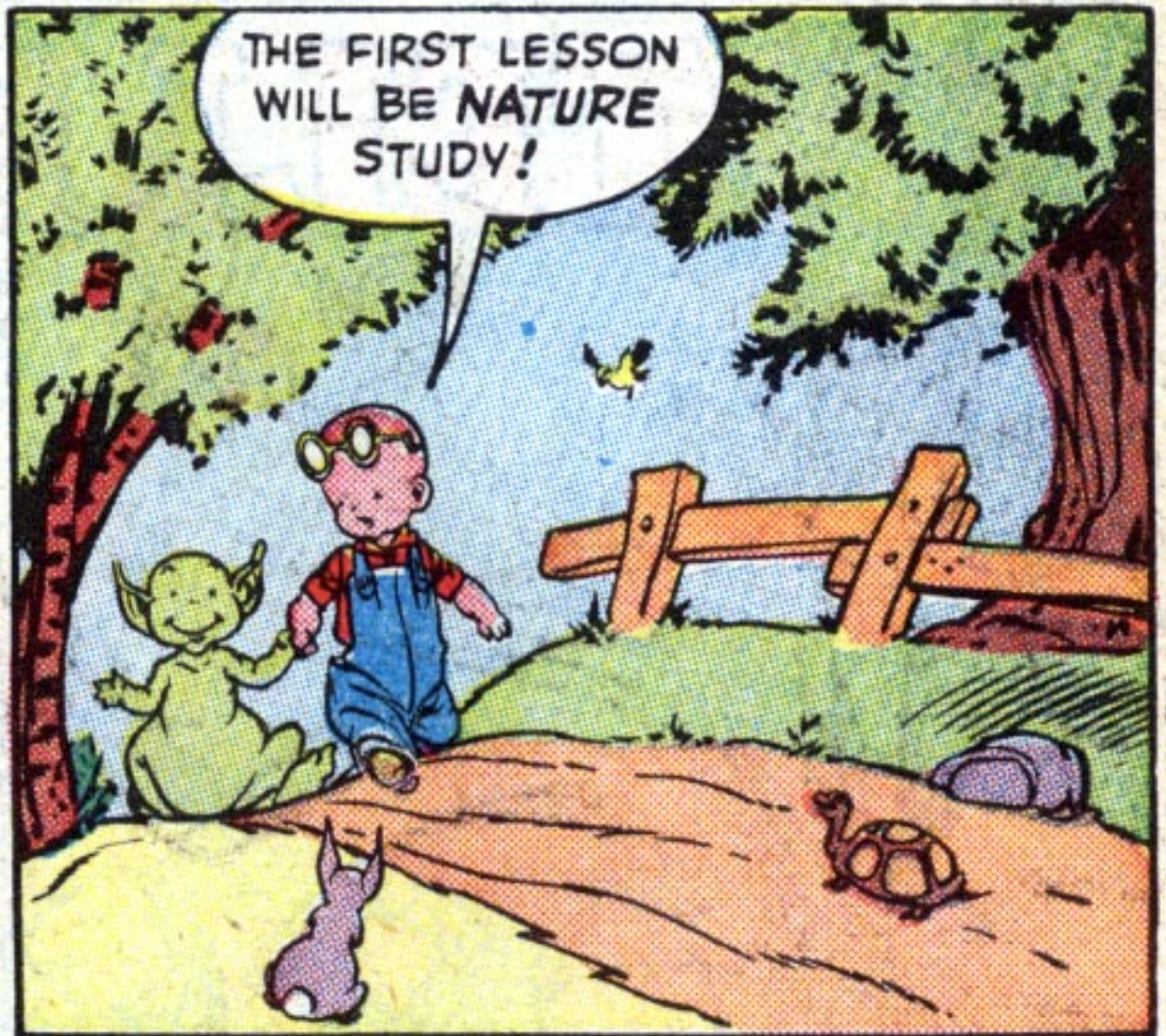
THASS
RIGHT!
YISSIR, THEM'S
MUH VERRY
WORDS!



BUT PERHAPS THERE IS A WAY TO MAKE STUDY MORE AGREEABLE ... AND IT SHOULD PROVE HELPFUL NOT ONLY FOR WILBUR, BUT FOR ALL SCHOOL KIDS AS WELL!

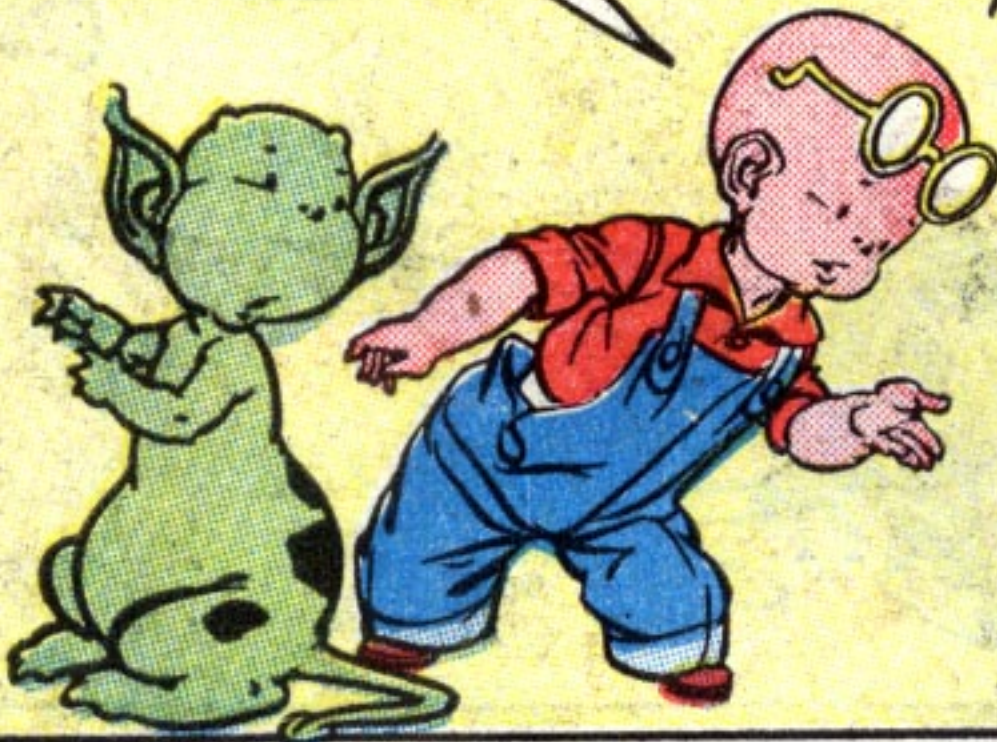


THE FIRST LESSON WILL BE **NATURE** STUDY!



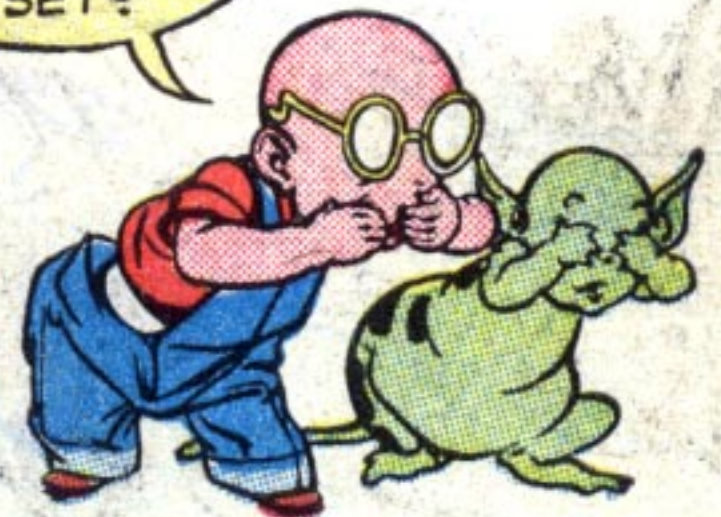
THE SYMBOLS OF NATURE, WILBUR, ARE EVEN MORE IMPORTANT THAN OUR ALPHABET... AND USING A LITTLE IMAGINATION MAKES ANY DULL TASK PLEASANT!

FOR EXAMPLE, THIS LITTLE ANT HURRYING ALONG....

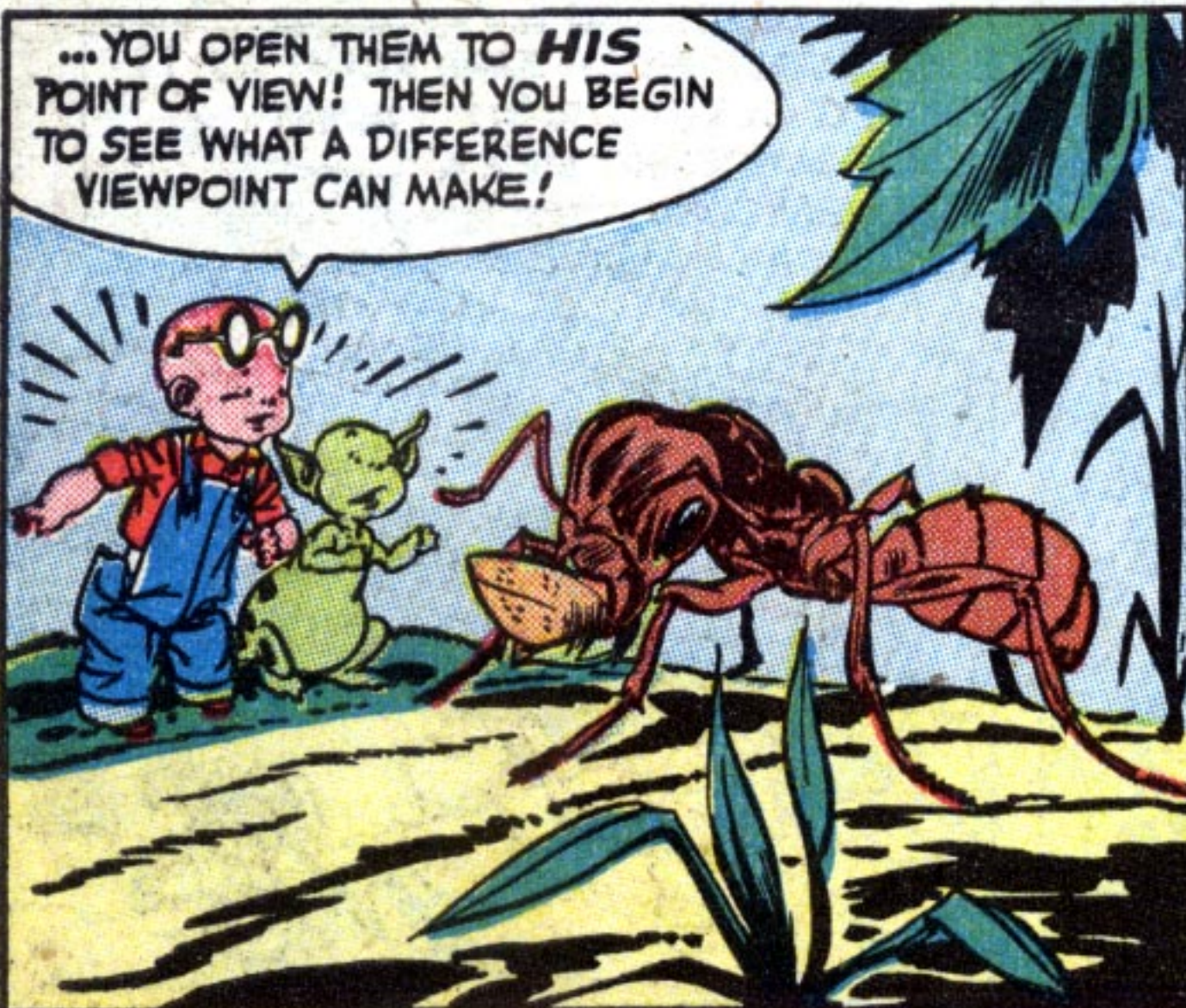


HE SEEMS SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT TO US ... BUT EVERYTHING IS PERSPECTIVE! SO IF YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES AND USE YOUR IMAGINATION, LIKE THIS....

READY...?
SET?

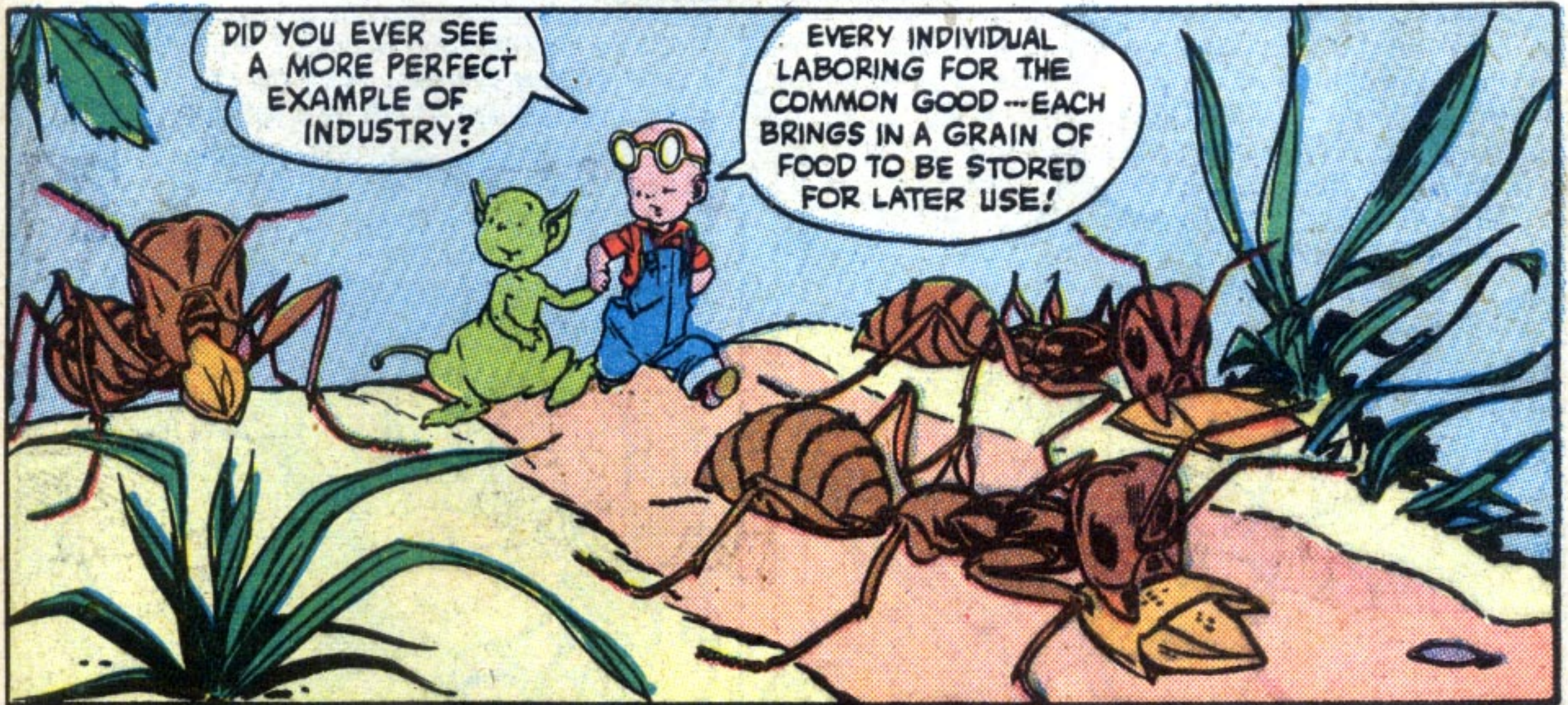


...YOU OPEN THEM TO **HIS** POINT OF VIEW! THEN YOU BEGIN TO SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE VIEWPOINT CAN MAKE!



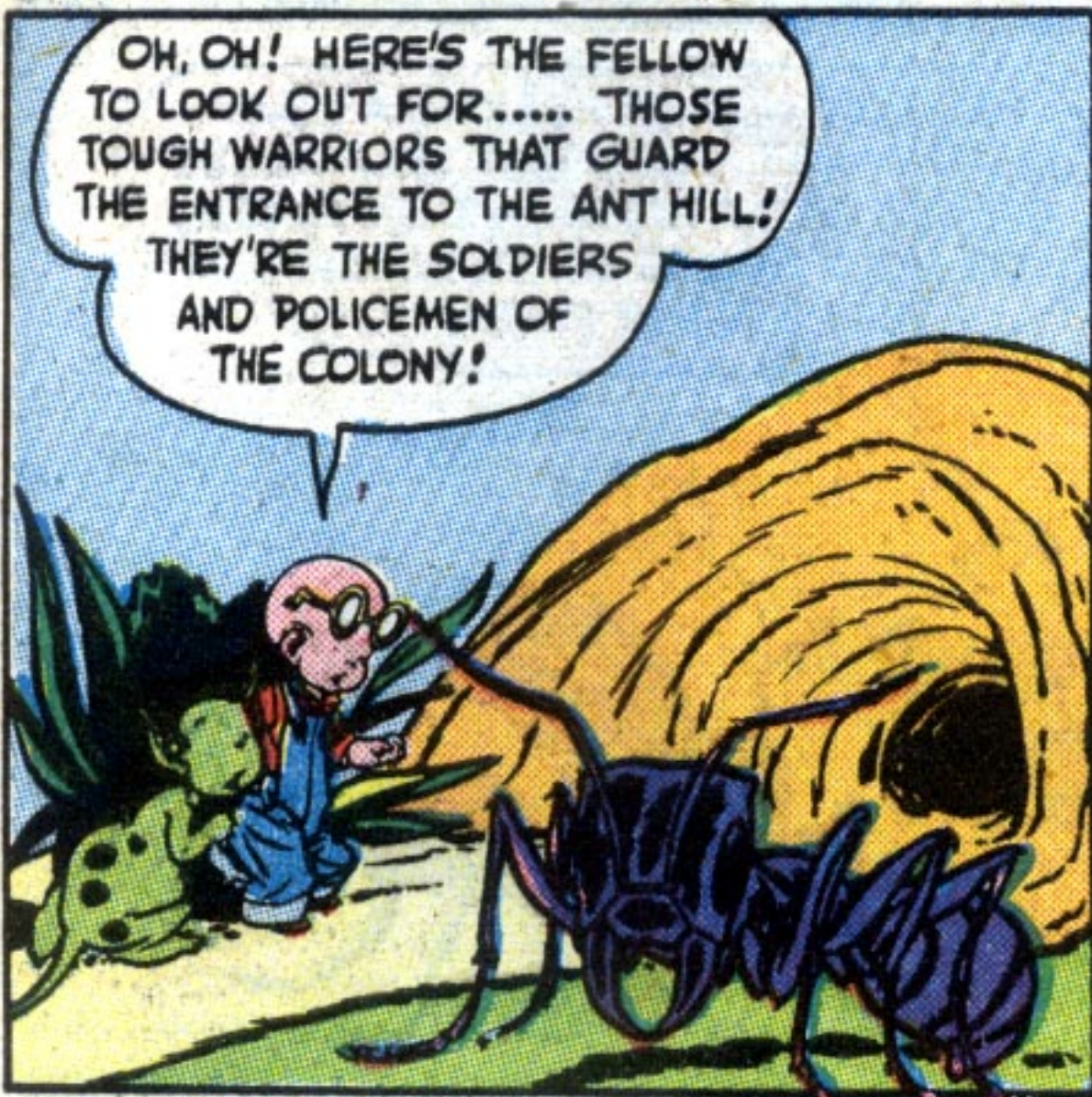
BUT DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, WILBUR! IT HAPPENS TO BE A "WORKER" AND NOT LIKELY TO HARM US! LET'S FOLLOW HIM!



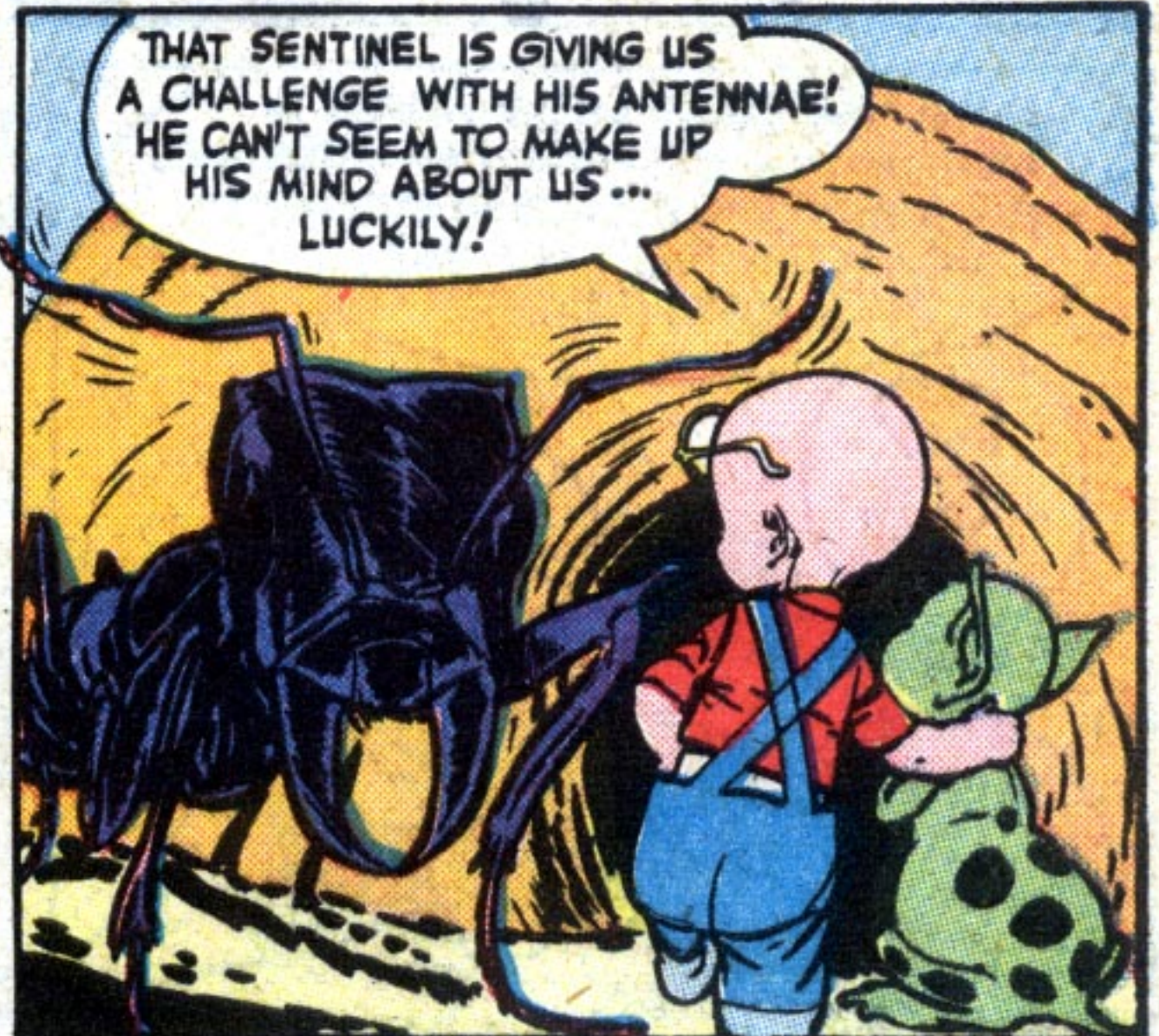


DID YOU EVER SEE
A MORE PERFECT
EXAMPLE OF
INDUSTRY?

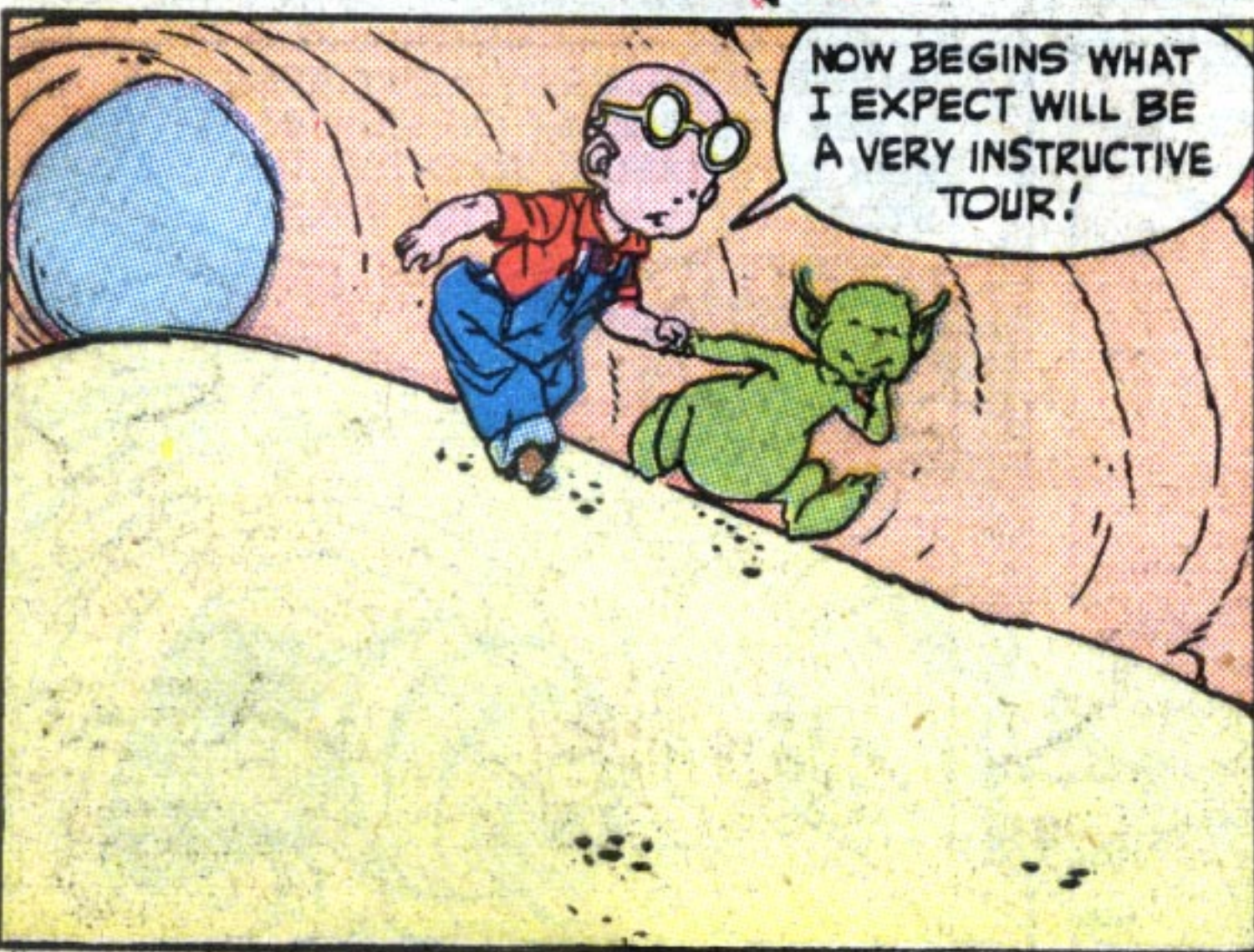
EVERY INDIVIDUAL
LABORING FOR THE
COMMON GOOD -- EACH
BRINGS IN A GRAIN OF
FOOD TO BE STORED
FOR LATER USE!



OH, OH! HERE'S THE FELLOW
TO LOOK OUT FOR..... THOSE
TOUGH WARRIORS THAT GUARD
THE ENTRANCE TO THE ANT HILL!
THEY'RE THE SOLDIERS
AND POLICEMEN OF
THE COLONY!



THAT SENTINEL IS GIVING US
A CHALLENGE WITH HIS ANTENNAE!
HE CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE UP
HIS MIND ABOUT US...
LUCKILY!



NOW BEGINS WHAT
I EXPECT WILL BE
A VERY INSTRUCTIVE
TOUR!



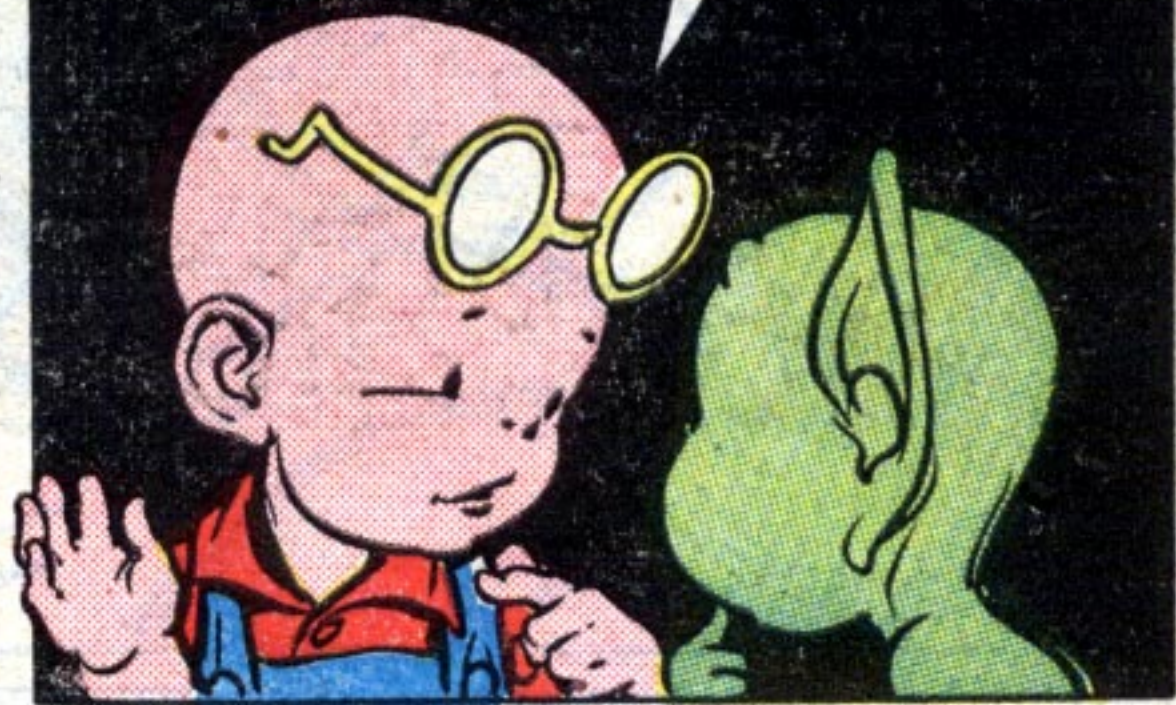
AH! HERE'S SOMETHING VERY
CURIOUS TO SEE! THE ANTS'
COWS BEING TAKEN OUT TO
PASTURE! YES, IT MAY SOUND
INCREDIBLE, BUT THESE
ANTS ACTUALLY KEEP
COWS!

THEY ARE LITTLE APHIDS -- PLANT LICE WHICH FEED ON LEAVES AND PRODUCE HONEY DEW! THE ANTS LOVE THIS HONEY AND TAKE AS GOOD CARE OF THEIR COWS AS WE DO OF OURS!

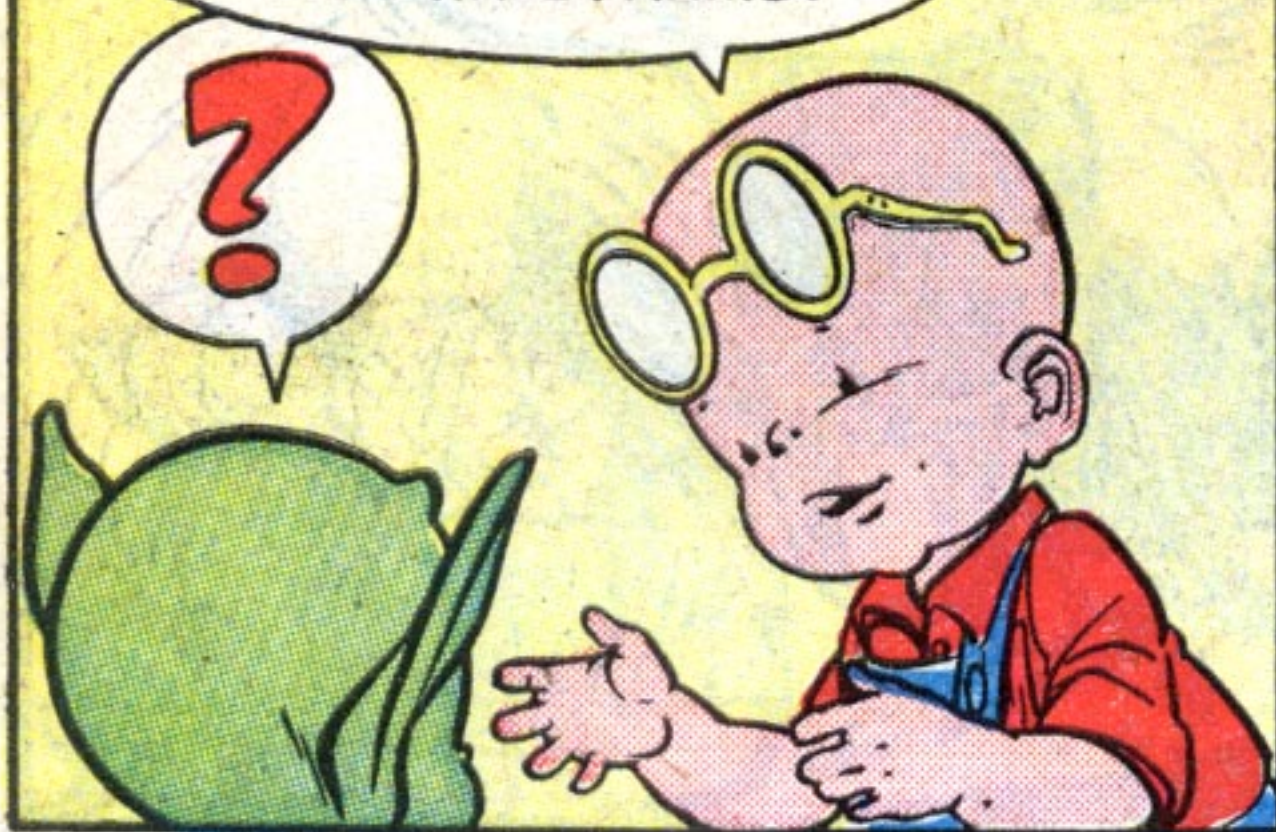
AND WELL THEY MIGHT, FOR SOMETIME THE HONEY IS ALL THE FOOD THEY HAVE DURING HARD WINTERS!



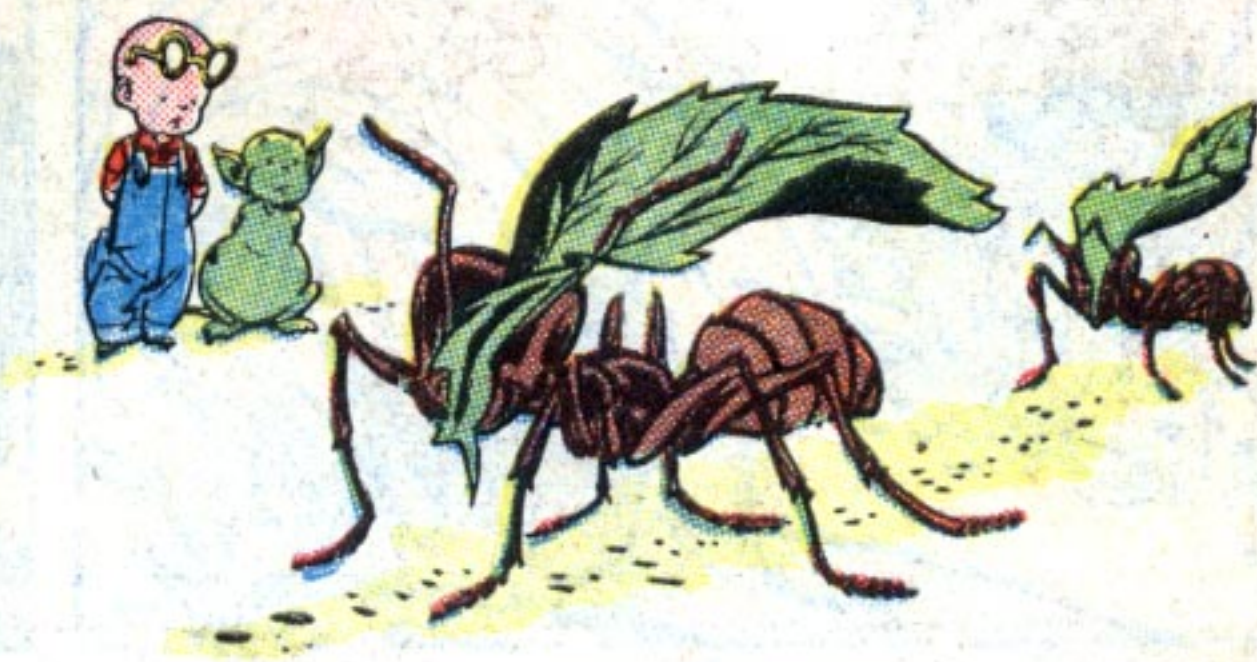
YOU'RE SURPRISED, WILBUR? BUT THAT'S ONLY A SMALL PART OF IT! NOT ONLY DO ANTS LIVE IN A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SOCIAL SYSTEM VERY LIKE MAN'S, BUT THEY HAVE PRACTICALLY THE SAME VIRTUES AND FAULTS!



IT'S A MARVELOUS LITTLE WORLD IN ITSELF WITH LAWS, WARS, AND INDUSTRIES, AND A WISE PROVIDENCE IN STORAGE OF FOOD FOR FUTURE USE! **THEY EVEN HAVE FARMS!**



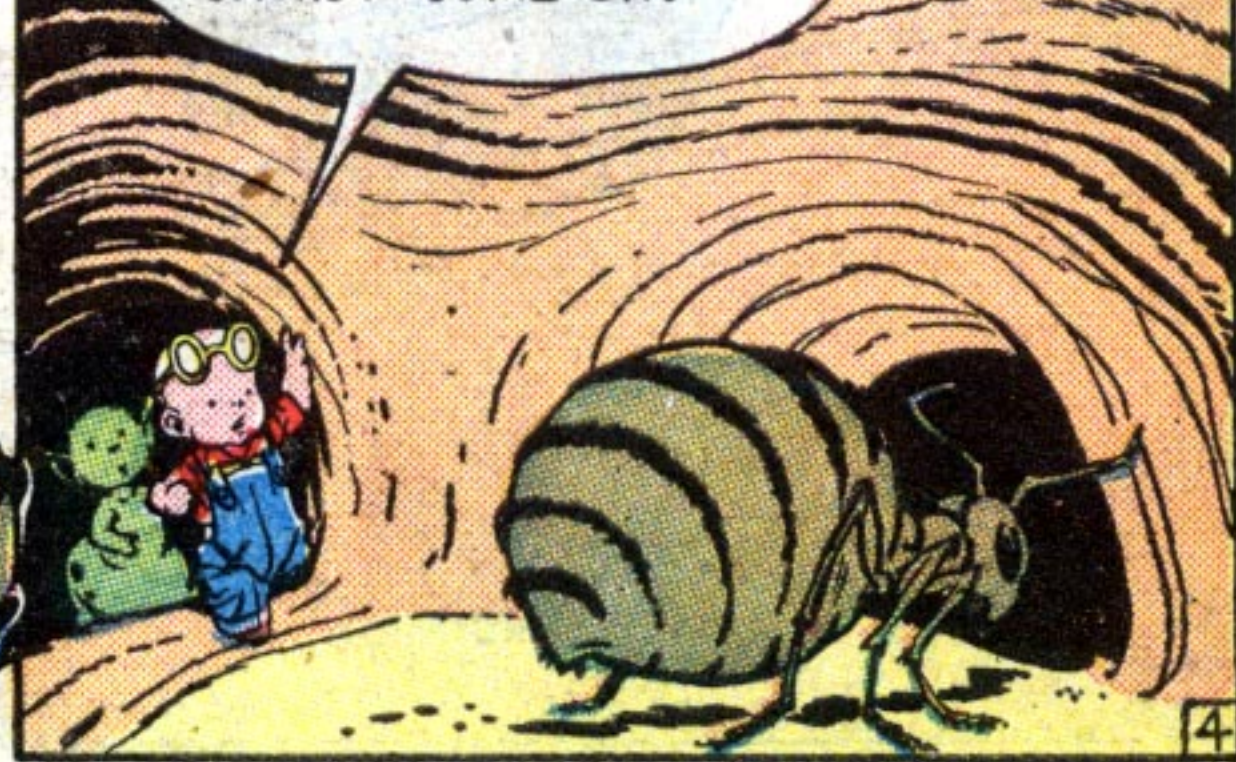
SEE THAT WORKER BEARING A LEAF IN ITS JAWS? WELL, THAT LEAF WILL BE CHEWED INTO A PASTE --- THEN FUNGUS OR MOLD GROWS ON IT, WHICH THEY USE FOR FOOD!

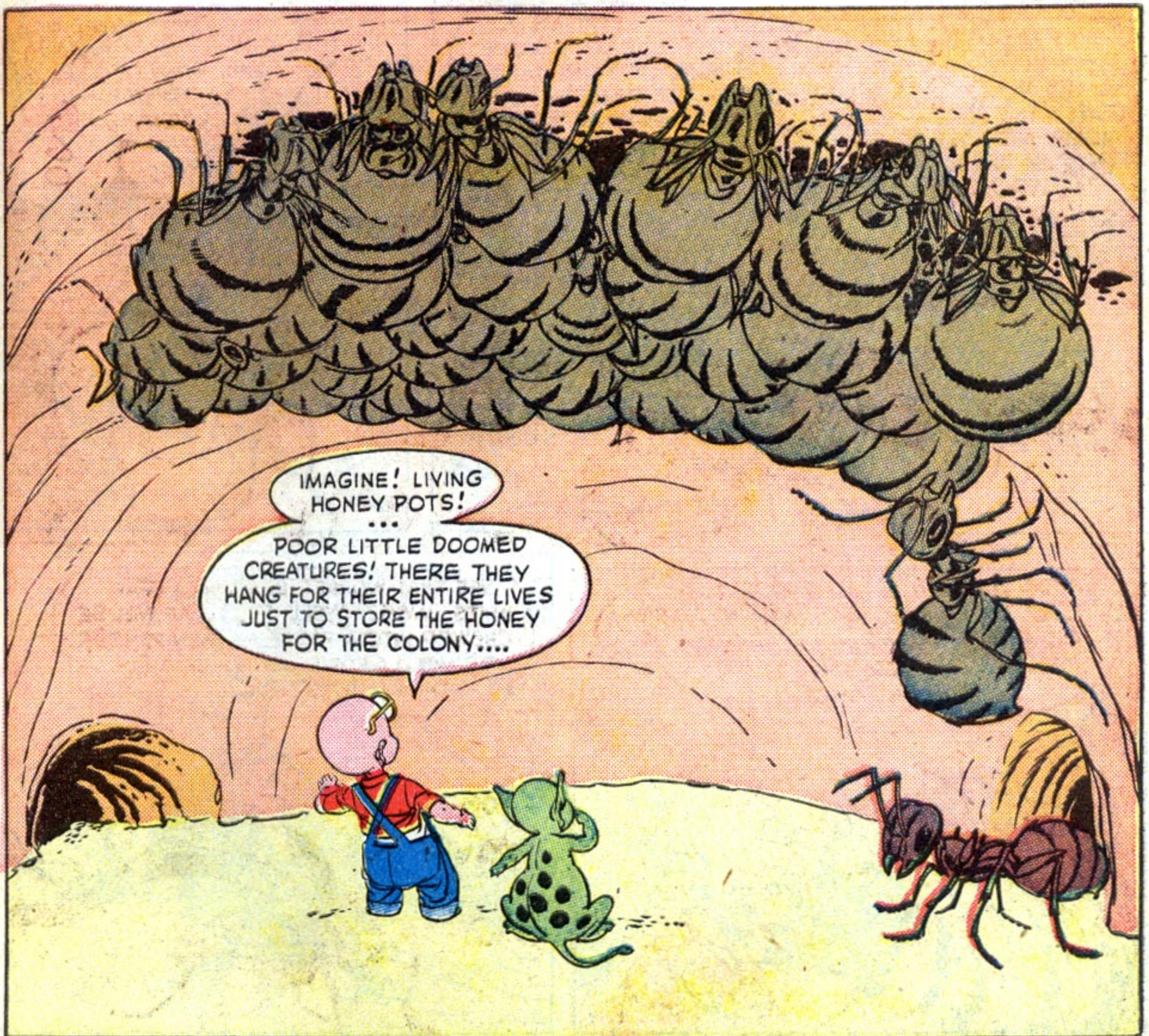


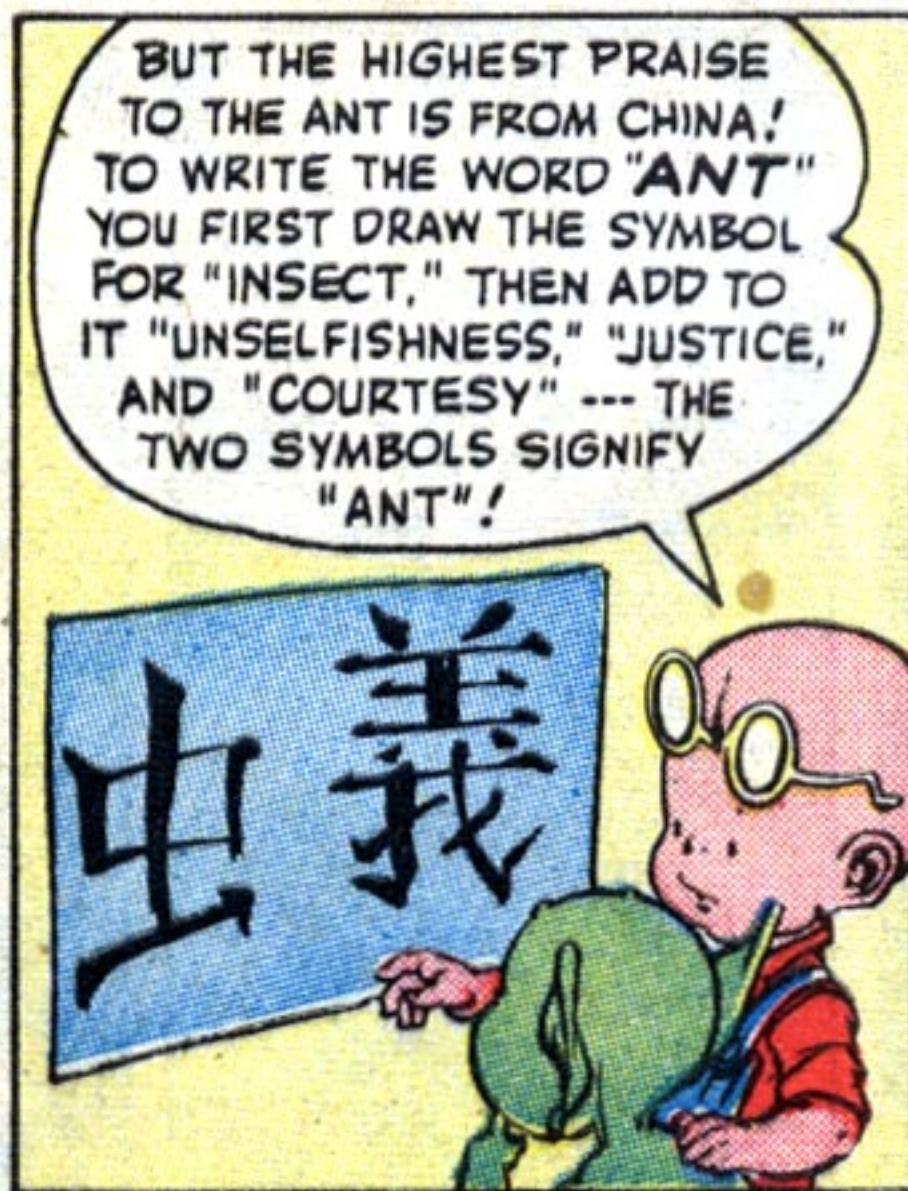
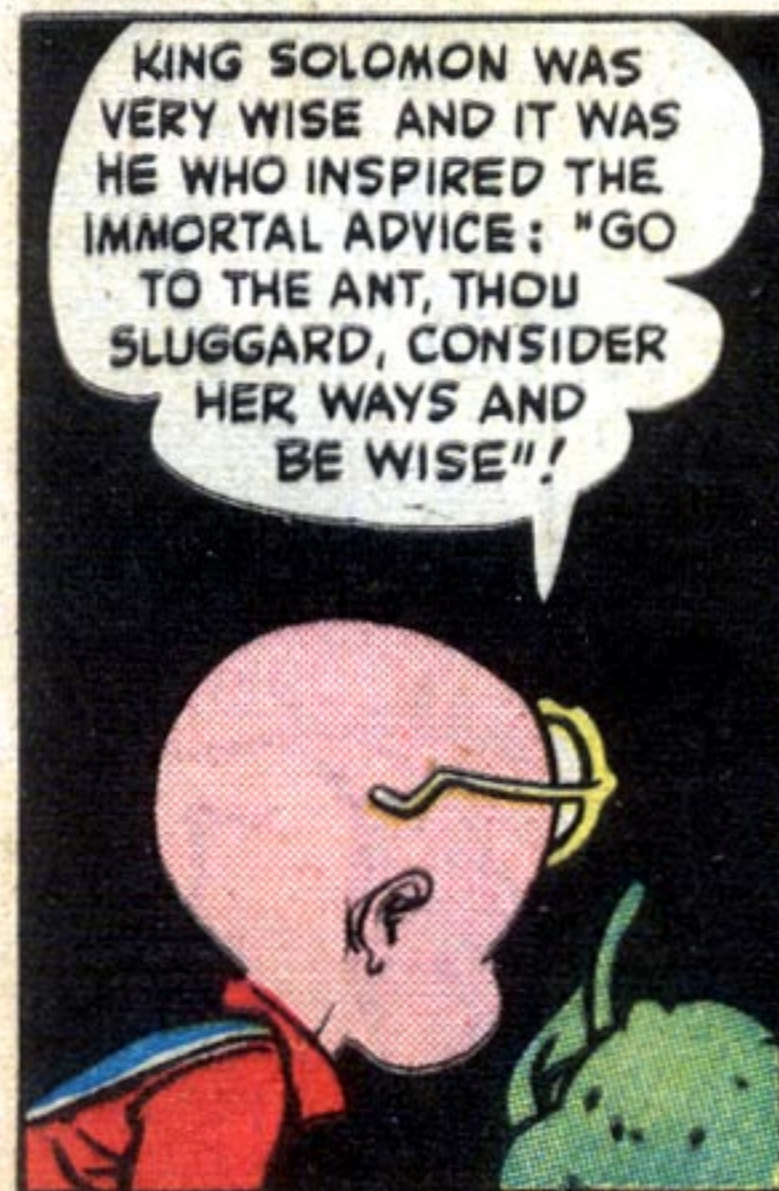
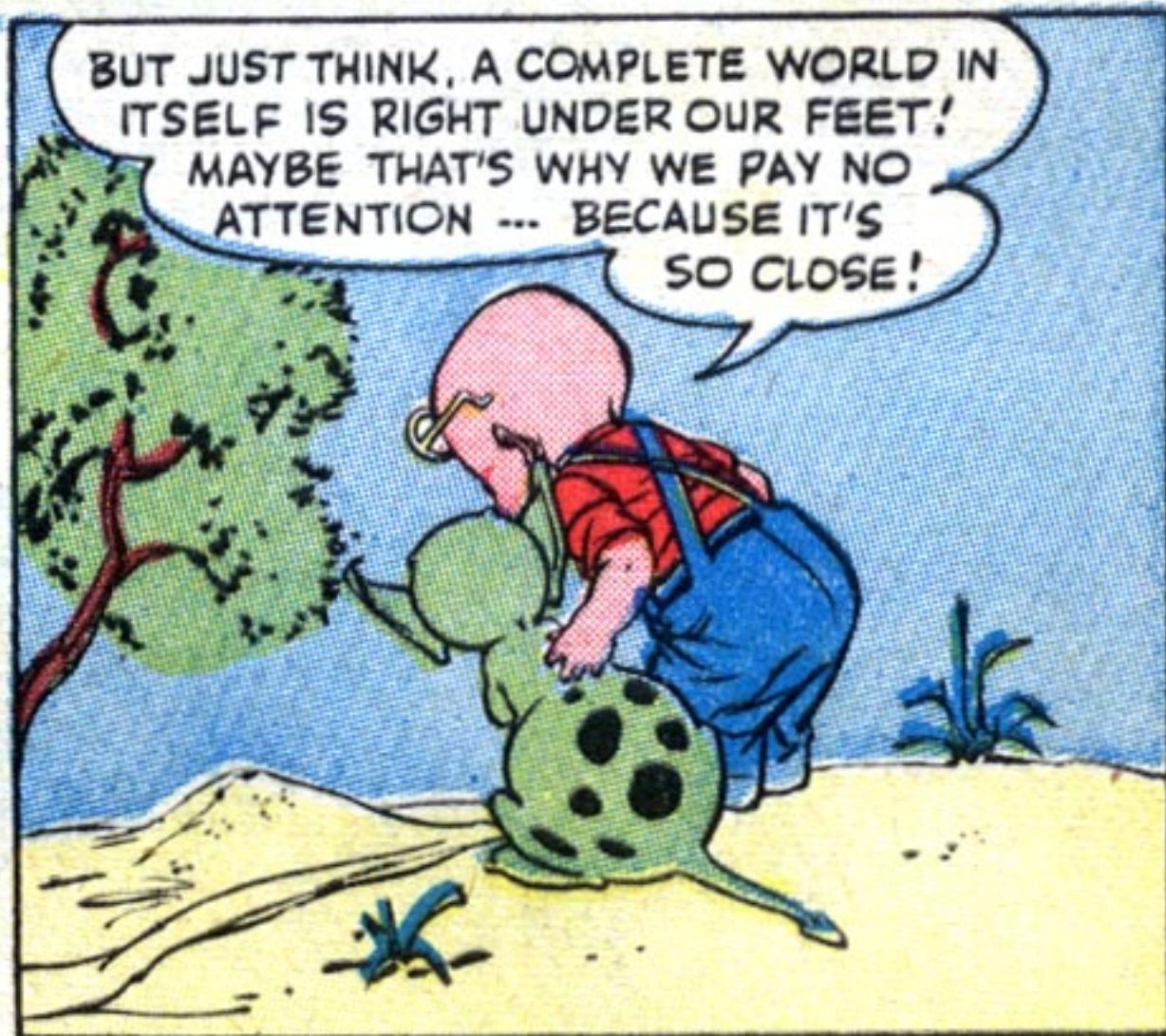
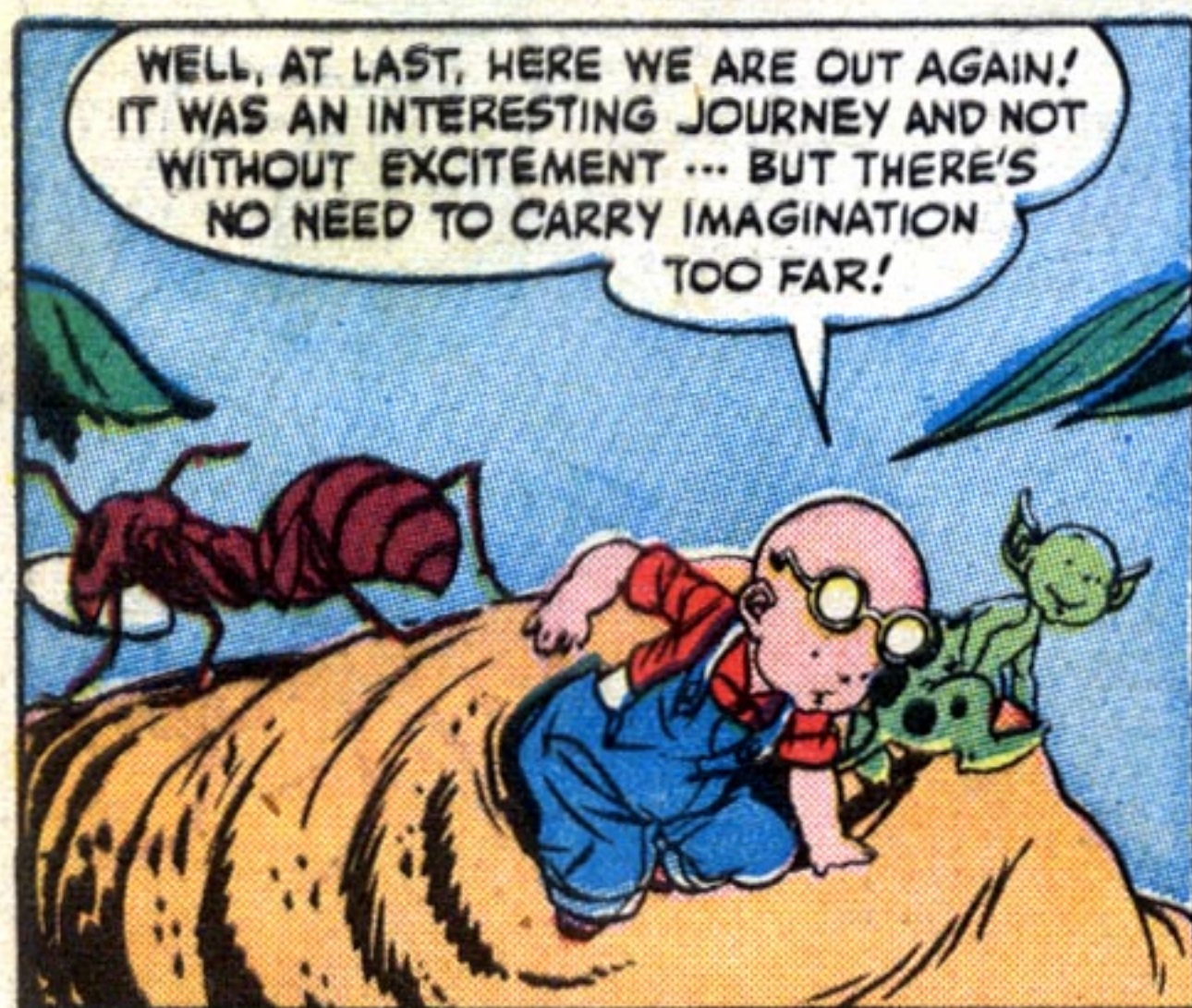
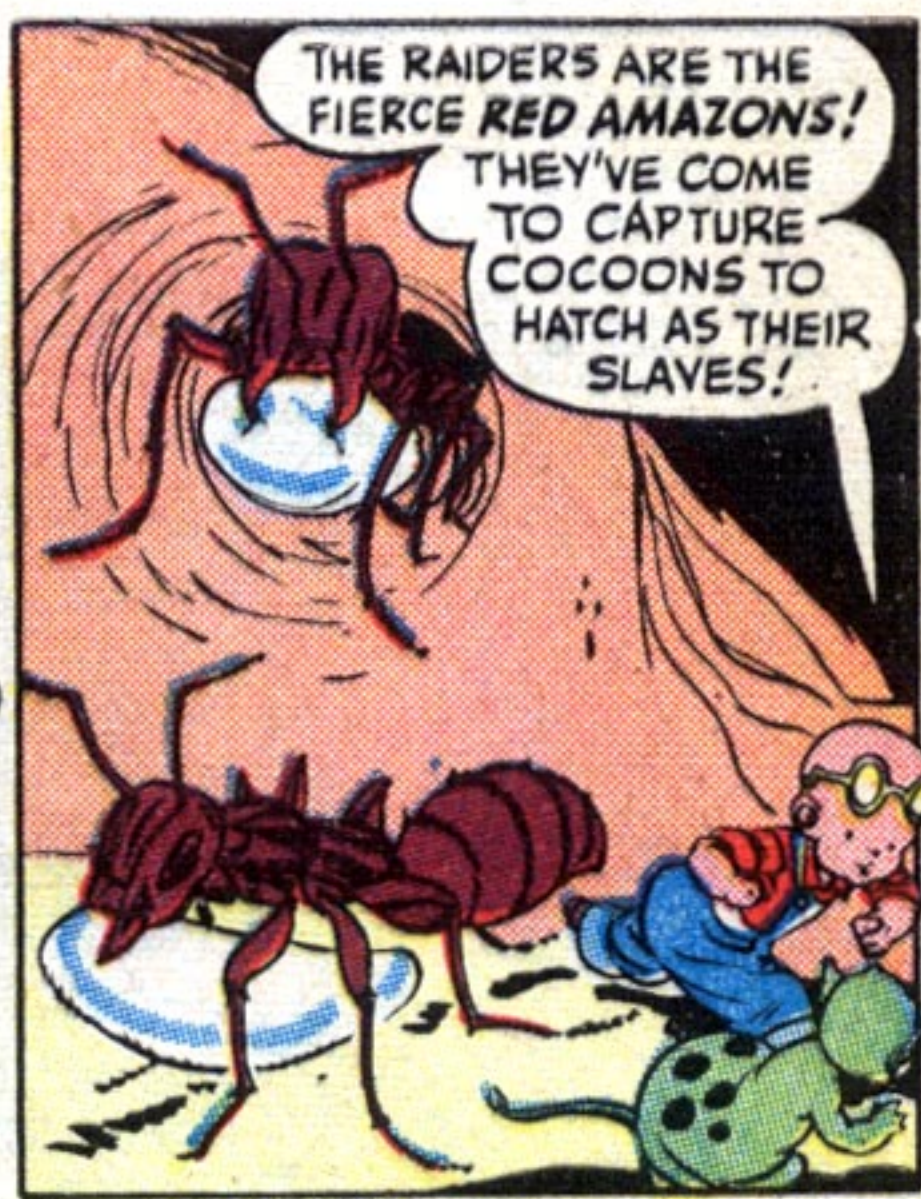
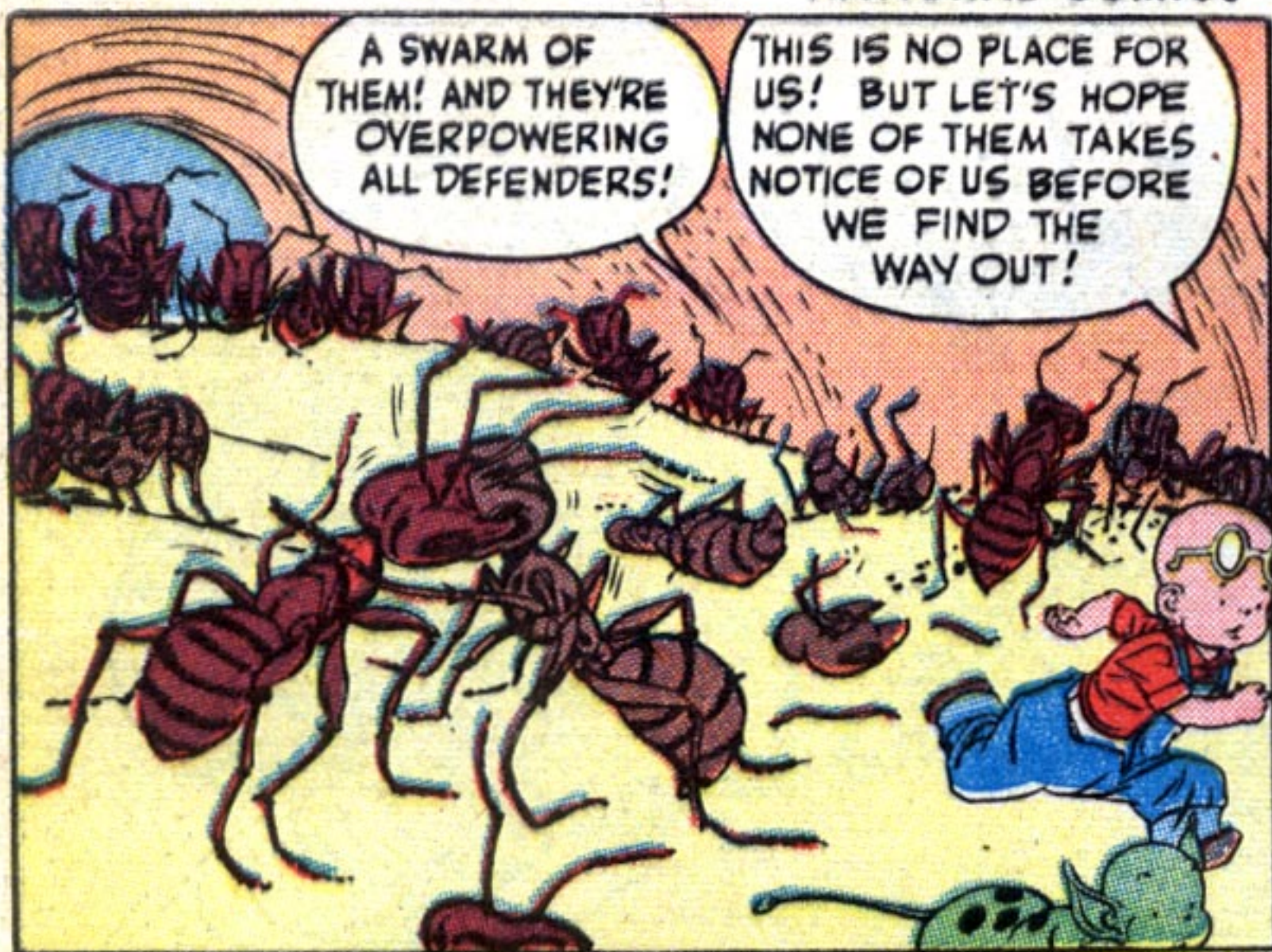
AND THIS FELLOW, FOR INSTANCE, IS BRINGING IN THE HONEY HE HAS COLLECTED FROM THE APHIDS! THE OTHER ONE WITH THE LARGE ABDOMEN SERVES AS A **BARREL** TO CONTAIN THE HONEY FOR THE COLONY'S USE!



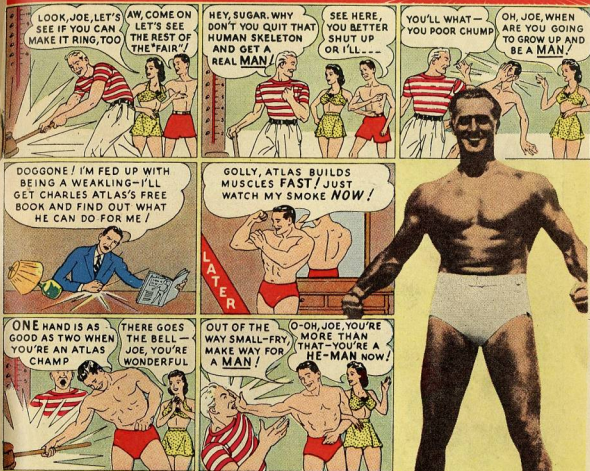
WILBUR, IF I'M RIGHT, WE'RE ABOUT TO SEE THE RAREST OF SIGHTS! I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO ENTER THE STORE-ROOM WHERE THE HONEY IS KEPT IN LIVING HONEY CASKS! COME ON!







The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



**I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too
in Only 15 Minutes a Day!**

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger huskier fellows “push you around”? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I’LL PROVE you can have a body you’ll be proud of packed with red-blooded vitality!

“Dynamic Tension.” That’s the secret! That’s how I changed myself from a scrawny, 87-pound weakling to winner of the title, “World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man.”

“Dynamic Tension” Does It!

Using “Dynamic Tension” only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

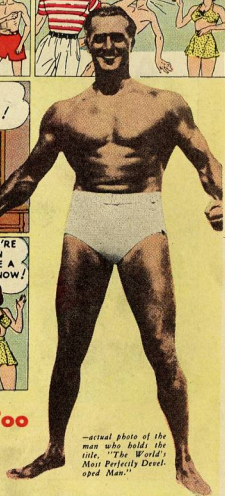
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general “toning up” of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear

head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You’re a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, “Everlasting Health and Strength.”

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about “Dynamic Tension,” shows you actual photos of men I’ve turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don’t put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 330H, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, “The World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man.”

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330H
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of “Dynamic Tension” will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, “Everlasting Health and Strength.”

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

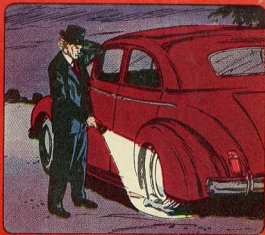
Address.....

City.....State.....

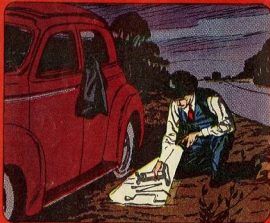
☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

How to CHANGE A TIRE AT NIGHT—

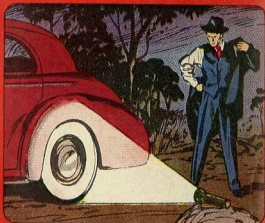
More Quickly—More Safely!



1 Most any motorist can change a tire. But few can change it at night with top speed, efficiency—and *safety*! Night-time tire-changing can be hazardous—but your "Eveready" flashlight can reduce the danger. First principle, says the American Automobile Association, is . . .



2 Park off the highway, if you can possibly do so. Next best place is on a *straight* stretch of road where you can be seen for at least 500 feet. If you must park on a curve, a light should be set on the road some distance back. Be sure neither you nor a bystander blocks off the view of your tail-lights!




3 Keep all your tire-changing tools tied or boxed *together*, where you can pick them up without searching or fumbling. Remove your spare *before* jacking up the car; removing it later might push your car off the jack. If alone, set flashlight on a stone in convenient position.

4 In your car or at home—wherever you need a flashlight—rely only on "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name. For "Eveready" batteries have no equals . . . that's why you'll find them in *more* flashlights than any other battery in the world!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

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EVEREADY
TRADE MARK



For
**EXTRA POWER,
EXTRA LIGHT
—AT NO
EXTRA COST**